

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1910

PURITANISM

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

GENERAL surprise was expressed when, at the close of 1906, on my return from Paris, where I had been giving a course of lectures on Roman history at the Collège de France, I announced that I had accepted the invitation tendered me by Emilio Mitre to undertake a long journey to South America. What should I, a historian of the ancient world, be doing in that newest of worlds, in that ultra modern continent, in those eminently practical lands, without a past, interested only in the future, where manufactures and agriculture occupy that place in society which in the ancient world was given to war? Were there no other countries which could interest me more? Why, if I were willing to leave my books and my studies, to travel, did I not go to Egypt or to the East, where so much of the history which I had narrated originated; where the Romans had left so many traces of their occupation; where so many important excavations were being made; and thus enrich historiography with new documents?

Whereupon, I made answer that I was no book-worm, interested only in books and archaeological remains; that I was interested in life under all its aspects, and therefore, after having studied the peoples of the ancient world, I

was interested in studying somewhat these most modern of people, the last to make their appearance in the history of our civilization. Because I happened to have written a history of Rome, was I to undertake never again to cast a glance at the modern world?

Yet, even while thus explaining the reason for my journey, I was as firmly persuaded as any of the friends who raised such objections, that my going to America would simply be a parenthesis in my intellectual life; that there could not be the slightest connection between such a journey and my studies of ancient history; that, in a word, I was going to America to seek diversion and intellectual relief, to distract my mind, which for ten years had been over-full of things ancient, by turning it into an entirely different channel. That this diversion would be of use to me I was sure, not because America was to aid me to a better understanding of ancient Rome, but because I have always thought it most helpful, especially for a historian, — who has need of knowing many things, — to change, from time to time, the subject-matter of his studies, and to enrich his mind with new ideas. After visiting, however, not only the two largest and most flourishing countries of South America,

but the United States as well, — which, better than the other countries of the New World, represents to the eyes of contemporary Europe the most modern element of our civilization, the kingdom of the machine, the empire of business, the realm of money, — I am no longer of this opinion. Now I think that a journey to the New World is, above all, intellectually useful to a historian of the ancient world, and that in order to understand the life and the history of Greek or Roman society, it is quite as useful, if not more so, to visit the countries of America as to visit Asia Minor or North Africa.

On one of the last days of my stay in the United States I said this to a congenial professor of ancient history at Cornell, with whom I was talking over our common work and discussing the most famous schools of the day and the methods used in them.

‘Many of you,’ I said, ‘go to German universities to study ancient history. I think you might better invite some of these German professors to take an advanced course in America: studying, not so much in the libraries as in real life, observing what is going on in American society. No one is in a better position than you to understand ancient society.’

This statement may at first sight seem paradoxical, but nothing during my journeys in the two Americas has impressed me, as a historian of ancient Rome, more profoundly than the discovery in the New World of many of those phenomena of the Old World which, after the lapse of so many centuries of civilization, have disappeared from Europe. What we, at the beginning of the twentieth century, call ancient civilization, was in reality a new and young civilization, flourishing, but with few centuries of historical background, similar to the American civilization of to-day; and for that reason,

we find in it, although in a lesser degree, all those phenomena which seem to characterize American as compared with European society. I shall try, therefore, to throw some light on the most important of those points in which the ancient and the very new world resemble each other.

Those who have read my *Greatness and Decline of Rome* know that I have tried to show how one of the essential phenomena of Roman history was the struggle between traditional Roman puritanism and the refined, corrupt, artistic civilization of the Hellenized East. For centuries the old Roman aristocracy sought, through legislation and example and especially through religion, to impose upon all classes simple and pure customs, to check the increase of luxury, to keep the family united and strong, to curb dissolute and perverse instincts, to give a character of decency and propriety to all forms of amusement, even at the cost of imposing upon all aspects of Roman life an unadorned simplicity, and of rendering difficult the development of the arts. In ancient Rome the effort to preserve the morality of the past, the old simplicity and the religious spirit of former generations, was so great, and occupied so important a share in social activity, that from it resulted burning political struggles, law-suits, and tragedies, laws severe and terrible. The family of Augustus, for example, was almost wholly destroyed in the struggle between old puritanism and Asiatic civilization.

To understand the motives and fury of this struggle is not impossible in Europe, but it is difficult. For even in its protestant countries, Europe has been too long and too thoroughly under oriental influence to be able easily to imagine a state so strongly dominated by the force of the puritanical ideal. In

Europe, luxury has been regarded as a species of solemn, social function proper to the monarchy, the state, and the church, for too many centuries to admit of its not being regarded by the masses as a pleasing spectacle, a sign of greatness, a cause of national pride and a source of profit, rather than in the light of a moral and social danger. Besides, after centuries of license, literature and art have assumed the right to beautify even vice, and having beautified it, have cast it loose; and so, however much religious teachers, moralists, and even governments may try to rouse some power of resistance, the resisting force is no longer strong enough, even in protestant states, to produce a social struggle against existing conditions. Every one in Europe has come to accept this liberty as an evil inherent in modern civilization, and though many try to minimize its effects, no one, or hardly any one, thinks any longer that the evil can be eradicated.

In North America, on the other hand, it is much easier to understand this aspect of Roman history, because there the same fight is again being fought, with much greater earnestness than in Europe.

Precisely as in the age of fable, which eludes our historical knowledge, Rome was founded by a puritanical religion, so it was with New England, that vital nucleus around which the United States was formed by a process of aggregation. This puritanic religion stamped American society with a seriousness, austerity, and simplicity which in America, as in Rome, was preserved without effort. It was preserved just so long as the times were hard and difficult, just so long as men were satisfied with a modest, hard-earned competency. But when, thanks to the favorable conditions in which America, not unlike Rome, came into her own, her territory extended by conquest, her industries

developed, her population multiplied, her wealth heaped swiftly up by economic progress, and when increase of wealth and more frequent contact with the old world, together with greater European immigration, increased in America the tendency to borrow from Europe those aspects of its civilization which were the most ancient and most artistic, even if less pure morally, — then, I say, there occurred in America what occurred in Rome when increased wealth and nearer intimacy with the East caused the civilization of Asia to be better known and appreciated: the old puritan ideal in America came to a hand-to-hand struggle against corruption, against the breaking-up of the family, against those vices which are bred in the slums of great cities.

This theory explains a curious fact, and that is, that there has happened to North America in relation to Europe, within the memory of men, exactly what has happened in past history to many great Roman personages, and especially to the emperors of the Julio-Claudian line. To some readers this comparison must seem rather strange, but I hope that with a little explanation it will become more intelligible. It is well known that there is in Roman history a period which, from the reputation that it bears, may well be called infamous. This extends from the death of Sulla to the death of Nero, including the end of the Republic and the early years of the Empire. This period has a very bad reputation: not only was it full of disorder, civil war, scandalous law-suits, but nearly all of its most illustrious personages were notoriously vicious, beginning with the most illustrious of them all, Julius Cæsar. All were deep in debt, drunkards, gluttons, spendthrifts; they were reputed dissolute, when not accused outright of giving themselves up to the most degrading pollution. There is no infamy that

has not been attributed to them. Only a very few have escaped this universal censure; and, with the exception of Pompey and Agrippa, those who did escape were of minor importance. The others were either odious in the extreme, or else depraved like Lucullus, Crassus, Antony, Augustus, Mæcenæ, Tiberius, Nero, — to say nothing of the women of the Claudian line, who, when they were not poisoners outright, were women of evil life, about whom historians tell every kind of horror.

Therefore this period of history has furnished much material for novelists and dramatists who needed picturesque and striking plots. But a philosopher with a little knowledge of human nature asks himself at once why, in the course of that century and a half, men should be born with such propensities. The critic who examines these tales with a little care soon perceives impossibilities, contradictions, and details which are palpable inventions. Many of these romances would have had less popularity if historians had all asked themselves on reading Suetonius: How came Suetonius to know all these facts? Who could have told them? Thus, following the course of events, it is quite possible to gain a more precise and a simpler idea of these personages, putting them back into their place among common humanity with the usual vices and the usual virtues, and then reduce to the absurd those stories which are quite impossible of verification.

How then are we to explain that terrible reputation for vice, debt, prodigality, and extravagance? In that period the struggle between the old Roman puritanism and corrupt Asiatic civilization raged fiercest, and in the course of the struggle, exaggerated as all moral struggles are, a legend developed which is simply the exaggeration of a reality. To the old Roman conscience that first bold appearance of alien ways in the

full light of day, that first open attempt at a life more freed from the conventions, was nothing short of an awful calamity. The puritan conscience reacted quickly because it still had life. It described in terrible and lurid colors the corruption of its time, while a later period, like that of the Antonines, in which corruption was much deeper and more universal, has passed in history as relatively moral, simply because at that time the puritan conscience was no longer living. These later periods considered as natural and inevitable vices and disorders much more serious than those which, in Cæsar's time, when the moral conscience was still keen, seemed to be abominable depravity. Men no longer protested as in former times, and posterity, finding that no contemporary spoke of the vice of his time, imagined that those periods were models of virtue. Thus it is that in those periods of the world's history in which corruption is most talked about, it is a sign that there is still a moral consciousness strong enough to protest against evil.

Something similar to this chapter in the history of Rome has happened and is happening in North America. Among the many extravagant opinions which are being formed in Europe about America there is one which looks upon the United States much as certain puritans in Cæsar's time looked upon Rome: as the most colossal sink of every vice which wealth can produce; as the country where luxury has taken on the wildest and most extravagant forms; corruption, the most incredible audacity; pleasure, unbridled license. The newspapers, especially the yellow journals, are the organs which are creating this opinion. They describe from time to time the Neronian feasts of some multimillionaire, the sultana-like caprices of some over-rich American lady, and publish, with careless comments, statistics

of divorce or of the consumption of alcohol. Again they detail, as if it were a Roman orgy, the wild excesses of some popular celebration: for example, the suppers with which the New Year is ushered in. They scatter broadcast the most scandalous details of trials sufficiently scandalous to aspire to the honor of being cabled across the ocean.

In all sincerity I must confess that when I started for New York I had many of these ideas and prejudices myself, and I expected to set foot in a modern Babylon. If we read newspapers carelessly, without submitting their statements to a careful investigation, we end by warping our opinions, even if we are reasonable and educated persons. Once landed in America, it was easy for me to see that in the legend there was great exaggeration. For example, there is such a thing as American luxury, but it is very different from what the European imagines it to be. It is the extravagance of the middle rather than the upper classes. I have often had occasion to note, while in the company of men who live on a salary, professional men, business men, and manufacturers of moderate means, that persons of the same status in Europe would live much more simply, or at least would spend less freely than in America. But as for the extravagance of the rich, or very rich, it is indisputably greater in Europe. The legend of the wild, unheard-of extravagance of the rich in America could only have been created and circulated throughout Europe by persons, whether American or European, who had no idea of the extravagance of the rich classes in Europe, especially in those two great centres of European wealth, London and Paris. The European acquainted with the extravagance of Europe receives the impression on arriving in America that he is passing from a world in which extravagance is fostered and encour-

aged by the traditions of ages, to one where, on the contrary, it is limited and held in check by a thousand moral obstacles, puritan traditions, democratic principles, the reluctance of society at large to admire the rich who spend selfishly, — a conspiracy, as it were, of social forces which obliges the rich to spend for others.

It is much the same, I should say, with the vices common nowadays to city life. All that I have seen and heard concerning the vice of great American cities, alcoholism, gambling, immorality, seems to me to be neither more nor less than I have seen in all the great cities of Europe. I have noticed these sad features of modern civilization, but they are no more hideous in America than elsewhere. I shall never forget the evening which I spent with an agreeable and clever journalist who took me to see the horrors of New York. For several hours we went about to restaurants, bars, and places of amusement. I saw and noted with great attention what was pointed out to me, but I could not help, at last, coming to the conclusion that some day, if I were to take my guide on a similar tour around one of the great capitals of Europe, I could show him much more! Taking the Catholic countries of Europe as the basis of comparison, the only difference that I could perceive was that in America the family tie is weaker. Divorce is too easy by far; the women are too emancipated; the children too independent of parental control. In this respect it has seemed to me that America has reached a limit beyond which really dangerous social disorder lies.

What then is the explanation of the fact that in the European world every one is talking of American extravagance, American vice, American corruption, and of disorders of every kind which afflict the American family, city, state, and affairs? Why are noisy New Year's

Eve suppers described in Europe as if they were the orgies of Heliogabalus? This may all be explained exactly as was the evil reputation of the last century of the Republic and the first century of the Empire, as compared with the second century: because in America the Puritan origin of the state is still not far behind us, and the reaction of the moral consciousness is greater than it is in Europe against the progress of that extravagance, corruption, and vice which accompany a rich, urban, mercantile civilization. In Europe, on the other hand, the moral consciousness has for a long time been accustomed to consider all this as inevitable and, for the present at least, impossible to reform, and therefore makes no protest; exactly as the men of the second century no longer cried out against those many evils which were intolerable to the men of the first century. In America, there is still protest; in Europe, there is silence; therefore superficial observers conclude that in the one place there is vice, in the other none, while in reality evil exists on both sides of the ocean, but on the American side there is still faith that it may be extirpated, and there is a will to attempt the work of purification. On our side the present conditions are accepted without a word, just as they are, the good with the bad. Who is right? Who is wrong? I may only say such is the present situation.

Under this very important aspect, the condition of the United States is much nearer to that of ancient Rome than is the condition of the present-day Europe. And this explains to me why this side of my history has been more quickly and profoundly understood in America than it has in Europe. The chief reason which attracted Theodore Roosevelt to my book — he told me this more than once in Washington — was the struggle between two principles

which I had described, and which had seemed to him to shed so much light on the confusion and excitement of men and things which stir the United States at the present day. How often have I heard this same observation made in private conversation and public speech, in New York as well as in Boston, in Philadelphia as well as in Chicago! Indeed in Chicago the similarity between American and Roman puritanism was the subject of an interesting after-dinner speech delivered by my host, a banker, a young and brilliant man, in the presence of leading business men at a dinner given in my honor at the Chicago Club. I shall never forget that speech, so enthusiastic was the speaker, and so delighted at having been shown his America in the long-ago life of Rome. In answering him I had to say that, as everything in Chicago is the greatest in the world, it was in Chicago that I had found my greatest admirer in the world!

However, it is North America alone that resembles ancient Rome. South America, or at least the South America which I know, — Brazil and the Argentine Republic, — does not. Those states represent, rather, the continuation and the development of the old European civilization, which is something quite different and opposed to it. In those states, extravagance occupies the high social rank that it does in Europe. The rich make a show of it, the people admire it, religion does not seek to restrain it, art and manufactures thrive upon it, the traditions of the past, as well as the tendencies of the present, favor it in every way according to the means that each has at its disposal. This difference of origin and development between the two Americas is more important than is generally supposed, and an understanding of its importance may be greatly helped forward by a study of Roman history.

MEDICAL EXPERIMENTATION ON ANIMALS

BY FREDERICK L. WACHENHEIM

I

MODERN medicine depends so largely upon animal experimentation, that, without it, the healing art would still remain a mere mixture of empiricism and superstition, as is the case in China to-day. Both the moral and legal codes forbid experimentation on human beings without their own consent; and as the results obtained from cold-blooded animals are commonly inapplicable to ourselves we are obliged to conduct our researches on the bodies of our nearest relatives, — the warm-blooded lower animals. The ancients derived much of their medical knowledge from this source: we find the great Galen conducting extensive and profitable researches on apes and dogs. In the Middle Ages, however, the deadening influence of scholasticism discouraged animal experimentation; we are therefore not surprised to learn that for over a thousand years medicine stood still.

With the great intellectual awakening that characterized the so-called Renaissance, the teachings of the ancients were felt to be insufficient. Vesalius and others studied the structure of the human body as thoroughly as the prejudices of the time permitted; progress in the science of physiology began; surgery threw off its old association with the barber's trade. In the seventeenth century, the invention of the microscope led to the assiduous study of our more minute structure. Nevertheless, if investigators had limited themselves exclusively to the con-

sideration of the human body, alive and dead, healthy and diseased, the science and practice of medicine could not have continued to advance. This limitation restricts us too closely to actual conditions; it excludes all such as are hypothetical or artificial. The voluntary submission of a human subject for medical experimentation is rarely obtainable, though a number of physicians, from grand old John Hunter to our own brave Lazear, have offered their persons and risked their lives in the interests of medical science. Such instances of noble self-devotion are infrequent, and should remain so; they are justified only by the direst necessity. It is indefensible to experiment upon men, when information equally, or almost equally, worthy of confidence can be derived from the lower animals.

The appreciation of this rather elementary moral principle has led to the marvelous progress in medicine that is one of the triumphs of our age. I would not pretend that the science and practice of medicine — two very different things, by the way — are anywhere near perfection; but it is true that the greater part of the physical ills of humanity are to-day under the physician's control, while only a very few remain altogether beyond our reach. Indeed, Metchnikoff, one of the ablest investigators on animals, thinks that there is a prospect of a fairly successful fight to defer the approach of man's greatest enemy, old age.

Cruelty to animals is abhorrent to modern civilization; it lowers man to

the level of the brute, and, in the case of warm-blooded animals, it is punishable at law. This characterization applies, however, solely to wanton cruelty, for even an act of true kindness may involve cruelty. In this connection it is my duty to do what should be unnecessary, and is certainly highly distasteful to me as a physician, but which seems to be demanded by some of our critics, namely, to remove the widely prevalent impression that familiarity with suffering breeds callousness. The best evidence against this impression is the conduct of the medical profession itself.

Our critics must remember that the only notice we take of suffering is to try to assuage it, that our most distressing experience is to witness suffering which cannot be relieved, and that we take as much satisfaction in banishing pain as in saving life. As for our supposed indifference to animal suffering, merely to state that the infliction of pain actually interferes with the usefulness of most animal experiments, will convince well-meaning but uninformed persons that, whenever possible, operations on animals are conducted under the same methods of anæsthesia that are applied to human beings.

We destroy lions and wolves, not to speak of mice and rats, merely because they attack our lives or property whenever they can. Their interests are opposed to ours, and that seals their fate. The investigations upon animals which tend to subserve our interests, at the expense of theirs, should be considered from the same point of view. It may seem harsh, but it is only logical to characterize the man who subordinates the health and happiness of his fellow men to the comfort of some rabbits and dogs, as an enemy to mankind. The old Roman law justly regarded this as the basest of all crimes.

II

Many well-intentioned persons, who earnestly desire the limitation of vivisection to what is actually necessary, believe that a restriction to practical ends would fulfill the ideal of both minimizing cruelty and fostering medical progress. These people are unaware of the fact that there are two sides to medicine, namely, medical science, or rather the medical sciences, and the medical art, commonly called the practice of medicine and surgery.

It is a philosophic principle that a pure science cannot be practical, but deals solely with observed facts, theories, and hypotheses. The application of a science to practical ends is more properly called a useful art. In the medical sciences we study the structure of the human body, its composition, its functions in health, the impairment it suffers from disease, and the remedies for disease. In the practice of medicine we do not treat diseases but patients. The practicing physician is confronted with a sick man, not with an abstract question. He endeavors to apply his scientific knowledge to the aid of his patient, but he does not regard him as a scientific problem. This point is misunderstood by many people, and has led to the unwarranted and scandalous assertion that hospital patients are frequently the objects of experiments. The exact contrary is true: with a few unavoidable exceptions, no procedure is tried upon a human being that has not been proved harmless to the lower animals. The misdirected energies of the 'anti-vivisectionists' merely tend to increase the number of exceptions to this rule.

Physiology, which deals with the functions of the healthy body, is, like anatomy, fundamental to the medical sciences. Many of the deficiencies of modern medicine are due to gaps in our

physiological knowledge, while much of our progress in treatment is the result of recent advance in this science. As examples, I may mention the modern methods of dieting, exercise, change of climate, and regulation of regimen in its broadest sense. I must not, however, ignore the vast improvement in medication with drugs, which is a consequence of our advance in what physicians call pathological physiology, meaning thereby the perverted physiology of the diseased body. We are learning to appreciate the various compensations, whereby a diseased organ is more or less replaced by one that is still sound; and also that great compensatory scheme, which enables a generally diseased body to remain not only alive, but even fairly efficient. One can see how this knowledge may be utilized to the advantage of what the insurance companies call impaired risks; it is safe to say that the lease of life of sufferers from diabetes, heart disease, and Bright's disease, has been doubled within recent years.

The ancient physicians believed that the arteries contained air; that, indeed, is the meaning of the word artery. Galen proved that they contained blood, by cutting them in living animals; there was no other way of settling this fundamental fact, for, in the dead body, the arteries are quite empty. The circulation of the blood was demonstrated by Harvey through experiments on dogs. The capillaries, connecting the arteries and veins, were first seen by Malpighi in the lung of a living frog. It is evident that these observations could not have been made in any other way. The nineteenth century has greatly advanced our knowledge of the wonderful pumping and pipe-line system within our bodies. We now know the speed of the blood-current, its volume and its force, and have a fair idea of the nervous mechanism which controls it. To study

these problems, it has been necessary to attach the most varied physical apparatus to the heart and blood-vessels of living animals; it will, however, reassure the reader to learn that to be of real value these experiments must be conducted under anæsthesia. Without them, we should not have the faintest clue to the successful treatment of patients suffering from heart disease.

In the study of the physiology of respiration, little can be learned from the observation of living and healthy men, that does not need corroboration through experiments on animals. As instances, I may mention the demonstration that the aeration of the blood takes place in the capillaries of the lungs; the apparently simple facts that we cannot live without oxygen, and that air which has been once breathed is poisonous; the action of the muscles of respiration, and the nerve-supply which directs them. Not one of these points could have been investigated save by the sacrifice of a number of animals. The whole subject of artificial respiration, so important in the resuscitation of asphyxiated human beings, has been and still is in process of discovery from experimentation on the lower animals. I need only call attention to the newly proposed methods of resuscitation from electric shocks, which would deserve no attention whatever if they did not appear successful when applied to animals.

Proceeding to the study of digestion, let us begin by noting that only its earlier and less important stages are accessible in the intact bodies of men or animals; even so we must employ the extremely uncomfortable stomach-tube, which cannot be used very frequently without starving the subject under investigation, and yields at best but very fragmentary scientific results. The first really valuable investigations were made by Beaumont, about 1830, on a

Canadian, one Alexis Saint-Martin, who suffered from a gunshot wound of the stomach, which had failed to close. Since then one or two other victims of this so-called gastric fistula have been studied, but such cases as these are far too rare to suffice for rapid scientific progress. It has therefore become necessary to perform similar experiments and investigations on dogs, whose stomach-digestion is very much like ours. These dogs, fitted with an artificial external opening in the stomach, through which food may be poured in and withdrawn, feel no more pain than did Beaumont's Canadian, who enjoyed excellent health through years of observation.

These experiments have shown how the gastric juice begins to flow at the very sight of food; how the food is changed in the course of its sojourn in the stomach; how some substances favor digestion, and others interfere with it; how the stomach moves, and how it is finally emptied. Without actual observation we should have to guess at these and nearly all the other phenomena of stomach-digestion.

The digestion which goes on in the intestine is far more important than that in the stomach itself, and it is hardly necessary to inform the reader that we should know absolutely nothing about it unless we had studied it in animals. The same is true of the functions of the great digestive glands, the liver and the pancreas; likewise of the great solar plexus of nerves which controls the whole apparatus. In this vast department of physiology new facts are continually coming to light, as operations on animals become more and more specialized.

In passing, I should refer again to one fact which is often disregarded. Digestive experiments on animals which are suffering pain are quite unsatisfactory; it is needless to add that pain had to

be inflicted to prove this point, which otherwise would merely be suspected.

Closely connected with the above experiments are those which instruct us in the subjects of nutrition and of tissue-change. We have learned how to grow fat and how to reduce weight, what it means to be hungry or to be satiated. Some of these studies can be carried out on the human subject, but those suspected of being dangerous to health must be made on the lower animals. It is natural, therefore, that some of the dogs in the laboratories will be overfed and others half-starved; this is inevitable.

It is highly significant of the dense ignorance of our grandfathers, that so fantastic and absurd a system as Gall's phrenology was accepted even by some physicians as a likely explanation of brain physiology; I am afraid that many intelligent persons still believe in phrenology. Through experiments on the brains of living animals we have learned which portions of the brain control the muscles, which experience the sensation of pain, which regulate the body's temperature, the act of breathing, the senses of sight and hearing, and which govern the other bodily functions. Most of these investigations necessarily consisted in irritating or removing portions of the brain, and some very few forms of research had inevitably to be conducted without anæsthesia. To understand what pain is, we unfortunately must cause it. It is a most instructive fact, that those portions of the brain about which we know least are the very ones that are poorly developed in the lower animals; progress has been arrested chiefly because animal investigation is no longer available. We must recall, too, that the previous experiments on cold-blooded animals, whose brain-functions are of an altogether lower type than ours, had yielded little that could be applied

practically, though extremely important and interesting. It was only when dogs and, more especially, our still nearer relatives, the apes, were drawn into the experimental field, that we really began to find out what was going on in our own brains. I may add that the observation of the diseased human brain, both at the bedside and post mortem, has always been extremely fragmentary and unsatisfactory.

As with the brain, so with the nerves: most of our knowledge is derived from experiments on the lower animals. It has been the fashion among the anti-vivisectionists to reserve especially vehement abuse for the great Magendie, who laid the very foundations of our present, still somewhat incomplete, knowledge of nerve-functions, nerve-tracts, and nerve-regeneration. It is true that Magendie's work involved the infliction of a great deal of pain, but we should, in simple justice, remember that anæsthesia was unknown in Magendie's day, and one of the many results obtained in this field of work is the demonstration that the sensations of man are far keener than those of the lower animals. As sensation, including that of pain, is purely a brain-function, which may be entirely abolished by stupefying the cells of the gray matter with an anæsthetic, it is evident that acuteness of sensation is apt to increase with the complexity of the brain-structure. This is unquestionably highest in man, and higher in the upper than in the lower races; thus the inferior races plainly show that they feel pain less than do the pampered products of civilization. On the average, the endurance of pain will vary in inverse proportion to its severity; if we eliminate the influence of self-control, that deference to convention and public opinion called stoicism, the demeanor of the victim of a pain is a fair guide as to its intensity.

III

It is scarcely necessary for me to remind the reader of the indebtedness of modern medicine to the science of bacteriology, that branch of natural history which treats of the minute germs known as bacteria. The difficulties encountered in studying bacteria will be appreciated, when we consider that millions of the larger germs can live and flourish in a single drop of milk, whereas the smallest, under the most powerful microscope, appear like grains of fine dust.

Some of the ancient writers had suspected that certain infectious diseases might be caused by minute living organisms, but not until 1683, when Leeuwenhook had invented the microscope, could the bacteria even be seen. It was not until the middle of the nineteenth century, when Pasteur found ways of cultivating these germs, that the science of bacteriology may be said to have originated; it was only after 1880, when Koch showed how to cultivate them on solid media, that the science began to make rapid progress, and to revolutionize medicine. The reason for this lies in the fact that, to study bacteria, it is necessary to isolate them; they always occur mixed in their natural state, and of course remain mixed, if they grow in a fluid; it is easy to understand how the different species may be separated, if we cultivate them, like ordinary plants, on a solid surface.

Presently, the supposed germs of numerous infectious diseases were announced, and, as it had become comparatively easy to cultivate bacteria, isolate them, and study their peculiarities, it only remained to prove their responsibility for the diseases attributed to them. Let us remember that, in sick as well as in healthy persons, the harmless bacteria far outnumber those that are dangerous; of thousands

of species, only a few dozen belong to the class called pathogenic, or disease-producing. At this stage of the science, Koch, most opportunely, laid down the three clauses of the following law: —

1. All cases of the disease must furnish the germ held responsible for it.
2. The germ must be cultivated so as to free it from mixture with other germs; that is to say, it must be obtained in pure culture.
3. Inoculation of germs, from the pure culture, must reproduce the identical disease.

Koch's law has stood the test of thirty years. Whenever one of the three links in the chain is missing, we admit at once that the responsibility of the germ under investigation is uncertain, unless corroborated by strong circumstantial evidence; if two links are missing, the germ has only a questionable scientific standing, in any event. When all three clauses are satisfied, the case is complete, as has been proven repeatedly in other ways into which I cannot enter here; I mention the production of artificial immunity as one of them.

Koch's third requirement presents the greatest difficulties to the bacteriologist. For example, when the tubercle bacillus had satisfied the first two, it was still manifestly undesirable to inoculate a human being with the pure culture, to see what would happen. Even the most scornful skeptic of Koch and his methods would have declined more or less politely to offer himself for this test.

Nothing therefore remained but to inoculate animals, many of which were known to suffer at times from tuberculosis. These experiments were completely successful: the animals became affected with unquestionable tuberculosis, and the germs, taken from them and cultivated, again reproduced the same disease in another series of ani-

mals. No one who has taken the trouble to inform himself on the subject now has the faintest doubt that this germ, and no other, is the cause of tuberculosis. Moreover, since the earlier experiments, further proofs have been supplied, also through investigations conducted on the lower animals.

If the laws of Germany had forbidden the inoculation of animals with germs that would make them sicken and die, Koch would have been compelled to pursue his ever-memorable researches in some other country, and that country would have received all the credit. If the whole world had been controlled by the anti-vivisectionists, consumptives to-day would not know how they became ill, nor how to guard the members of their families from becoming likewise infected; furthermore, the doctors, in many cases, would not even be able to make the diagnosis.

It may reassure tender-hearted readers to know that the injection of tuberculous material is no more painful than the familiar hypodermic, and that an animal sick from tuberculosis suffers less physical pain than the thousands of hapless human sufferers from this lingering disease, while of course it is free from the still more acute agony of the mind.

Tuberculosis also furnishes one of the most convincing arguments against one of the favorite stands of the anti-vivisectionists, namely, that it should be made unlawful to repeat experiments intended merely to corroborate an already established fact. Fifteen years ago most of us took for granted that the tuberculosis of man was identical with that of cattle; this view prevailed only because the investigators had not made a sufficient number of experiments on animals. More frequent inoculations of human tuberculosis on cattle, and a more careful investigation of bovine tuberculosis, would long before have

revealed what Theobald Smith showed in 1895, namely, that cattle tuberculosis is caused by a slightly different and far less dangerous germ. This leaves open the question whether the one form of germ may, under certain conditions, be transformed into the other; and, what is most important for us to know, whether the chief danger to man lies in the milk of infected cows or in the expectoration of infected persons. If Theobald Smith's contention is established, we shall have to restrict the careless habits of consumptives with more firmness than ever, and relegate the supervision of cattle to a secondary, though still important position. In any case, all the work of studying the relation between human and bovine tuberculosis will have to be gone over again, and this research will have to be made, almost entirely, on animals.

It is curious, but true, that there is more confusion on this subject in England than anywhere else, and that England is the country where animal experimentation is most seriously hampered by law. Most unbiased observers feel that if the English physicians had depended less exclusively on the study of their patients and had given more attention to tuberculosis in animals, they would not have arrived at their present state of uncertainty.

Even more remarkable are the results of animal experimentation in diphtheria. The diphtheria bacillus was discovered by Loeffler in 1879, but its status was doubtful for some years: first, because of the number of other germs found in inflamed throats; secondly, because some harmless germs resemble it closely. But for Koch's third law the whole matter would have remained doubtful. The guinea-pig, however, is remarkably susceptible to diphtheria, so much so that it is employed as a test for doubtful cases. Pure cultures from guinea-pigs that

have died of diphtheria will in turn infect other guinea-pigs, and so on *ad infinitum*.

It was soon found that the diphtheria germ itself was not the most dangerous element in diphtheritic infection; it does not grow indefinitely, and usually remains exclusively at the site of infection, say the throat, rarely wandering through the body. It acts chiefly through the intense poison that it produces as a part of its tissue-change. The treatment of diphtheria at first made little progress because the only method that could be considered was disinfection of the throat. Unfortunately the throat is one of the most difficult parts of the body to disinfect; indeed, it is practically impossible to disinfect it thoroughly.

A new chapter in medicine was opened when a Spanish physician, Ferrán, in 1890, announced that he had succeeded in immunizing animals against diphtheria. His results were soon corroborated by other investigators. It has been learned that, in the case of certain infectious diseases, probably in the majority, an animal that survives the attack has formed the antidote to the poison of the disease within its own body; this is indeed the reason why it recovers. It has also been learned that if we infect a guinea-pig with diphtheria germs, we can combat the infection by injecting into the same animal the blood-serum of a guinea-pig that has recently recovered. The poison is called the toxin, the antidote the antitoxin, and it has been shown that the latter, in proper dosage, exactly neutralizes the former.

The younger members of the present generation cannot realize what a thrill of horror went through a household when the family physician made the diagnosis of diphtheria. Formerly, we stood almost helpless at the bedside of our diphtheria patients, and expected

a fatal result in about half of the severe cases. To-day the death-rate of cases that are treated promptly is about one per cent. The only reason why there are still many deaths from diphtheria is that some persons — alas, some doctors also — have a prejudice against antitoxin, because they do not know what it is.

I doubt if there are enough guinea-pigs in the world to supply all our sick children with antitoxin. Fortunately, it has been found that horses give an ample supply, if we infect them with diphtheria germs. As a horse can give us about a thousand times as much blood as a guinea-pig, this wonderful remedy is not even very expensive. Nor does the horse suffer much from the occasional withdrawal of a moderate amount of blood; as a matter of fact, he is handled and fed very carefully, and has a decidedly easy life of it between tappings. It is a question whether he would object if he knew what was being done, and how many lives he was saving; his fellows in front of coal-wagons surely find it harder to earn a living.

The story of the conquest of lockjaw is similar to that of diphtheria, the chief difference being that the antitoxin must be injected in advance, whenever we see a wound that looks as if it might contain the lockjaw bacillus. The treatment is therefore not quite so uniformly successful, and seems less effective than it really is, because we never know when we have saved a patient from death from this fearful disease: he simply remains as well as he was before, and no one can tell what might have happened if treatment had been omitted.

It is highly important to remember that the bacilli of diphtheria and tetanus are not at all injured by the antitoxin, but remain as malignant as they ever were; the antitoxin merely pro-

fects the infected person against their poison. Physicians have been very successful in protecting the nurses and relatives of diphtheria patients against this disease. A small protective injection of antitoxin absolutely guarantees them against this illness, even if their throats, as is apt to happen, become thoroughly infected with diphtheria germs.

As soon as animal experiments are no longer available, we go on from one defeat to another; the most that we can do is to employ prevention. A conspicuous instance is afforded by that blot on American civilization, typhoid fever. No doubt our fearfully long death-list from that filthy disease would diminish if we could infect some animal and obtain an antitoxin; the recently announced susceptibility of monkeys gives us careless Americans a ray of hope. Otherwise, our only recourse is the right kind of sanitation, which consists entirely in keeping human excrements out of our food and water.

IV

There are still many persons, including, I regret to say, some justices on the bench, who define the practice of medicine as the giving of drugs. Most of our patients still think that the most important thing they can get from us is a prescription, and they pay much more attention to the directions on a medicine bottle than to the verbal advice imparted in the doctor's office. A large part of the community thinks that it might as well obtain its drugs at first hand from the druggist, without consulting a physician at all. This delusion has already slain its thousands, and will continue to fill early graves until the public learns better.

The truth is, that the administration of drugs is often the least important part of the aid we give our patients;

we accomplish more through other means of treatment than with medicines. The progress in physiology, of which I have given a few feeble hints, is already so great that we know the human body far better than many of the things we put into it. Some of our best drugs are employed only as auxiliaries to other treatment, such as diet, exercise, baths, and massage, not to mention surgical operations. Only a few drugs are used for combating disease directly, and these are chiefly of the class called internal antiseptics; for instance, quinine.

The testing of drugs on animals is not always trustworthy, for even the highest, dogs and apes, often respond somewhat differently from man; this does not, however, argue for omitting the animal experiment when we wish to learn the properties and action of a new and unknown drug. Any one can imagine that it would be highly reprehensible to give a little-known, perhaps highly poisonous, substance to a man before trying it on the dog. Sometimes a dog will die from an overdose, because the action of a drug is still uncertain; it were better to lose a thousand dogs in this way than one patient.

Such delicate matters as the effect of a new preparation on the blood-pressure, the kidneys, the digestion, and the nervous system, have to be investigated in living animals. Be it remembered that we aim to have our experiments succeed, and are disappointed when they turn out badly. In the latter case, however, we have the satisfaction of knowing that the untoward result has not injured a human being.

There is a group of four related diseases, measles, scarlet fever, chicken-pox, and small-pox, which agree in one not very flattering circumstance, namely, that we doctors do not know what causes them; we merely believe that they are caused by germs too small to

be seen with our best microscopes. One fact, however, is worth noting: formerly, all four diseases were common; now, small-pox, the most dreaded of all, has become rare. The reason for this is as follows:—

In 1798, Jenner observed that persons who had come in contact with cattle suffering from a disease called cow-pox were thereafter immune to small-pox; we, of to-day, cannot adequately realize the vast significance of Jenner's discovery. In the eighteenth century small-pox was, like measles, chiefly a disease of children; it killed about one tenth of the population, and permanently disfigured most of those who recovered, very few escaping altogether. We may declare with truth that the slow increase of the population of Europe, before the nineteenth century, was chiefly due to the ravages of the infectious diseases, of which small-pox was the worst. We may thus judge what a boon it was to humanity when the inoculation of cow-pox matter was found to protect human beings against small-pox for at least some years, whereas repeated inoculation, at moderate intervals, gave absolute and permanent protection. This form of inoculation is called vaccination; its compulsory introduction into everyday use has resulted in the almost total disappearance of small-pox from the more enlightened countries. In Germany, where vaccination and re-vaccination are strictly enforced, small-pox is almost unknown among the native population; in our southern and western states, where people are careless about vaccination, the disease is still quite common. We can truly measure a nation's civilization to-day by the relative frequency of small-pox.

To supply vaccine lymph, we must keep a continuous series of calves affected with cow-pox. I am willing to admit that these animals would be more

comfortable without this disease, but cannot persuade myself to weigh their trivial discomforts against the possible sufferings of thousands of human beings. The employment of calf-vaccine has been found necessary because vaccination from man to man involves the fearful risk of syphilitic infection. The only real dangers from calf-vaccine, namely, wound-infection and tetanus, can be guarded against by using very simple precautions; the imagined danger of contracting tuberculosis has been shown not to exist, for there is no such case on record.

One result of the practice of vaccination is, that small-pox is now much rarer in children than in adults, because most children have been vaccinated at least once. It is also much milder in adults than formerly, because one vaccination, in infancy, affords a partial protection ever after. It is, of course, wisest to repeat the operation on admission to school, and at long intervals later in life.

If only some animal could be found that is susceptible to measles and scarlet-fever, how much suffering would be spared our children!

The germ of cerebro-spinal meningitis was discovered by Weichselbaum in 1887, but was not generally accepted until about ten years later; its rôle had to be established on circumstantial evidence, for it did not conform to Koch's third law: there was no animal known that would take the disease. We were therefore quite helpless when confronted with this terrible affliction, which killed at least three fourths of its victims and permanently maimed most of the remainder.

Little progress was made until it was discovered that monkeys could be infected with Weichselbaum's germ. In the hands of Flexner, this discovery soon yielded wonderful results; a few years of study and experimentation

on these animals have led to the production of a serum, similar to that employed in diphtheria, which cures nine-tenths of the mild cases and many of the severest ones, if used early. Flexner's serum is only waiting for our next great epidemic, to show how wonderful it is.

The conquest of acute infantile paralysis promises to be similar. To be sure, this disease is not often fatal; it regularly, however, results in the life-long paralysis of one or more limbs, thereby disabling the poor victim permanently. We all know a number of persons who limp about uncomfortably because they have had this disease in childhood. Flexner, and his assistants, have found that monkeys are also susceptible to the poison of this disease. These investigators are now seeking to prepare a curative serum, similar to that which is giving such excellent results in meningitis. Success will reduce the total number of our cripples by at least one half. Most remarkable of all, these experiments in infantile paralysis are succeeding regardless of the fact that the germ of this affection is still entirely unknown.

Let me add a few remarks on the terrible disease called hydrophobia, — the very existence of which is persistently denied by the dog-worshippers, notwithstanding that a number of persons die every year of this frightful malady. It is indeed fortunate that these deaths are not sufficiently common to convince the anti-vivisectionists; the reason for the low death-rate from hydrophobia is to be sought in a wonderfully successful method of treatment, somewhat similar to that used in tetanus, and based entirely on animal investigation. The person bitten by a mad dog is treated with injections consisting of preparations from the spinal cord of rabbits infected with hydrophobia. Owing to the slowness

with which this disease develops, there is ample time for repeated injections of increasing strength. Thus the outbreak of the disease is entirely prevented, if there has been no great loss of time before treatment is begun; the only reason why people still die of hydrophobia is because misguided persons persuade them that it does not exist.

We owe the treatment of hydrophobia to Pasteur's experiments on dogs and rabbits. The germ of this affection is still unknown. Better than treatment, of course, would be prevention, by muzzling all privately-owned dogs, and killing the mongrels that infest our streets. Owing to the loud-voiced protests of the dogs' ostensible friends, nothing of the sort has been done; human beings still run the risk of a dreadful death, and hundreds of really valuable animals are lost through being bitten by rabid curs.

The most mysterious and dreaded disease known to mankind is cancer, and it is becoming more frequent as other diseases diminish. Some of the increase of cancer is undoubtedly due to the falling-off in deaths from the diseases of childhood and youth: cancer, being a disease of later life, obtains more material for its ravages as more children are cured of diphtheria and more young persons are saved from death by tuberculosis. This explanation, however, does not seem to cover the entire ground; most physicians believe that there has been a real relative increase in the frequency of malignant growths.

A cure for cancer is urgently called for to replace the somewhat uncertain knife of the surgeon, which is curative only when applied early, and then only in about one fourth of all cases. The main trouble has been that we have not understood the true nature of cancer; we did not even know if it were

infectious, let alone the infecting germ, all heralded discoveries in that direction having proved illusory. Finally, investigators bethought themselves to study animals having tumors that resemble human cancer in structure and malignancy; in this respect, mice have furnished valuable investigating material, and, even in these few years, have demonstrated certain valuable facts, especially that cancer is transplantable, but not infectious in the ordinary sense, like tuberculosis. There has also been achieved an immunization of mice against the recurrence of cancer after operation.

This brings us to the wonderful studies made by Metchnikoff and Ehrlich on the means furnished within the body for the destruction of harmful germs or the neutralization of the poisons they produce. These researches on immunity have led to interesting results: for example, we have found that the blood of one species of animal acts like a toxin to the blood of another; through this knowledge we can tell to what kind of animal a specimen of blood belongs. This has proved of incalculable advantage in a matter not strictly medical: in trials for homicide, it is now quite easy to decide whether a stain consists of human blood or of that of a lower animal. Human blood and dog blood look exactly alike under the microscope, but the laboratory test shows them to be antagonistic to each other. Several murderers have been convicted through these means.

I must mention a few more affections in which these investigations play a leading part. The best treatment of snake-bites may be said to depend entirely upon having the antitoxin at hand; snake-poison is the most typical and powerful toxin that we know. Still more curious is the modern treatment of that rare and serious affection called Graves's disease. This complaint

is due to an antitoxin in the system, produced by excessive action of the organ known as the thyroid gland. The curative serum is obtained by entirely depriving goats of that gland; these goats then become saturated with the body toxin which the gland normally neutralizes. The injection of blood-serum from these goats therefore supplies sufficient toxin to neutralize the excess of antitoxin in the blood of the patient suffering from Graves's disease. This goat-serum treatment must be continued as long as the thyroid gland continues to be overactive, usually many months.

It may appear to the reader that toxins and antitoxins are very much alike in structure; this is indeed the case, and we label them as we do merely because the toxin is very poisonous, and the antitoxin is relatively harmless. Graves's disease is due to an antitoxin that becomes injurious only when accumulated in the system through months and years.

v

Every intelligent person appreciates the marvelous advance in surgery, which is justly regarded as one of the greatest achievements of our time. The surgical art has indeed, until quite recently, kept well ahead of internal medicine; the tide is only now beginning to turn, partly because of the discoveries narrated in the preceding chapter, partly because surgery itself is already so near perfection. Let us, however, not forget that its phenomenal success, whether regarded from its highly developed mechanical side, or with respect to the benefits derived from physiological and bacteriological research, rests almost entirely upon the results obtained through animal experimentation.

The corner-stones of modern surgery are anæsthesia and antisepsis. Anæ-

sthesia, by freeing the patient from the perception of pain, allows the surgeon to perform his work leisurely and thoroughly; antisepsis guards the surgeon's efforts from eventual failure, by preventing infection of the patient's wound.

Anæsthesia was tried on the human subject only after considerable hesitation, and after extensive preliminary experiments on animals. Morton and Jackson, the pioneers in anæsthesia, would not have dared to subject their patients to this procedure if investigations on living animals had not demonstrated its safety. The very proposal to administer a narcotic gas implies a fairly thorough knowledge of the act of respiration, and of the laws governing the diffusion of gases through the body. I have already shown how the former has been acquired; the latter has been gained similarly. To be sure, the final test of any anæsthetic will always have to be made on man himself; an operation that appears quite painless in an animal may, nevertheless, cause intense discomfort to a human being, whose nervous system is more delicately organized; furthermore, the anæsthetic may not act in exactly the same way on a man as on a dog.

As the various forms of gas-anæsthesia involve some risk in persons whose vitality is impaired, or who suffer from certain organic diseases, it was a great boon to the surgeons when Koller discovered that the eyes of animals could be rendered insensible by the instillation of cocaine. Koller was so favorably impressed by this observation that he had no hesitation in trying this drug on his own eyes, as well as on those of his patients. Our surgeons now perform a great many delicate and difficult operations with the aid of cocaine, without depriving their patients of general consciousness, or exposing them even to the slight risk of a total anæsthesia.

For the methods employed in avoiding the infection of wounds, antisepsis, and its still greater successor, asepsis, we are profoundly indebted to Pasteur, who first suggested that wound-infection was caused by germs, and to Lister, who followed his suggestion and was rewarded with immediate success. Every detail of this progress has been checked off by experiments on animals.

Some of the most difficult operations concern the intestines, the great problem being to close wounds in them so tightly that they cannot leak; innumerable operations on dogs were required to determine the best method of sewing up an intestinal wound. When the question arose of linking together the two ends of a severed intestine, a simple suture was found to be imperfect; it took too much time, and was sometimes followed by intestinal obstruction. A new series of experiments on dogs became necessary, to perfect some plan of fastening the ends together with easily adjusted clasps. This was successful, and we have thus obtained that remarkable mechanical device, the Murphy button.

We are now pretty well accustomed to the idea of abdominal surgery, but operations on the brain will, no doubt, appear somewhat venturesome to the uninitiated. Indeed, were it not for the physiological study of the brain-functions, to which I have referred in a previous paragraph, we should not have advanced very far. Our knowledge of brain localization has enabled us to tell, from the patient's symptoms, what portion of that organ is affected by a clot, tumor, or injury, and the striking of the exact spot is no longer regarded as marvelous. For example, paralysis of one limb points to trouble in a very definite area in the brain, impaired vision to another, loss of speech to a third, all as precisely mapped out as the various countries in an atlas. It is hardly neces-

sary to repeat that we should be unable to do any of this work, had not animal experimentation shown us the way.

As to the nerves, the various resections, transplantations, and other operations, that are now accomplished by the surgeons, remind one of the activities of the telephone line-men; moreover, they are generally quite as successful. Animal experimentation has given us the clue to the various connections, and has indicated the limits to which we may go in overhauling that delicate and complicated apparatus of living batteries and wires, known as the nervous system.

Success in nerve-surgery has led to a desire to accomplish similar results with the blood-vessels. Until recently no one attempted to do more than cut diseased or injured blood-vessels out of the general circulation; even this required a vast amount of preliminary work on animals, especially with regard to the testing of ligature material, such as catgut and silk, for strength, absorbability, and capacity for being rendered absolutely sterile, the last being exceedingly difficult of determination. The effect of these operations on the local blood-supply also required investigation, for the cutting-out of a very large blood-vessel might involve the death of an entire limb. Very recent work on dogs seems to promise that the cutting-out of blood-vessels may be largely replaced by splicing and grafting; it is evident that, with the aid of such new methods, the last-mentioned risk may be avoided, and many a limb saved from gangrene and amputation. Most marvelous of all, our surgeons are now venturing to attack the heart itself; wounds of that most important of all organs have been sutured, hitherto, to be sure, with only partial success; however, we may justly expect to perfect this operation, by

giving it a thorough trial on the lower animals.

This brings me to the present centre of interest in surgery, the operations on the chest and lungs. Until now, any wide opening of the chest-wall has been attended with the danger of collapse of the lungs, and instant death. It is the present aim of this branch of surgery to devise an effective method of preventing collapse of the lungs, by increasing the air-pressure within those organs. Whole series of dogs are now being subjected to procedures that aim at accomplishing this purpose, but the operation will not be tried on human beings until practice on dogs has rendered it practically perfect.

Finally, I must again insist on the fact that these operations on the lower

animals are conducted under anæsthesia, in the same way as are those performed on human beings. Under the influence of ether, dogs do sometimes give forth cries, as men do under the same conditions; these noises are made quite unconsciously, as may be proved by the accounts of numberless persons who have groaned on the operating-table but did not know it until told by the surgeon afterwards. Of course, dogs suffer some pain after an operation; the same is true of us also; it is certainly no more, probably less, severe in the dog than in man. Finally, it is a rule in all laboratories, to kill maimed animals painlessly; as a proof, I shall ask my critics if they have ever seen at large an animal mutilated by surgical experimentation.

THE PLETHORA OF DOCTORS

BY ABRAHAM FLEXNER

IN a paper in the *Atlantic* for June, I discussed at some length the development in America of the ideal training of the physician. In the present article it is my purpose to deal with the actual conditions in the medical profession of the country, with especial reference to the number of doctors we are now endeavoring to support. The problem involved in reaching a satisfactory physical adjustment is practical, not academic; and taking economic and social conditions as they are, its solution will depend upon the widest possible distribution of the best possible type of physician. For an intelligent consideration of the question, it is fun-

damental that we understand the statistical aspects of medical education in America so far as they are immediately pertinent to the question of reform.

Professor Paulsen, describing in his book on the *German Universities* the increased importance of the medical profession, reports with some astonishment that 'the number of physicians has increased with great rapidity, so that now there is, in Germany, one doctor for every 2000 souls, and in the large cities one for every 1000.' What would the amazed philosopher have said had he known that in the entire United States there is already on the average one doctor for every 568 souls,

that in our large cities there is frequently one doctor for every 400 persons¹ or less, that many small towns of less than 200 inhabitants have two or three physicians each!

Overproduction is stamped on the face of these facts; and if, in its despite, there are localities without a physician, it is clear that not even long-continued overproduction of cheaply-made doctors can force distribution beyond a well-marked point. In our towns health is as good, and physicians are probably as alert, as in Prussia; there is then no reason to fear an unheeded call or a too tardy response if urban communities support one doctor for every 2000 inhabitants. On that showing, the towns have now four or more doctors for every one that they actually require, — something worse than waste, for the superfluous doctor is usually a poor doctor. So enormous an overcrowding with low-grade material decreases both relatively and absolutely the number of well-trained men who can count on the profession for a livelihood. According to Gresham's Law, which, as has been shrewdly remarked, is as valid in education as in finance, the inferior medium tends to displace the superior. If then, by having in cities one doctor for every 2000 persons, we got four times as good a doctor as now when we provide one doctor for every 500 or less, the apothecaries would find time hanging somewhat more heavily on their hands. Clearly, low standards and poor training are not now needed in order to supply physicians to the towns.

In the country the situation follows one of two types. Assuming that a

¹ New York, 1: 460; Chicago, 1: 580; Washington, 1: 270; San Francisco, 1: 370. These ratios are calculated on the basis of figures obtained from the U. S. Census Bureau, Polk's *Medical Register*, and the *American Medical Directory*. Figures used throughout this article were obtained from these sources.

thousand people in an accessible area will support a competent physician, one of two things will happen if the district contains many less than a thousand. In a growing country, like Canada or our own Middle West, the young graduate will not hesitate to pitch his tent in a sparsely settled neighborhood, if it promises a future. A high-grade and comparatively expensive education will not alter his inclination to do this. The more exacting Canadian laws rouse no objection on this score. The graduates of McGill and Toronto have passed through a scientific and clinical discipline of high quality; but one finds them every year draining off into the freshly opened Northwest Territory.

In truth, it is an old story. McDowell left the Kentucky backwoods to spend two years under Bell in Edinburgh; and when they were over, returned contentedly to the wilderness, where he originated the operation for ovarian tumor in the course of a surgical practice that carried him back and forth through Kentucky, Ohio, and Tennessee. Benjamin Dudley, son of a poor Baptist preacher, dissatisfied with the results, first of his apprenticeship, and then of his Philadelphia training, hoarded his first fees, and with them subsequently embarked temporarily in trade: he loaded a flat-boat with sundries which he disposed of to good advantage at New Orleans, there investing in a cargo of flour which he sold to the hungry soldiers of Wellington in the Spanish peninsula. The profits kept Dudley in the hospitals of Paris for four years, after which he came back to Lexington and for a generation was the great surgeon and teacher of surgery in the rough country across the Alleghanies. The pioneer is not yet dead within us. The self-supporting students of Ann Arbor and Toronto prove this. For a region which holds

out hope, there is no need to make poor doctors; still less to make too many of them.

In the case of stranded small groups in an unpromising environment, the thing works out differently. A century of reckless overproduction of cheap doctors has resulted in general overcrowding; but it has not forced doctors into these hopeless spots. It has simply huddled them thickly at points on the extreme margin. Certain rural communities of New England may, for example, have no physician in their midst, though they are in most instances not inaccessible to one. But let never so many low-grade doctors be turned out, whether in Boston or in smaller places like Burlington or Brunswick, that are supposed not to spoil the young man for a country practice, these unpromising places, destined perhaps to disappear from the map, will not attract them. They prefer competition in some already over-occupied field. Thus, in Vermont, Burlington, the seat of the medical department of the University of Vermont, with a population of less than 21,000, has 60 physicians, one for every 333 inhabitants; nor can these figures be explained away on the ground that the largest city in the state is a vortex which absorbs more than its proper share; for the state abounds in small towns in which several doctors compete in the service of much less than a thousand persons. Other New England states are in the same case.

It would appear, then, that overproduction on a low basis does not effectually overcome the social or economic obstacles to spontaneous dispersion. Perhaps the salvation of these districts might, under existing circumstances, be better worked out by a different method. A large area would support one good man, where its separate fragments are each unable to support even one poor man. A physician's range,

actual and virtual, increases with his competency. A well-qualified doctor may perhaps at a central point set up a small hospital, where the seriously ill of the entire district may receive good care. The region is thus better served by one well-trained man than it could possibly be, even if overproduction on a low basis ultimately succeeded in forcing an incompetent into every hamlet of five-and-twenty souls. This, however, overproduction cannot compel. It cannot keep even the cheap man in a place without a 'chance'; it can only demoralize the smaller places which are capable of supporting a better trained man whose energies may also reach out into the more thinly settled surrounding country. As a last resort, it might conceivably become the duty of the several states to salary district physicians in thinly settled or remote regions — surely a sounder policy than the demoralization of the entire profession for the purpose of enticing ill-trained men where they will not go. These officials would combine the duties of county health officer with those now assigned in large towns to the city physician.

We may safely conclude that our methods of carrying on medical education have resulted in enormous overproduction at a low level, and that, whatever the justification in the past, the present situation in town and country alike can be more effectively met by a reduced output of well-trained men than by further inflation with an inferior product.

The improvement of medical education cannot therefore be resisted on the ground that it will destroy schools and restrict output; that is precisely what is needed. The illustrations already given in support of this position may be reinforced by further examples from every section of the Union: from Pennsylvania, with one doctor for every 636

inhabitants, Maryland with one for every 658, Nebraska with one for every 602, Colorado with one for every 328, Oregon with one for every 646.

It is frequently urged that, however applicable to other sections, this argument does not for the present touch the South, where continued tolerance of commercial methods is required by local conditions. Let us briefly consider the point. The section as a whole contains one doctor for every 760 persons. In the year 1908, twelve states showed a gain in population of 358,837. If, now, we allow in cities one additional physician for every increase of 2000, and outside of cities an additional one for every increase of 1000 in population, — an ample allowance in any event, — we may in general figure on one more physician for every gain of 1500 in total population. I am not now arguing that one physician to 1500 persons is the normal or correct ratio; that is a point that need not even be raised. What I contend is that, as such a ratio has proved more than satisfactory elsewhere, it will at least serve for further increase of our population.

A country, in other words, which now has one physician for every 568, will be amply supplied for a generation at least if it produces one additional physician for every 1500 additional persons. On that basis in 1908 the South needed 240 more doctors. In the course of the same year, it is estimated that 500 vacancies in the profession were due to death. If every vacancy thus arising must be filled, conditions will never greatly improve. Let us agree to work toward a more normal adjustment by filling two vacancies due to death with one new physician, — once more a decidedly liberal provision. This will prove sufficiently deliberate; it would have called for 250 more doctors by the close of the year. In all, 490 new men would have amply cared

for the increase in population and the vacancies due to death. As a matter of fact, the Southern medical schools turned out in that year 1144 doctors; 78 more Southerners were graduated from the schools of Baltimore and Philadelphia. The grand total would probably reach 1300, — 1300 Southern doctors to compete in a field in which one third of the number would find the making of a decent living already difficult! Clearly the South has no cause to be apprehensive in consequence of a reduced output of higher quality. Its requirements in the matter of a fresh supply are not such as to make it necessary to pitch their training low.

The rest of the country may be rapidly surveyed from the same point of view. The total gain in population, outside of the Southern states already considered, was 975,008, — requiring, on the basis of one more doctor for every 1500 more people, 650 doctors. By death, in the course of the year there were in the same area 1730 vacancies. Replacing two vacancies by one doctor, 865 men would have been required; in most sections public interest would be better cared for if the vacancies all remained unfilled for a decade to come. On the most liberal calculation, 1500 graduates would be called for, and 1000 would be better still. There were actually produced in that year, outside the South, 3497, that is, three times as many as the country could possibly assimilate; and this goes on, and has been going on, every year.

It appears then that the country needs fewer and better doctors; and that the way to get them better is to produce fewer. To support all or most present schools at the higher level would be wasteful, even if it were not impracticable; for they cannot be manned. Some day, doubtless, posterity may reestablish a school in some place where we now recommend the

demise of a struggling enterprise. Toward that remote contingency nothing will, however, be gained by prolonging the life of the existent institution.

The statistics just given have never been compiled or studied by the average medical educator. His stout asseveration that 'the country needs more doctors' is based on 'the letters on file in the dean's office,' or on some hazy notion respecting conditions in neighboring states. As to the begging letters: selecting a thinly settled region, I obtained from the dean of the medical department of the University of Minnesota a list of the localities whence requests for a physician have recently come. With few exceptions they represent five states, and judging from these states, the general distribution shows that overproduction prevails in new communities as well as in old ones.

Fifty-nine towns in Minnesota want a doctor, but investigation shows that these 59 towns have already 149 doctors between them! Ten of the 59 are without registered physicians; but of these ten, two are not to be found on the map, while two more are not even mentioned in the *Postal Guide*; of the other six, four are within easy reach of doctors, and two only, with a combined population of 150 souls, are out of reach of medical assistance. Forty-one places in North Dakota apply; they have already 121 doctors. Twenty-one applications come from South Dakota, from towns already having 49 doctors. Seven come from Wisconsin, from places that had 21 physicians before their prayer for more was made. Six come from Iowa, from towns which had 17 doctors at the time of application.

It is manifest that the files of the deans will not invalidate the conclusion which a study of the figures suggests. They are more apt to sustain it, for the requests in question are less

likely to mean 'no doctors' than 'poor doctors,' — a distemper which continued overproduction on the same basis can only aggravate, and which a change to another basis of the same type will not cure.

As to general conditions, no case has been found in which a single medical educator contended that his own vicinity or state is in need of more doctors; it is always the 'next neighbor.' Thus the District of Columbia, with one doctor for every 262 souls, maintains two medical schools of low grade. 'Do you need more doctors in the District?' I asked one of the deans. — 'Oh, no, we are making doctors for Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania,' — for Maryland, with seven medical schools of its own, and one doctor for every 658 inhabitants; for Virginia, with three medical schools of its own, and one doctor for every 918; for Pennsylvania, with its eight schools, and one doctor for every 636 persons.

With the overproduction thus demonstrated, the commercial treatment of medical education is intimately connected. Low standards give the medical schools access to a large clientèle open to successful exploitation by commercial methods. The crude boy or the jaded clerk who goes into medicine at this level has not been moved by a significant prompting from within; nor has he, as a rule, shown any foresight in the matter of making himself ready. He is more likely to have been caught drifting at a vacant moment by an alluring advertisement or announcement, quite commonly an exaggeration, not infrequently an outright misrepresentation. Indeed, the advertising methods of the commercially successful schools are amazing. One school, for example, offers the bonus of a European trip to any graduate who shall have been in attendance for three years. Not infrequently, advertising

costs more than laboratories. The school catalogues abound in exaggeration, misstatement, and half-truths. A few instances may be cited at random.

The catalogue of the medical department of the University of Buffalo states that 'the dispensary is conducted in a manner unlike that usually seen. . . . Each one will secure unusually thorough training in taking and recording of histories.' There are no dispensary records worthy the name.

The catalogue of Halifax Medical College assures us that 'first-class laboratory accommodation is provided for histology, bacteriology, and practical pathology.' One utterly wretched room is provided for all three.

The catalogue of the medical department of the University of Illinois claims that 'the University Hospital . . . contains 100 beds, and its clinical advantages are used exclusively for the students of this college.' Over half of these beds are private, and the rest are of but limited use.

In the catalogue of the Western University of London, Ontario, we find under the heading Clinical Instruction: 'The Victoria Hospital . . . now contains 250 beds, and is the official hospital of the City of London.' On the average, less than 30 of these beds are available for teaching.

The deans of these institutions occasionally know more about modern advertising than about modern medical teaching. They may be uncertain

about the relation of the clinical laboratory to bedside instruction, but they have calculated to a nicety which 'medium' brings the largest 'return.' Their dispensary records may be in hopeless disorder, but the card-system by which they keep track of possible students is admirable. Such exploitation of medical education, confined to schools that admit students below the level of actual high-school graduation, is strangely inconsistent with the social aspects of medical practice.

The overwhelming predominance of preventive medicine, sanitation, and public health indicates that in modern life the medical profession is an organ differentiated by society for its own highest purposes, not a business to be exploited by individuals according to their own fancy. There would be no vigorous campaigns led by enlightened practitioners against tuberculosis, malaria, and diphtheria, if the commercial point of view were tolerable in practice. And if not in practice, then not in education. The theory of state regulation covers that point. In the act of granting the right to confer degrees, the state vouches for them; through protective boards it seeks still further to safeguard the people. The public interest is then paramount, and when public interest, professional ideals, and sound educational procedure concur in the recommendation of the same policy, the time is surely ripe for decisive action.

A PROBLEM IN CIVILIZATION

BY BROOKS ADAMS

ALTHOUGH, probably, from the beginning of time men have pondered upon the nature of thought and the mechanism of the mind, such speculations, while they have remained abstractions, have roused in some of us only a languid interest. Within the last decade, however, step by step and very reluctantly, I have been led to suspect that not only the tranquility of life, but the coherence of society itself, may hinge upon our ability to modify, more or less radically, our methods of thinking; and, as I tend toward this conclusion, I look at these questions more seriously.

For my purpose I think I may define civilization as being tantamount to centralization, for, however much idealists may dispute that centralization and true civilization have anything in common, they will hardly deny that the massing of population is the salient feature of our age. Furthermore it is an economic axiom that, other things being equal, the cost of administration increases faster than the increase of the human mass to be administered; but if this proposition should be questioned it is easy to prove. Centralized life is relatively costly because of its complexity, and in proportion to its complexity. In 1800, in the United States, a population of 5,308,000 spent \$11,308,000, or about \$2.14 each, for national purposes. In 1900, according to the Statistical Abstract, the rate per capita had risen to \$7.75. That is, a growing density had increased the load which

the Union imposed on each individual three and a half times. At points of high concentration, as in large cities, the increase is greater. When Boston became a city, in 1822, she had a population of 44,000 and a tax-levy of \$140,000, or at the rate of about \$3.20 per head. Now, with a population of 600,000, the rate approximates \$30.

Evidently, to meet this rising expenditure the earning power of the community must be proportionately increased, just as the earning power of any industrial consolidation must be increased, either by larger output or by suppression of waste, to meet the cost of maintaining a complex plant in proportion to its complexity. It follows from this economic law, that, as civilization advances, unless the scientific or inventive qualities which enable men to create wealth, or to suppress waste, gain in at least an equal ratio to the progress of centralization, a centralizing community must perish from inanition if it cannot live by plunder. This I take to have been the fate of Rome. The Romans paid the cost of centralization by robbing others until conquest ceased; then, not being scientific, they could not turn to industry, and, being unable to meet their taxes by agriculture alone, they starved.

To me the evidence is conclusive that a similar catastrophe impended over Europe toward the end of the Middle Ages. At the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries, society appeared to

be sinking under a crushing load; and if the mediæval mind had been as rigid as the Roman mind, I conclude that the subsequent history of the West would have somewhat resembled Roman history. Being more elastic, it responded to the pressure of its environment; and I never tire of contemplating the amazing phenomenon of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries when men, consciously and deliberately, addressed themselves to the task of artificially creating an intelligence which should be able to despoil nature on a gigantic scale.

After the Liberals had been at work upon their intellectual problem for nearly a generation, Bacon, in his *Novum Organum*, undertook to present a formula by which the new mind could be produced in bulk. Stated in its simplest terms, he proposed scientific specialization, and the proposition was received as a great and original discovery, although it had been advanced quite as lucidly four hundred years before by the Franciscan friar, Roger Bacon. Apart, however, from Francis Bacon's originality, the fact remains that, during the lifetime of Francis Bacon, society did undertake to set in motion a new energy in the shape of specialized mind, and the correlation of the dates which mark the incubation and the liberation of this energy, and the social revolution which followed upon its liberation, are to me wonderfully suggestive.

Born in 1561, Lord Bacon published his *Novum Organum* in 1620. Galileo, three years younger, fell into the hands of the Inquisition for maintaining the heresy that the earth moved, and died in 1642 within a year of the birth of Newton. Newton and Leibnitz, who might have been the grandsons of Bacon and Galileo, born

in 1642 and 1646, died respectively in 1727 and 1716, and with them the period of incubation closed. None of these four men had advanced to the point of specialization at which they applied science very readily to the arts. The age of the inventors was to come.

Matthew Boulton, Watt's partner, was born in 1728, Watt himself in 1736, Wedgwood in 1730, and the list might be extended indefinitely. The 'industrial revolution' began when these men reached maturity. It is generally dated from 1760, when the flying shuttle was perfected and coal was successfully applied to smelting. Adam Smith, who expounded the philosophy of the 'industrial revolution' itself, as Bacon had expounded the philosophy of the inductive thought which wrought the revolution, was born in 1723.

Assuming that the year 1760 approximately marks the point when the specialized scientific mind began decisively to predominate in the movement of civilization, there can be no question that, decade by decade, since that epoch, the impulsion given society by the forces set in action by applied science has gathered volume, until now it sweeps before it our laws and institutions, and we seem to be unable to adjust these to the new conditions. Ours is the converse of the Roman predicament. The Romans could conquer and administer, but they could not create wealth fast enough to pay the cost of centralization. We are abundantly inventive and can create wealth, but we cannot control the energy which we liberate. Why we fail is the problem which perplexes me.

I am doubtful whether our apparent lack of intellectual power is due to some inherent and insuperable infirmity of the mind, — in other

words, whether the limit of administrative thought has been reached, — or whether it is due to defective education. Meanwhile, the difficulty is palpable. Our laws and institutions are a series of generalizations resting on premises which were true a century ago in the early stages of the 'industrial revolution,' but which have ceased to be true since scientific thought began to pass into its more advanced phases after the year 1870. The curve which has been described by civilization since the 'industrial revolution' began has been very clearly marked. The first effect of applied science was to accelerate consolidation, to increase correspondingly the cost of administration, and, therefore, to enforce a social unification which should diminish waste. I suppose that no one now, looking back calmly, can doubt that by 1775 the consolidation of the thirteen English colonies scattered along the Atlantic coast of this continent had become a necessity; the only question at issue was whether the consolidating mass should centre at a point in Europe or America.

The same pressure wrought on France. The cost of a centralizing civilization could no longer be defrayed under the diversity of local institutions inherited from the Middle Ages, and a simplified system had to be introduced which should reduce waste. The inertia being considerable, the first step was to remove the reactionary classes who created friction. The second was to unify the heterogeneous provinces under a comprehensive code of law. This work was done by a very remarkable generation of men led by Napoleon.

The revolution in America, having encountered less resistance than the revolution in France, was less violent and consequently less drastic, but it

served its purpose in producing an administrative mechanism which has answered the needs of the population for above a century; and I apprehend that the peaceful organization of the national government in 1789 must always rank as one of the capital achievements of our race. In this point of view what immediately concerns us is to examine the cast of mind which carried through this readjustment, in order to ascertain whether modern education favors or discourages the type; for this type must be the incarnation of the administrative energy which makes society cohere.

Prior to the French Revolution, intellectual specialization had not gone so far that a scientific man might not be also a soldier, or a lawyer, or a man of business, and sometimes all three. Carnot was such a man; so was Franklin; and so was Washington. It would be easy to name scores of others; but in America, at least, they all seem to have been educated before the beginning of the nineteenth century. I will take Washington as my illustration, because I assume that it will hardly be disputed that without Washington it would have been impossible to have adopted the Constitution, and to have afterward set the administrative mechanism in motion peacefully.

There is no mystery touching the source of Washington's strength. It lay in the balance of his mind. He measured to perfection the relation which facts bore to one another, and he could do so because he was not a specialist. The weakness of the specialist is a certain distortion of judgment caused by an education which unduly accentuates a single series of phenomena. Washington had great breadth of vision because of great experience. From his boyhood he was thrown into close relations with the iron industry of Maryland and Vir-

ginia; as a youth he taught himself to be a land surveyor and a practical geographer, afterward fitting himself to be an engineer. By service in the field he learned to be a soldier, rising regularly to the highest commands; fortune made him a farmer, a man of business, and even a manufacturer, while events plunged him into politics.

As an engineer and geographer, in fine as a scientist, Washington inferred that the United States could cohere as a unit only provided the passes between the Atlantic and the Mississippi Valley were made easier than the waterway from the interior to the Gulf. Years before the revolutionary war he had matured his plans for a canal across the Alleghanies to connect the Ohio with the Potomac; and though he laid aside his project when he assumed command of the army, he took it up again with the peace, and organized a canal company. To build his canal he needed concessions from four states, and he projected a convention to consider his proposals. The failure of this convention led to the calling of another which framed the Constitution. Over this assembly Washington presided, and he thus came logically to the presidency of the United States.

If we try now to imagine ourselves attempting to reorganize our society somewhat as it was organized in 1789, we shall probably admit to ourselves that we should look in vain for a General Washington, and yet I strongly suspect that the emergency is pressing. I give my reasons for so thinking.

Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* was published in 1776, and the social readjustment which occupied the next half-century was the effect of the advance in applied science which produced Adam Smith. Speaking generally, that effect was to reduce the obstructions offered to movement by

time and space, and to fuse society into compact masses. What is interesting to us is to perceive that our ancestors mistook that which was evidently an ephemeral phase for a condition of stable equilibrium. The Middle Age was a period of regulated monopoly; the century from 1770 to 1870 was, practically, a period of free competition; and Adam Smith assumed that this competition was normal and would be permanent, and that its effect would be to produce what he called a 'natural price'; that is, a price at which the average man could sell at a reasonable profit.

The difficulty is that, in our universe, so far as we know, there is no such thing as a stable equilibrium. There is only change; and competition, by the process of elimination of the weak, led inexorably to monopoly. Taking human history altogether, I apprehend that monopoly is rather the natural condition of mankind than competition, for, to go no further than the beginning, an organized social system can exist on no other foundation than monopoly. Justice must be a monopoly. There can be no competition in justice. That the state, and not the citizen, shall punish wrong, is the first principle of civilization.

Yet although, as we can now see, the evolution of monopoly from competition was inevitable, it had not been foreseen, much less provided for, and it paralyzed the nineteenth-century intelligence; for in less than a single generation, the whole vital movement of the age passed beyond the domain of law. How this happened is simple enough, but the effects are infinitely complex, and go to the root of our social and political system.

Modern society, as reorganized after the French Revolution, posited, as its fundamental principle, that if

buyer and seller were left free, they would come together, substantially on what Adam Smith called the 'natural price'; if one man asked more than a normal profit for his goods, another would be content with less for the same article. The supposition being, that there would always be more than one seller, or, as we say, an open market.

Since 1870 these conditions have vanished as utterly as have the conditions of the Stone Age. Competition has exterminated the weak until monopoly is left as the survivor; and with the advent of monopoly, buying and selling passes out of the region of contract into the domain of grant, which involves legal conceptions foreign to our notions. Men contract who stand upon an equality and whose minds are free. That is to say, men contract when they have a choice. Grant precludes choice, except the choice of abstinence, which is often impossible. For example, if a person wishes to buy a ton of coal he may ask a price, but if he does not like the price named by the dealer he has no redress, for the price of coal is fixed by monopoly. He must pay what is asked, or go without. So with transportation, there is no choice among carriers. When this occurs, in legal phrase, the individual has fallen under a servitude, and is in a position akin to serfdom unless there is some tribunal open to him which has jurisdiction over the prices charged by monopolists, as the railway commissions have jurisdiction over rates.

Speaking generally, no such tribunals exist among us, and the result is turmoil, as we see daily in strikes, and in the demand that monopolies be suppressed by law, and monopolists punished as criminals. But the monopoly is a natural phenomenon, as inexorable as the steam, the elec-

tricity, and the explosives which have created it under the guidance of the scientific mind. To attack monopoly is to attack the vital principle of our civilization. We may destroy monopoly, but with it we shall destroy civilization itself. The alternatives are, to bring monopoly under the jurisdiction of the courts, or else for the monopolist to enroll an armed police which shall enforce his will upon the majority without their consent. Setting aside the armed government as being only supposable after a period of confusion which lies beyond the province of the lawyer or the teacher, we have remaining the possibility that the courts shall fix prices as a means of keeping the peace; for without such tribunals discontent must, probably, increase, although increase in discontent need not imply that monopoly is inherently extortionate. Discontent must increase because disputes will arise, and where one party to a dispute must accept without appeal the decision of his adversary he will be discontented. Impartial tribunals are a prerequisite to consent by the governed. Without impartial tribunals there can only be force or chaos.

I have in mind another illustration of the manifold directions in which the advance of scientific thought works to dissolve the ancient social system. From the dawn of civilization until now, the family has been the social unit, and the foundation upon which the social structure has rested. The family has been the incarnation of the principle of order. The members of the family have been responsible to the head of the family, who has maintained discipline; and the head of the family has been responsible to the state. When Napoleon evolved the empire out of the chaos of the French Revolution, this was the

fundamental legal conception which he insisted upon having embodied in his code.

The same conditions that have produced the monopoly have dissolved the family. Through divorce modern women assert, and practically exercise, the right of living with what men they please, as long as they please, and changing when they please, repudiating all obligation to any one but themselves. The result has been the dissolution of the family in the sense that parental authority has nearly ceased as a constraining force in society. But parental authority has always been the source of all authority, and the foundation upon which has rested the sanction of all coercive law. As the instinct of obedience is weakened by the decay of parental authority, so must the administration of the criminal law decay, and it has decayed until the President of the United States has told us that it is a disgrace to our civilization. And Mr. Taft spoke the truth. Perhaps there has never been a civilized society in the world which has manifested, save during some acute spasm, such lawlessness, when measured by contempt for the police and the magistrate, as American society to-day. And as the punishment for crime grows slow and uncertain, so does private vengeance increase. It is said that now lynchings are more numerous than executions for homicide.

I wish to make my meaning plain. I do not say that an orderly and cohesive society cannot be organized under the scientific conditions which have created trusts, and which have dissolved the family; but I do say that such a society cannot be administered under an effete code of law. Law is the frame which contains society, as its banks contain a river; and if the flow of a river be increased a thousandfold,

the banks must be altered to correspond, or there will be flood overwhelming in proportion to the uncontrolled energy generated.

These are the premises from which I start to consider the problem of modern education. That problem I take to be the production of an administrative mind, bearing the same relation to the present administrative mind that the present scientific mind bears to the scientific mind of the seventeenth century.

Taking our institutions as they are, constructed with a view to minimize the action of society in its corporate capacity, and considering the scope of the readjustment which would be needed to develop a central intelligence which could satisfactorily regulate prices in food, fuel, clothing, metals, building-materials, transportation, labor, and a thousand other commodities, we perceive the magnitude of the task. And yet this fixing of prices is as naught compared with the gigantic effort of welding society into a mass which shall exercise upon each individual an authority equivalent to that exercised by the father in the family, when order was maintained by the parent under the old civilization, which is dead.

If we approach the modern system of education from this standpoint, a little observation of the young suffices to raise doubts as to its efficacy. Touching the regulation of prices alone: if we are to breed a generation of men capable of adjusting our institutions to this strain, they must be men with a much greater power of dealing with relations than we possess, for the question of prices is a question of relation. To do such work, men must be trained to deal with vast masses of detail very rapidly, by eliminating the immaterial, and by generalizing from widely extended premises. My observation leads me to

surmise that modern education discourages the power of generalization; or, in other words, impairs intellectual energy. It seems to be becoming steadily a greater effort to think. I have pondered much upon this phenomenon, which to me is marked, and I am inclined to believe that it is a logical effect of our methods of training.

I take it that it will be admitted that the capacity of the mind is finite; that the mind can contain only so much thought. We can, for example, remember and use a certain number of words; beyond that number if we learn a new word we must forget an old one. Of course, the capacity of the individual is very variable, but all individuals have some limit. No mind is infinite.

Suppose now we conceive of the mind as a mechanism, part motor and part receptacle: it follows that the larger you make the receptacle, the feebler, because the smaller, must be the motor. That is, I apprehend, what modern education does. We use the mind rather as a warehouse than as a seat of combustion, ignoring its highest function as a machine. We have attempted to reduce the learner to passivity, while he is crammed to repletion with facts.

No one can read the biographies of men like Webster and Franklin, and not note their inordinate thirst for knowledge and their greed for books. No one can have had much acquaintance with a modern institution of learning and not have remarked the satiety of the modern mind. In practice I

know that I begin with my law-students by trying to induce them to forget. To empty the mind, as it were, in order that the machinery may act. The modern mind always affects me as a mechanism so choked with rubbish that friction arrests movement. The waste seems to me prodigious and growing. Hence the peculiar intellectual inertia of our age. I am far from being dogmatic either as to my premises or my conclusions, but I am inclined to suspect that, unless we can nearly reverse our present methods in order to suppress waste and thereby gain in elasticity, within another generation grave results will supervene. To handle our society so that its enormous mass shall be cohesive, and not disintegrate like a handful of grains of sand, men must learn to deal with relations, and not with isolated, unconnected facts. Science would be paralyzed with no better tool than arithmetic. Comparatively speaking, our administrative thought is arithmetical, and yet we are dealing hourly with infinite energy applied by scientists through the higher mathematics. That energy, to be controlled by law, must be regulated by men whose minds work upon an equivalent plane, and this can be done, in my judgment, only when we have learned to suppress details, and work through sequences of relations, or on a standard equivalent to algebra. I see no other means by which the waste of intellectual powers can be reduced to a point which will make the administration of modern society possible.

WILLIAM'S WEDDING

BY SARAH ORNE JEWETT

[After the publication of 'A Dunnet Shepherdess' in the *Atlantic* for December, 1899, and its subsequent appearance in a volume of collected stories, Miss Jewett received many appeals to bring William Blackett's lifelong love of Esther Hight, 'the shepherdess,' who had given the better part of her days to the care of her stricken mother, to a happy termination. The story of 'William's Wedding' was written, but the manuscript was mislaid, and has only just been found. Miss Jewett had hoped to give to it an hour or two of final revision to make it conform more perfectly to her fastidious taste, but few lovers of her work will find any flaw.

The two chief characters are thus described in earlier stories:—

'I turned, startled in the silence of the wide field, and saw an elderly man, bent in the shoulders as fishermen often are, gray-headed and clean-shaven, and with a timid air. It was William. . . . He was about sixty, and not young-looking for his years. Yet so undying is the spirit

of youth, and bashfulness has such a power of survival, that I felt all the time as if one must try to make the occasion easy for some one who was young and new to the affairs of the social world.' (*The Country of the Pointed Firs*.) 'As for Esther, she might have been Jeanne d'Arc returned to her sheep, touched with age, and gray with the ashes of a great remembrance. She wore the simple look of sainthood and unfeigned devotion. My heart was moved by the sight of her plain sweet face, weather-worn and gentle in its looks, her thin figure in its close dress, and the strong hand that clasped a shepherd's staff. . . . She had lived in sunshine and rain among her silly sheep, and been refined instead of coarsened, while her touching patience with a ramping old mother, stung by the sense of defeat, and mourning her lost activities, had given back a lovely self-possession and habit of sweet temper. . . . I love to remember her worn face and her young blue eyes.' ('A Dunnet Shepherdess,' in *The Queen's Twin*) — THE EDITORS.]

I

THE hurry of life in a large town, the constant putting aside of preference to yield to a most unsatisfactory activity, began to vex me, and one day I took the train, and only left it for the eastward-bound boat. Carlyle says somewhere that the only happiness a man ought to ask for is happiness enough to get his work done; and against this the complexity and futile ingenuity of social life seems a conspiracy. But the first salt wind from the east, the first sight of a lighthouse set boldly on its outer rock, the flash of a gull, the waiting procession of seaward-bound firs on an island, made me feel solid and definite again, instead of a poor, incoherent

being. Life was resumed, and anxious living blew away as if it had not been. I could not breathe deep enough or long enough. It was a return to happiness.

The coast had still a wintry look; it was far on in May, but all the shore looked cold and sterile. One was conscious of going north as well as east, and as the day went on the sea grew colder, and all the warmer air and bracing strength and stimulus of the autumn weather, and storage of the heat of summer, were quite gone. I was very cold and very tired when I came at evening up the lower bay, and saw the white houses of Dunnet Landing climbing the hill. They had a friendly look, these little houses, not as if they were

climbing up the shore, but as if they were rather all coming down to meet a fond and weary traveler, and I could hardly wait with patience to step off the boat. It was not the usual eager company on the wharf. The coming-in of the mail-boat was the one large public event of a summer day, and I was disappointed at seeing none of my intimate friends but Johnny Bowden, who had evidently done nothing all winter but grow, so that his short sea-smitten clothes gave him a look of poverty.

Johnny's expression did not change as we greeted each other, but I suddenly felt that I had shown indifference and inconvenient delay by not coming sooner; before I could make an apology he took my small portmanteau, and walking before me in his old fashion he made straight up the hilly road toward Mrs. Todd's. Yes, he was much grown — it had never occurred to me the summer before that Johnny was likely, with the help of time and other forces, to grow into a young man; he was such a well-framed and well-settled chunk of a boy that nature seemed to have set him aside as something finished, quite satisfactory and entirely completed.

The wonderful little green garden had been enchanted away by winter. There were a few frost-bitten twigs and some thin shrubbery against the fence, but it was a most unpromising small piece of ground. My heart was beating like a lover's as I passed it on the way to the door of Mrs. Todd's house, which seemed to have become much smaller under the influence of winter weather.

'She has n't gone away?' I asked Johnny Bowden with a sudden anxiety just as we reached the doorstep.

'Gone away!' he faced me with blank astonishment, — 'I see her settin' by Mis' Caplin's window, the one nighest the road, about four o'clock!' And eager with suppressed news of my com-

ing he made his entrance as if the house were a burrow.

Then on my homesick heart fell the voice of Mrs. Todd. She stopped, through what I knew to be excess of feeling, to rebuke Johnny for bringing in so much mud, and I dallied without for one moment during the ceremony; then we met again face to face.

II

'I dare say you can advise me what shapes they are going to wear. My meetin'-bunnit ain't going to do me again this year; no! I can't expect 't would do me forever,' said Mrs. Todd, as soon as she could say anything. 'There! do set down and tell me how you have been! We've got a weddin' in the family, I s'pose you know?'

'A wedding!' said I, still full of excitement.

'Yes; I expect if the tide serves and the line-storm don't overtake him they'll come in and appear out on Sunday. I should n't have concerned me about the bunnit for a month yet, nobody would notice, but havin' an occasion like this I shall show consider'ble. 'T will be an ordeal for William!'

'For *William*!' I exclaimed. 'What do you mean, Mrs. Todd?'

She gave a comfortable little laugh. 'Well, the Lord's seen reason at last an' removed Mis' Cap'n Hight up to the farm, an' I don't know but the weddin's going to be this week. Esther's had a great deal of business disposin' of her flock, but she's done extra well — the folks that owns the next place goin' up country are well off. 'T is elegant land north side o' that bleak ridge, an' one o' the boys has been Esther's right-hand man of late. She instructed him in all matters, and after she markets the early lambs he's goin' to take the farm

on halves, an' she's give the refusal to him to buy her out within two years. She's reserved the buryin'-lot, an' the right o' way in, an' —'

I could n't stop for details. I demanded reassurance of the central fact.

'William going to be married?' I repeated; whereat Mrs. Todd gave me a searching look that was not without scorn.

'Old Mis' Hight's funeral was a week ago Wednesday, and 't was very well attended,' she assured me after a moment's pause.

'Poor thing!' said I, with a sudden vision of her helplessness and angry battle against the fate of illness; 'it was very hard for her.'

'I thought it was hard for Esther!' said Mrs. Todd without sentiment.

III

I had an odd feeling of strangeness: I missed the garden, and the little rooms, to which I had added a few things of my own the summer before, seemed oddly unfamiliar. It was like the hermit crab in a cold new shell, — and with the windows shut against the raw May air, and a strange silence and grayness of the sea all that first night and day of my visit, I felt as if I had after all lost my hold of that quiet life.

Mrs. Todd made the apt suggestion that city persons were prone to run themselves to death, and advised me to stay and get properly rested now that I had taken the trouble to come. She did not know how long I had been homesick for the conditions of life at the Landing the autumn before — it was natural enough to feel a little unsupported by compelling incidents on my return.

Some one has said that one never leaves a place, or arrives at one, until the next day! But on the second morning I woke with the familiar feel-

ing of interest and ease, and the bright May sun was streaming in, while I could hear Mrs. Todd's heavy footsteps pounding about in the other part of the house as if something were going to happen. There was the first golden robin singing somewhere close to the house, and a lovely aspect of spring now, and I looked at the garden to see that in the warm night some of its treasures had grown a hand's breadth; the determined spikes of yellow daffies stood tall against the doorsteps, and the bloodroot was unfolding leaf and flower. The belated spring which I had left behind farther south had overtaken me on this northern coast. I even saw a presumptuous dandelion in the garden border.

It is difficult to report the great events of New England; expression is so slight, and those few words which escape us in moments of deep feeling look but meagre on the printed page. One has to assume too much of the dramatic fervor as one reads; but as I came out of my room at breakfast-time I met Mrs. Todd face to face, and when she said to me, 'This weather'll bring William in after her; 't is their happy day!' I felt something take possession of me which ought to communicate itself to the least sympathetic reader of this cold page. It is written for those who have a Dunnet Landing of their own: who either kindly share this with its writer, or possess another.

'I ain't seen his comin' sail yet; he'll be likely to dodge round among the islands so he'll be the less observed,' continued Mrs. Todd. 'You can get a dory up the bay, even a clean new painted one, if you know as how, keep-in' it against the high land.' She stepped to the door and looked off to sea as she spoke. I could see her eye follow the gray shores to and fro, and then a bright light spread over her calm face. 'There

he comes, and he's striking right in across the open bay like a man!' she said with splendid approval. 'See, there he comes! Yes, there's William, and he's bent his new sail.'

I looked too, and saw the flock of white no larger than a gull's wing yet, but present to her eager vision.

I was going to France for the whole long summer that year, and the more I thought of such an absence from these simple scenes the more dear and delightful they became. Santa Teresa says that the true proficiency of the soul is not in much thinking, but in much loving, and sometimes I believed that I had never found love in its simplicity as I had found it at Dunnet Landing in the various hearts of Mrs. Blackett and Mrs. Todd and William. It is only because one came to know them, these three, loving and wise and true, in their own habitations. Their counterparts are in every village in the world, thank heaven, and the gift to one's life is only in its discernment. I had only lived in Dunnet until the usual distractions and artifices of the world were no longer in control, and I saw these simple natures clear. 'The happiness of life is in its recognitions. It seems that we are not ignorant of these truths, and even that we believe them; but we are so little accustomed to think of them, they are so strange to us —'

'Well now, deary me!' said Mrs. Todd, breaking into exclamation; 'I've got to fly round — I thought he'd have to beat; he can't sail far on that tack, and he won't be in for a good hour yet — I expect he's made every arrangement, but he said he should n't go up after Esther unless the weather was good, and I declare it did look doubtful this morning.'

I remembered Esther's weather-worn face. She was like a Frenchwoman who

had spent her life in the fields. I remembered her pleasant look, her child-like eyes, and thought of the astonishment of joy she would feel now in being taken care of and tenderly sheltered from wind and weather after all these years. They were going to be young again now, she and William, to forget work and care in the spring weather. I could hardly wait for the boat to come to land, I was so eager to see his happy face.

'Cake an' wine I'm goin' to set 'em out!' said Mrs. Todd. 'They won't stop to set down for an ordered meal, they'll want to get right out home quick's they can. Yes, I'll give 'em some cake an' wine — I've got a rare plum-cake from my best receipt, and a bottle o' wine that the old Cap'n Denton of all give me, one of two, the day I was married, one we had and one we saved, and I've never touched it till now. He said there wa'n't none like it in the State o' Maine.'

It was a day of waiting, that day of spring; the May weather was as expectant as our fond hearts, and one could see the grass grow green hour by hour. The warm air was full of birds, there was a glow of light on the sea instead of the cold shining of chilly weather which had lingered late. There was a look on Mrs. Todd's face which I saw once and could not meet again. She was in her highest mood. Then I went out early for a walk, and when I came back we sat in different rooms for the most part. There was such a thrill in the air that our only conversation was in her most abrupt and incisive manner. She was knitting, I believe, and as for me I dallied with a book. I heard her walking to and fro, and the door being wide open now, she went out and paced the front walk to the gate as if she walked a quarter-deck.

It is very solemn to sit waiting for

the great events of life — most of us have done it again and again—to be expectant of life or expectant of death gives one the same feeling.

But at the last Mrs. Todd came quickly back from the gate, and standing in the sunshine at the door, she beckoned me as if she were a sibyl.

'I thought you comprehended everything the day you was up there,' she added with a little more patience in her tone, but I felt that she thought I had lost instead of gained since we parted the autumn before.

'William's made this pretext o' go-in' fishin' for the last time. 'T would n't done to take notice, 't would scared him to death! but there never was nobody took less comfort out o' forty years courtin'. No, he won't have to make no further pretexts,' said Mrs. Todd, with an air of triumph.

'Did you know where he was going that day?' I asked with a sudden burst of admiration at such discernment.

'I did!' replied Mrs. Todd grandly.

'Oh! but that pennyroyal lotion,' I indignantly protested, remembering that under pretext of mosquitoes she had besmeared the poor lover in an awful way — why, it was outrageous! Medea could not have been more conscious of high ultimate purposes.

'Darlin',' said Mrs. Todd, in the excitement of my arrival and the great concerns of marriage, 'he's got a beautiful shaped face, and they pison him very unusual—you would n't have had him present himself to his lady all lop-sided with a mosquito-bite? Once when we was young I rode up with him, and they set upon him in concert the minute we entered the woods.' She stood before me reproachfully, and I was conscious of deserved rebuke. 'Yes, you've come just in the nick of time to advise me about a bunnit. They say large bows on top is liable to be worn.'

IV

The period of waiting was one of direct contrast to these high moments of recognition. The very slowness of the morning hours wasted that sense of excitement with which we had begun the day. Mrs. Todd came down from the mount where her face had shone so bright, to the cares of common life, and some acquaintances from Black Island for whom she had little natural preference or liking came, bringing a poor, sickly child to get medical advice. They were noisy women with harsh, clamorous voices, and they stayed a long time. I heard the clink of teacups, however, and could detect no impatience in the tones of Mrs. Todd's voice; but when they were at last going away, she did not linger unduly over her leave-taking, and returned to me to explain that they were people she had never liked, and they had made an excuse of a friendly visit to save their doctor's bill; but she pitied the poor little child, and knew beside that the doctor was away.

'I had to give 'em the remedies right out,' she told me; 'they would n't have bought a cent's worth o' drugs down to the store for that dwindlin' thing. She needed feedin' up, and I don't expect she gets milk enough; they're great butter-makers down to Black Island, 't is excellent pasturage, but they use no milk themselves, and their butter is heavy laden with salt to make weight, so that you'd think all their ideas come down from Sodom.'

She was very indignant and very wistful about the pale little girl. 'I wish they'd let me kept her,' she said. 'I kind of advised it, and her eyes was so wishful in that pinched face when she heard me, so that I could see what was the matter with her, but they said she wa'n't prepared. Prepared!' And Mrs. Todd snuffed like an offended war-

horse, and departed; but I could hear her still grumbling and talking to herself in high dudgeon an hour afterward.

At the end of that time her arch enemy, Mari' Harris, appeared at the side-door with a gingham handkerchief over her head. She was always on hand for the news, and made some formal excuse for her presence, — she wished to borrow the weekly paper. Captain Littlepage, whose housekeeper she was, had taken it from the post-office in the morning, but had forgotten, being of failing memory, what he had done with it.

'How is the poor old gentleman?' asked Mrs. Todd with solicitude, ignoring the present errand of Maria and all her concerns.

I had spoken the evening before of intended visits to Captain Littlepage and Elijah Tilley, and I now heard Mrs. Todd repeating my inquiries and intentions, and fending off with unusual volubility of her own the curious questions that were sure to come. But at last Maria Harris secured an opportunity and boldly inquired if she had not seen William ashore early that morning.

'I don't say he was n't,' replied Mrs. Todd; 'Thu'sday's a very usual day with him to come ashore.'

'He was all dressed up,' insisted Maria — she really had no sense of propriety. 'I did n't know but they was going to be married?'

Mrs. Todd did not reply. I recognized from the sounds that reached me that she had retired to the fastnesses of the kitchen-closet and was clattering the tins.

'I expect they'll marry soon anyway,' continued the visitor.

'I expect they will if they want to,' answered Mrs. Todd. 'I don't know nothin' 'tall about it; that's what folks say.' And presently the gingham handkerchief retreated past my window.

'I routed her, horse and foot,' said Mrs. Todd proudly, coming at once to stand at my door. 'Who's coming now?' as two figures passed inward bound to the kitchen.

They were Mrs. Begg and Johnny Bowden's mother, who were favorites, and were received with Mrs. Todd's usual civilities. Then one of the Mrs. Caplins came with a cup in hand to borrow yeast. On one pretext or another nearly all our acquaintances came to satisfy themselves of the facts, and see what Mrs. Todd would impart about the wedding. But she firmly avoided the subject through the length of every call and errand, and answered the final leading question of each curious guest with her non-committal phrase, 'I don't know nothin' 'tall about it; that's what folks say!'

She had just repeated this for the fourth or fifth time and shut the door upon the last comers, when we met in the little front entry. Mrs. Todd was not in a bad temper, but highly amused. 'I've been havin' all sorts o' social privileges, you may have observed. They did n't seem to consider that if they could only hold out till afternoon they'd know as much as I did. There wa'n't but one o' the whole sixteen that showed real interest, the rest demeaned themselves to ask out o' cheap curiosity; no, there wa'n't but one showed any real feelin'.'

'Miss Maria Harris you mean?' and Mrs. Todd laughed.

'Certain, dear,' she agreed, 'how you do understand poor human natur'!'

A short distance down the hilly street stood a narrow house that was newly painted white. It blinded one's eyes to catch the reflection of the sun. It was the house of the minister, and a wagon had just stopped before it; a man was helping a woman to alight, and they stood side by side for a mo-

ment, while Johnny Bowden appeared as if by magic, and climbed to the wagon-seat. Then they went into the house and shut the door. Mrs. Todd and I stood close together and watched; the tears were running down her cheeks. I watched Johnny Bowden, who made light of so great a moment by so handling the whip that the old white Caplin horse started up from time to time and was inexorably stopped as if he had some idea of running away. There was something in the back of the wagon which now and then claimed the boy's attention; he leaned over as if there were something very precious left in his charge; perhaps it was only Esther's little trunk going to its new home.

At last the door of the parsonage opened, and two figures came out. The minister followed them and stood in the doorway, delaying them with parting words; he could not have thought it was a time for admonition.

'He's all alone; his wife's up to Portland to her sister's,' said Mrs. Todd aloud, in a matter-of-fact voice. 'She's a nice woman, but she might ha' talked too much. There! see, they're comin' here. I did n't know how 't would be. Yes, they're comin' up to see us before they go home. I declare, if William ain't lookin' just like a king!'

Mrs. Todd took one step forward, and we stood and waited. The happy pair came walking up the street, Johnny Bowden driving ahead. I heard a plaintive little cry from time to time to which in the excitement of the moment I had not stopped to listen; but when William and Esther had come and shaken hands with Mrs. Todd and then with me, all in silence, Esther stepped quickly to the back of the wagon, and unfastening some cords returned to us carrying a little white lamb. She gave a shy glance at William as she fondled it and held it to her heart, and then, still silent, we went into the house to-

gether. The lamb had stopped bleating. It was lovely to see Esther carry it in her arms.

When we got into the house, all the repression of Mrs. Todd's usual manner was swept away by her flood of feeling. She took Esther's thin figure, lamb and all, to her heart and held her there, kissing her as she might have kissed a child, and then held out her hand to William and they gave each other the kiss of peace. This was so moving, so tender, so free from their usual fetters of self-consciousness, that Esther and I could not help giving each other a happy glance of comprehension. I never saw a young bride half so touching in her happiness as Esther was that day of her wedding. We took the cake and wine of the marriage feast together, always in silence, like a true sacrament, and then to my astonishment I found that sympathy and public interest in so great an occasion were going to have their way. I shrank from the thought of William's possible sufferings, but he welcomed both the first group of neighbors and the last with heartiness; and when at last they had gone, for there were thoughtless loiterers in Dunnet Landing, I made ready with eager zeal and walked with William and Esther to the water-side. It was only a little way, and kind faces nodded reassuringly from the windows, while kind voices spoke from the doors. Esther carried the lamb on one arm; she had found time to tell me that its mother had died that morning and she could not bring herself to the thought of leaving it behind. She kept the other hand on William's arm until we reached the landing. Then he shook hands with me, and looked me full in the face to be sure I understood how happy he was, and stepping into the boat held out his arms to Esther — at last she was his own.

I watched him make a nest for the lamb out of an old sea-cloak at Esther's feet, and then he wrapped her own shawl round her shoulders, and finding a pin in the lapel of his Sunday coat he pinned it for her. She looked at him fondly while he did this, and then glanced up at us, a pretty, girlish color brightening her cheeks.

We stood there together and watched them go far out into the bay. The sun-

shine of the May day was low now, but there was a steady breeze, and the boat moved well.

'Mother'll be watching for them,' said Mrs. Todd. 'Yes, mother'll be watching all day, and waiting. She'll be so happy to have Esther come.'

We went home together up the hill, and Mrs. Todd said nothing more; but we held each other's hand all the way.

THE PERSONAL EQUATION IN JOURNALISM

BY HENRY WATTERSON

I

THE daily newspaper, under modern conditions, embraces two parts very nearly separate and distinct in their requirements, — the journalistic and the commercial.

The aptitude for producing a commodity is one thing, and the aptitude for putting this commodity on the market is quite another thing. The difference is not less marked in newspaper-making than in other pursuits. The framing and execution of contracts for advertising, for printing-paper and ink, linotyping and press-work; the handling of money and credits; the organization of the telegraphic service and postal service; the supervision of machinery — in short, the providing of the vehicle and the power that turns its wheels — is the work of a single mind, and usually it is engrossing work. It demands special talent and ceaseless activity and attention all day long, and every day in the year. Except it be sufficient, considerable success is

out of the question. Sometimes its sufficiency is able to float an indifferent product. Without it the best product is likely to languish.

The making of the newspaper, that is, the collating of the news and its consistent and uniform distribution and arrangement, the representation of the mood and tense of the time, a certain continuity, more or less, of thought and purpose, — the popularization of the commodity, — call for energies and capacities of another sort. The editor of the morning newspaper turns night into day. When others sleep he must be awake and astir. His is the only vocation where versatility is not a hindrance or a diversion; where the conventional is not imposed upon his personality. He should be many-sided, and he is often most engaging when he seems least heedful of rule. Yet nowhere is ready and sound discretion in greater or more constant need. The editor must never lose his head. Sure, no less than prompt, judgment is required at every turning. It is his busi-

ness to think for everybody. Each subordinate must be so drilled and fitted to his place as to become in a sense the replica of his chief. And, even then, when at noon-time he goes carefully over the work of the night before, he will be fortunate if he finds that all has gone as he planned it, or could wish it.

I am assuming that the make-up of the newspaper is an autocracy: the product of one man, the offspring of a policy; the man indefatigable and conscientious, the policy fixed, sober, and alert. In the famous sea-fight the raff of sailors from all nations, whom Paul Jones had picked up wherever he could find them, responded like the parts of a machine to the will of their commander. They seemed inspired, the British Captain Pearson testified before the Court of Inquiry. So in a well-ordered newspaper office, when at midnight wires are flashing and feet are hurrying, and to the onlooking stranger chaos seems to reign, the directing mind and hand have their firm grip upon the tiller-ropes, which extend from the editorial room to the composing-room, from the composing-room to the press-room, and from the press-room to the breakfast-table.

II

Personal journalism had its origin in the crude requirements of the primitive newspaper. An editor, a printer, and a printer's devil, were all-sufficient. For half a century after the birth of the daily newspaper in America, one man did everything which fell under the head of editorial work. The army of reporters, telegraphers, and writers, duly officered and classified, which has come to occupy the larger field, was undreamed of by the pioneers of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore.

Individual ownership was the rule.

Little money was embarked. Commonly it was 'So-and-So's paper.' Whilst the stories of private war, of pistols and coffee, have been exaggerated, the early editors were much beset; were held to strict accountability for what appeared in their columns; sometimes had to take their lives in their hands. In certain regions the duello flourished — one might say became the fashion. Up to the War of Secession, the instance of an editor who had not had a personal encounter, indeed, many encounters, was a rare one. Not a few editors acquired celebrity as 'crack shots,' gaining more reputation by their guns than by their pens.

The familiar 'Stop my paper' was personally addressed, an ebullition of individual resentment.

'Mr. Swain,' said an irate subscriber to the founder of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, whom he met one morning on his way to his place of business, 'I have stopped your paper, sir — I have stopped your paper.'

Mr. Swain was a gentleman of dignity and composure. 'Indeed,' said he, with a kindly intonation; 'come with me and let us see about it.'

When the two had reached the spot where the office of the *Ledger* stood, nothing unusual appeared to have happened: the building was still there, the force within apparently engaged in its customary activities. Mr. Swain looked leisurely about him, and turning upon his now expectant but thoroughly puzzled fellow townsman, he said, —

'Everything seems to be as I left it last night. Stop my paper, sir! How could you utter such a falsehood!'

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the elder, was frequently and brutally assailed. So was Mr. Greeley. Mr. Prentice, though an expert in the use of weapons, did not escape many attacks of murderous intent. Editors fought among themselves, anon with fatal

result, especially about Richmond in Virginia, and Nashville in Tennessee, and New Orleans. So self-respecting a gentleman, and withal so peaceful a citizen, as Mr. William Cullen Bryant, fell upon a rival journalist with a horse-whip on Broadway, in New York. The prosy libel suit has come to take the place of the tragic street duel — the courts of law to settle what was formerly submitted to the code of honor — the star-part of 'fighting editor' having come to be a relic of by-gone squalor and glory. The call to arms in 1861 found few of the editorial bullies ready for the fray, and no one of them made his mark as a soldier in battle. They were good only on parade. Even the South had its fill of combat, valor grew too common to be distinguished, and, out of a very excess of broil and blood, along with multiplied opportunities for the display of courage, gun-play got its quietus. The good old times, when it was thought that a man who had failed at all else could still keep a hotel and edit a newspaper, have passed away. They are gone forever. If a gentleman kills his man nowadays, even in honest and fair fight, they call it murder. Editors have actually to be educated to their work, and to work for their living. The soul of Bombastes has departed, and journalism is no longer irradiated and advertised by the flash of arms.

We are wont to hear of the superior integrity of those days. There will always be in direct accountability a certain sense of obligation lacking to the anonymous and impersonal. Most men will think twice before they commit their thoughts to print where their names are affixed. Ambition and vanity, as well as discretion, play a restraining part here; they play it even though there be no provocation to danger. Yet, seeing that somebody must be somewhere back of the pen, the re-

sult would appear still to be referable to private character.

Most of the personal journalists were in alliance with the contemporary politicians; all of them were the slaves of party. Many of them were without convictions, holding to the measures of the time the relation held by the play-actors to the parts that come to them on the stage. Before the advent of the elder Bennett, independent journalism was unknown. In the 'partnership' of Seward, Weed, and Greeley, — Mr. Greeley himself described it, he being 'the junior member,' — office, no less than public printing, was the object of two at least of the firm. Lesser figures were squires instead of partners, their chiefs as knights of old. Callender first served, then maligned, Jefferson. Crosswell was the man-at-arms of the Albany Regency, valet to Mr. Van Buren. Forney played major-domo to Mr. Buchanan until Buchanan, becoming President, left his poor follower to hustle for himself; a signal, but not anomalous, piece of ingratitude. Prentice held himself to the orders of Clay. Even Raymond, set up in business by the money of Seward's friends, could only call his soul his own toward the end of his life, and then by a single but fatal misstep brought ruin upon the property his genius had created.

Not, indeed, until the latter third of the last century did independent journalism acquire considerable vogue, with Samuel Bowles and Charles A. Dana to lead it in the East, and Murat Halstead and Horace White, followed by Joseph Medill, Victor F. Lawson, Melville E. Stone, and William R. Nelson, in the West.

III

The new school of journalism, sometimes called impersonal and taking its lead from the counting-room, which generally prevails, promises to become

universal in spite of an individualist here and there uniting salient characteristics to controlling ownership, — a union which in the first place created the personal journalism of other days.

Here, however, the absence of personality is more apparent than real. Control must be lodged somewhere. Whether it be upstairs, or downstairs, it is bound to be — if successful — both single-minded and arbitrary, the embodiment of the inspiration and the will of one man; the expression made to fit the changed conditions which have impressed themselves upon the writing and the speaking of our time.

Eloquence and fancy, oratory and rhetoric, have for the most part given place in our public life to the language of business. More and more do budgets usurp the field of affairs. As fiction has exhausted the situations possible to imaginative writing, so has popular declamation exhausted the resources of figurative speech; and just as the novel seeks other expedients for arousing and holding the interest of its readers, do speakers and publicists, abandoning the florid and artificial, aim at the simple and the lucid, the terse and incisive, the argument the main point, attained, as a rule, in the statement. To this end the counting-room, with its close kinship to the actualities of the world about it, has a definite advantage over the editorial room, as a school of instruction. Nor is there any reason why the head of the counting-room should not be as highly qualified to direct the editorial policies as the financial policies of the newspaper of which, as the agent of a corporation or an estate, he has become the executive; the newspaper thus conducted assuming something of the character of the banking institution and the railway company, being indeed in a sense a common carrier. At least a greater show of stability and respectability, if not a greater

sense of responsibility, would be likely to follow such an arrangement, since it would establish a more immediate relation with the community than that embraced by the system which seems to have passed away, a system which was not nearly so accessible, and was, moreover, hedged about by a certain mystery that attaches itself to midnight, to the flare of the footlights and the smell of printers' ink.

I had written thus far and was about to pursue this line of thought with some practical suggestion emanating from a wealth of observation and reminiscence when, reading the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, I encountered the following passage from the very thoughtful paper of Mr. Edward Alsworth Ross, entitled 'The Suppression of Important News':

'More and more the owner of the big daily is a business man who finds it hard to see why he should run his property on different lines from the hotel proprietor, the vaudeville manager, or the owner of an amusement park. The editors are hired men, and they may put into the paper no more of their conscience and ideals than comports with getting the biggest return from the investment. Of course, the old-time editor who owned his paper tried to make money — no sin, that! — but just as to-day the author, the lecturer, or the scholar, tries to make money, namely, within the limitations imposed by his principles and his professional standards. But, now that the provider of the newspaper capital hires the editor instead of the editor hiring the newspaper capital, the paper is likelier to be run as a money-maker pure and simple — a factory where ink and brains are so applied to white paper as to turn out the largest possible marketable product. The capitalist-owner means no harm, but he is not bothered by the standards that hamper the editor-owner. He follows a few

simple maxims that work out well enough in selling shoes or cigars or sheet-music.'

There follow many examples of the 'suppression' of 'news.' Some of these might be called 'important.' Others are less so. Here enters a question of what is 'news,' and what is not; a question which gives rise to frequent and sometimes considerable differences of opinion.

If the newspaper manager is to make no distinction between vaudeville and journalism, between the selling of white paper disfigured by printer's ink and the selling of shoes, or sheet-music, comment would seem superfluous. I venture to believe that such a manager would nowhere be able long to hold his own against one of an ambition and intelligence better suited to supplying the requirement of the public demand for a vehicle of communication between itself and the world at large. Now and then we see a very well-composed newspaper fail of success because of its editorial character and tone. Now and then we see one succeed, having no editorial character and tone. But the rule is otherwise. The leading dailies everywhere stand for something. They are rarely without aspiration. Because of the unequal capabilities of those who conduct them, they have had their ups and downs: great journals, like the *Chicago Times*, passing out of existence through the lack of an adequate head; failing journals, like the *New York World*, saved from shipwreck by the timely arrival of an adequate head.

My own observation leads me to believe that more is to be charged against the levity and indifference of the average newspaper — perhaps I should say its ignorance and indolence — than against the suppression of important news. As a matter of fact, suppression does not suppress. Conflicting interests attend to that. Mr. Ross relates that

on the desk of every editor and sub-editor of a newspaper run by a certain capitalist, who was also a promoter, lay a list of sixteen corporations in which the owner was interested. This was to remind them not to print anything damaging to those particular concerns. In the office the exempted subjects were jocularly referred to as 'sacred cows.'

This case, familiar to all newspaper men, was an extreme one. The newspaper proved a costly and ignominious failure. Its owner, who ran it on the lines of an 'amusement park,' landed first in a bankruptcy and then in a criminal court, finally to round up in the penitentiary. Before him, and in the same city, a fellow 'journalist' had been given a state-prison sentence. In another and adjacent city the editor and owner of a famous and influential newspaper who had prostituted himself and his calling escaped the stripes of a convict only through executive clemency.

The disposition to publish everything without regard to private feeling or good neighborhood, may be carried to an excess quite as hurtful to the community as the suppressions of which Mr. Ross tells us in his interesting résumé. The newspaper which constitutes itself judge and jury, which condemns in advance of conviction, which, reversing the English rule of law, assumes the accused guilty instead of innocent, — the newspaper, in short, which sets itself up as a public prosecutor, — is likely to become a common scold and to arouse its readers out of all proportion to any good achieved by publicity. As in other affairs of life, the sense of decency imposes certain reserves, and also the sense of charity.

The justest complaint which may be laid at the door of the modern newspaper seems to me its invasion of the home, and the conversion of its report-

ers into detectives. Pretending to be the defender of liberty, it too often is the assailant of private right. Each daily issue should indeed aim to be the history of yesterday, but it should be clean as well as truthful; and as we seek in our usual walks and ways to avoid that which is nasty and ghastly, so should we, in the narration of scandal and crime, guard equally against exaggeration and pruriency, nor be ashamed to suppress that which may be too vile to tell.

In a recent article Mr. Victor Rosewater, the accomplished editor of the *Omaha Bee*, takes issue with Mr. Ross upon the whole line of his argument, which he subjects to the critical analysis of a practical journalist. The muck-raking magazines, so extolled by Mr. Ross, are shown by Mr. Rosewater to be the merest collection of already printed newspaper material, the periodical writer having time to put them together in more connected form. He also shows that the Chautauqua Circuits are but the emanations of newspaper advertising; and that if newspapers of one party make suppressions in the interest of their party, the newspapers of the other are ready with the antidote. Obviously, Mr. Ross is either a newspaper subaltern, or a college professor. In either case he is, as Mr. Rosewater shows, a visionary.

In nothing does this betray itself so clearly as in the suggestion of 'an endowed newspaper,' which is Mr. Ross's remedy for the evils he enumerates.

'Because newspapers, as a rule, prefer construction to destruction,' says Mr. Rosewater, 'they are accused by Mr. Ross of malfeasance for selfish purposes. True, a newspaper depends for its own prosperity upon the prosperity of the community in which it is published. The newspaper selfishly prefers business prosperity to business adversity. A panic is largely psycholog-

ical, and the newspapers can do much to aggravate or to mitigate its severity. There is no question that to the willful efforts of the newspapers as a body to allay public fear and to restore business confidence is to be credited the short duration and comparative mildness of the last financial cataclysm. Would an endowed newspaper have acted differently? Most people would freely commend the newspapers for what they did to start the wheels of industry again revolving, and this is the first time I have seen them condemned for suppressing "important news" of business calamity and industrial distress in subservience to a worship of advertising revenue.'

The truth of this can hardly be denied. Most fair-minded observers will agree with Mr. Rosewater that 'a few black sheep in the newspaper fold do not make the whole flock black, nor do the combined imperfections of all newspapers condemn them to failure,' and I cannot resist quoting entire the admirable conclusion with which a recognized newspaper authority disposes of a thoroughly theoretic newspaper critic.

'Personally,' says Mr. Rosewater, 'I would like to see the experiment of an endowed newspaper tried, because I am convinced comparison would only redound to the advantage of the newspaper privately conducted as a commercial undertaking. The newspaper most akin to the endowed newspaper in this country is published in the interest of the Christian Science Church. With it, "important news" is news calculated to promote the propaganda of the faith, and close inspection of its columns would disclose news-suppression in every issue. On the other hand, a daily newspaper standing on its own bottom, must have readers to make its advertising space valuable, and without a reasonable effort to cover

all the news and command public confidence, the standing and clientage of the paper cannot be successfully maintained. The endowed paper pictured to us as the ideal paper, run by a board of governors filled in turn by representatives of the various uplift societies enumerated by Professor Ross, would blow hot and would blow cold, would have no consistent policy or principles, would be unable to alter the prevailing notion of what constitutes important news, and would be from the outset busily engaged in a work of news-suppression to suit the whims of the particular hobby-riders who happened for the moment to be in dominating control.'

In journalism, as in statesmanship, the doctrinaire is more confident than the man of affairs. So, in war, the lieutenant is bolder in the thought than the captain in the action. Often the newspaper subaltern, distrusting his chief, calls that 'mercenary' which is in reality 'discrimination.' It is a pity that there is not more of this latter in our editorial practice.

IV

Disinterestedness, unselfish devotion to the public interest, is the soul of true journalism as of true statesmanship; and this is as likely to proceed from the counting-room as from the editorial room; only, the business-manager must be a journalist.

The journalism of Paris is personal, the journalism of London is impersonal,—that is to say, the one illustrates the self-exploiting, individualized star-system, the other the more sedate and orderly, yet not less responsible commercial system; and it must be allowed that, in both dignity and usefulness, the English is to be preferred to the French journalism. It is true that English publishers are sometimes

elevated to the peerage. But this is no-wise worse than French and American editors becoming candidates for office. In either case, the public and the press are losers in the matter of the service rendered, because journalism and office are so antipathetic that their union must be destructive to both.

The upright man of business, circumspect in his everyday behavior and jealous of his commercial honor, needs only to be educated in the newspaper business to bring to it the characteristic virtues which shine and prosper in the more ambitious professional and business pursuits. The successful man in the centres of activity is usually a worldly-wise and prepossessing person. Other things being equal, success of the higher order inclines to those qualities of head and heart, of breeding and education and association, which go to the making of what we call a gentleman. The element of charm, scarcely less than the elements of energy, integrity, and penetration, is a prime ingredient. Add breadth and foresight, and we have the greater result of fortune and fame.

All these essentials to preëminent manhood must be fulfilled by the newspaper which aspires to preëminence. And there is no reason why this may not spring from the business end, why they may not exist and flourish there, exhaling their perfume into every department; in short, why they may not tempt ambition. The newspapers, as Hamlet observes of the players, are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time. It were indeed better to have a bad epitaph when you die than their ill-report while you live, even from those of the baser sort; how much more from a press having the confidence and respect—and yet more than these, the affection—of the community? Hence it is that special college training is beginning to be thought

of, and occasionally tried; and, while this is subject to very serious disadvantage on the experimental side, its ethical value may in the long run find some way to give it practical application and to make it permanent as an arm of the newspaper service. Assuredly, character is an asset, and nowhere does it pay surer and larger dividends than in the newspaper business.

v

We are passing through a period of transition. The old system of personal journalism having gone out, and the new system of counting-room journalism having not quite reached a full realization of itself, the editorial function seems to have fallen into a lean and slippered state, the matters of tone and style honored rather in the breach than in the observance. Too many ill-trained, uneducated lads have graduated out of the city editor's room by sheer force of audacity and enterprise into the more important posts. Too often the counting-room takes no supervision of the editorial room beyond the immediate selling value of the paper the latter turns out. Things upstairs are left at loose ends. There are examples of opportunities lost through absentee landlordism.

These conditions, however, are ephemeral. They will yield before the progressive requirements of a process of popular evolution which is steadily lifting the masses out of the slough of degeneracy and ignorance. The dime novel has not the vogue it once

had. Neither has the party organ. Readers will not rest forever content under the impositions of fake or colored news; of misleading headlines; of false alarms and slovenly writing. Already they begin to discriminate, and more and clearly they will learn to discriminate, between the meretricious and the true.

The competition in sensationalism, to which we owe the yellow press, as it is called, will become a competition in cleanliness and accuracy. The counting-room, which is next to the people and carries the purse, will see that decency pays, that good sense and good faith are good investments, and it will look closer to the personal character and the moral product of the editorial room, requiring better equipment and more elevated standards. There will never again be a Greeley, or a Raymond, or a Dana, playing the rôle of 'star' and personally exploited by everything appearing in journals which seemed to exist mainly to glorify them. Each was in his way a man of superior attainments. Each thought himself an unselfish servant of the public. Yet each had his limitations, — his ambitions and prejudices, his likes and dislikes, intensified and amplified by the habit of personalism, often unconscious. And, this personal element eliminated, why may not the impersonal head of the coming newspaper — proud of his profession, and satisfied with the results of its ministration — render a yet better account to God and the people in unselfish devotion to the common interest?

THE COLORS AT CAMBRIDGE

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

[William E. Russell, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, died suddenly while camping in the woods of New Brunswick, and was brought home to be buried at Mount Auburn. It was a week of unusually high wind. These lines were written at the time.]

FLAGS at half-staff that through the leafy city
Cloud street and hall in tragic mustering;
Flags in the offing, that for noble pity
Make for sea-spaces on a broken wing;

Eagles low-flying, angels of our sorrow,
Boding and bright, on their full passion hurled,
Trail down the wind in stormy wake and furrow,
Poignantly marked across the summer world.

Ah, how they mourn with not-to-be-impeded
Gesture and cry of queens unreconciled,
One sunny strength illimitably needed,
Felled by the Hewer in the northern wild!

Yet if they knew, would these not triumph duly?
Glory, not grief, for him who willed to keep
Pure as the sword some warden angel newly
Draws by the cradle of baptismal sleep.

Green on the summits of the State hereafter,
See what a garland, beautiful, aflame!
Till Time abase them, there on wall and rafter,
Sweeter than jasmine climbs that absent name.

Happy the land that late a field unfavored
Whitens to harvest where the martyrs are,
Knowing (from ways in which she nearly wavered),
This starry dust shall lead her like a star;

Happy the land predestinate to cover
Yet in his youth, the early-laureled guest,
Who in her bosom lays so loved a lover,
Veiling with tears the chantry of his rest.

Flags at half-staff that through the leafy city
Cloud street and hall in tragic mustering;
Flags in the offing, that for noble pity
Make for sea-spaces on a broken wing;

Eagles low-flying, angels of our sorrow,
Boding and bright, in your full passion hurled,
Rise on the wind in stormy wake and furrow,
Rise and rejoice, across the summer world.

Flag from thine heaven in willing fealty lowered,
Hiding thy face upon mine own roof-tree,
Weak with our wound through all this day untoward, —
O my Delight! look up, and quicken me:

Flag long-adored, and heart of mine below it,
Run to the mast-head, shake away the pain!
We two have done with death, for we shall know it
Never so touching nor so dear again.

VOL. 106 - NO. 1

THE MINISTER AND THE MEN

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

WITH the recurrence of the graduation season there is an annual revival of anxiety on the part of the religious press over the prospects of the new crop of young clergymen. There are too many pastors without flocks, we are told, and too many flocks without pastors, because the right man cannot be found for one place or the right place for another man. Some of the commentators ascribe the trouble to the growing unpopularity of the ministry as a calling, and point to the shrinkage in the rolls of some of the well-known theological seminaries. They say that the more gifted of the college graduates prefer the law or medicine, trade or finance, because of its larger pecuniary rewards, or, in the case of young men of independent means, its greater scope and opportunity for influence. The lament is almost universal that the male contingent is dropping out of the congregations, and that the hold of the church upon its women is precariously maintained through appeals to the emotions; and much earnest argument has been put forth to show that a young man of force and spirit would rather cast his life-work where it will bring him into closer relations with his own sex.

Here and there an effort has been made to check the defection by various devices. Sensational preaching from startling texts or with pictorial and other visible illustrations; lectures in costume; odd uses of music; advertising novelties, which would put the patent-medicine men to the blush: these are familiar to all dwellers in cities. We

have seen, too, the institutional church and the family club, with their classes in cookery and music, their gymnasiums and libraries, their billiard-tables and bowling-alleys, their private theatres, their dancing-halls and their supper-rooms. The idea behind these was to do away with the old recognition of a religious quality inherent in one thing and a secular quality in another, by sanctifying all the common occupations and amusements of ordinary life. But the scent of immemorial distinctions still clings to the new establishment; and, though the modern expression of practical Christianity may be a vast improvement upon the ancient worship of the fetish Doctrine, it does not seem quite to have accomplished what it set out to do.

Call it an institution, or a club, or whatever else you will, the centre of activity remains a church; a church presupposes a pastor; and the pastor is assumed to supply the human inspiration and direction of the movement. It is he who must put all these media of ecclesiastical energy to some beneficial use; keep the interest of the young stirred; counsel with the elders; make things move, and move in lines helpful to the moral and spiritual uplifting of the community. If the new mechanism fails, the failure is pretty sure to be attributed to the inefficiency of the engineer. Well, what is the matter with him? It would be hard, in most cases, to say. The farewell words of the English bishop to the rector who was about to remove to another diocese come

often to the mind: 'I am sorry to see you leave, for I have never heard anything against you in all the years you have been here.'

There are so many good, earnest, unselfish men in the ministry who work hard, yet fail to make more than this negative impression, that one is moved to inquire whether the fault, since obviously it lies not in their disposition or conduct, is not due to their training. The journals, both religious and secular, which deal with ecclesiastical questions, evidently regard this as probable, for from time to time we read their complaints that something is out of joint in the prevailing system of education for the ministry; but their criticisms are for the most part general and non-constructive, and hence are unsatisfying to those who are seeking, not reasons to caviil, but a remedy.

Doubtless, if we go deep enough into the core of the question, we shall find that the diminished influence of the man in the pulpit over the men who ought to be in the pews is due to more than one cause, but that all causes radiate from the fact that there is no point of sympathetic contact between the two parties. We are beginning to realize a corresponding lack in some other domains. In a Boston newspaper the other day my eye was arrested by the title of a report of an address by Dr. David Snedden: 'Learner from Active Life — That Is What Man Must Be Who Teaches Those Who Are to Go Out Into the World.' The reference was to the college instructor. Is there not here a hint for the clerical profession as well?

Let us see how a young man comes to take up the ministry. Nearly every lad who can spare the four years required for a college course is expected, while still an undergraduate, inexperienced and immature, to select his vocation. If he decides to be a manufac-

turer, and has a sound adviser at his elbow, he goes first into the shops and studies the rudiments of the work done there. He may not become an expert weaver or a skilled wielder of the sledge, but from intimate association with the men at the loom or in the boiler-pit he learns what they are doing and the difficulties with which they have to cope every day; and when the time arrives for him to mount a seat of authority he is prepared to pass something better than an outsider's judgment on the questions brought before him.

If he turns to the law or medicine the same principle holds good. As clerk in an attorney's office, he digs out the material for his employer's briefs, prepares simple pleadings and deeds, goes to court and acquires a certain familiarity with the processes of litigation, meets and matches wits with both clients and adversaries. In short, he absorbs a pretty fair knowledge of the tools and the men he must handle later in life, and, in nine cases out of ten, does this before he has laid hold of the theory of the law as set forth in the standard texts. The young man who wishes to be a physician has the clinic and the hospital in which to cultivate a real acquaintance with his *materia humana* while he is still conning his *materia medica*.

But your budding theologian has no such advantages. Even his choice of a church affiliation is probably governed by tradition rather than by a judicial comparison of the several creeds and systems of discipline. His father may be a Presbyterian or his mother a Methodist, or he may have himself been baptized and confirmed as a member of one of the apostolic communions. In the absence of some such influence at home, it may be that a religious revival sweeping over his college has caught him in its current. It is always possible, more-

over, that it is the pulpit rather than the parish which has attracted him to the ministerial office, especially if he has already won some applause in literary composition and elocution.

His transfer from college to theological seminary is not an entry into the larger world, but a passage from the academic atmosphere to the closer one of the cloister. The years he spends at the seminary are apt to be given largely to closet study and devotional exercise; and when he emerges to take his place, not as a learner of men but as a teacher of them, he is about as well fitted for his task as a high-school graduate in book-keeping would be if suddenly placed in charge of a bank. Only then begins the education which is to be of any substantial value to him; and the procedure involves as much of razing of old ideals as of upbuilding on new foundations. When he tries to fraternize with the men of his parish, he finds his efforts handicapped by his ignorance of their sphere of thought and their ignorance of his. It is almost as if he were unable to speak their language. The most he can do in appealing to their moral instincts is to follow the lines laid down in his books or in the oral lectures to which he has listened in the class-room; in the great school of life he has never matriculated, whereas they have had its lessons so hammered into them that his shafts of eloquence strike only a hardened surface and drop off instead of lodging anywhere.

The hours he passes in his library now are not likely to be spent as the follower of a profane calling spends his, in preparing to reach and influence the men of his own generation; but we need not disparage his reading of 'good' books in order to suggest the practical wisdom of mixing with these a few which are distinctly worldly, if only for their stimulating effect

upon his treatment of the topics of the day. If we glance over the short but distinguished roster of public teachers who have left their mark on the records of their time, we are struck with the fact that they drew their lessons, not from antique or hypothetical sources, but from history then in the making under the very eyes of their followers.

The distinctive phraseology of the pulpit, the professional dress and manner, also, are too commonly impediments to the progress of the minister in the affectionate regard of the men of his flock. The military officer wears his uniform only on occasions of ceremony. The 'soldier of the cross' who, in mingling with the male members of his congregation, is anxious to penetrate their armor of reserve only for the sake of finding his way into their hearts, surely has no use for formality in this intercourse. Why, then, should he not be simply a man among men, discarding both the air and the vocabulary exclusively associated with his profession, just as the lawyer in the drawing-room avoids technical verbiage and the physician wears to dinner a coat free from the odor of drugs?

It may be asked how we are to change the training of our clergy so as to bring the church into more genial relations with the world. One way would be to establish a probationary period, in which the test of the candidate should be not his handling of a pulpit theme or his success in raising a missionary fund, but his broader adaptability. And why should not this ordeal precede, rather than follow, most of his seminary course? Let him, for example, be assigned to a small parish as assistant to the settled minister. There let him enter some ordinary calling, and pursue it through the whole term of his novitiate. It matters little what it may be, so that it brings him into touching elbows, either as partner or as compe-

titor, with as many of the men as possible. As a farmer or a merchant, a clerk or a mechanic, he would learn more of the world, its burdens and temptations, in two years, than in twenty spent in theological study or in preaching, or even in paying the conventional parochial visits.

At the same time, the opportunity for setting the community an example in probity, charity, good temper, helpfulness to others, must not be overlooked. Having gone through the mill himself, he would be in a position thereafter to help the weak, bolster the strong, steady the uncertain-minded, advise the ignorant, with an efficiency and an assurance not to be attained in any other way.

Nor need this regimen interfere with his exercise of pulpit and parish functions. The pastor who directs his activities could assign him to regular duties in these fields. The precedents are abundant and worthy. Peter was a fisher of fish before he became a fisher of men. Even so mighty a preacher as Paul tells us that he supported himself bodily while ministering to the spiritual needs of his disciples. Moreover, there is no means at once so efficacious and so wholesome for giving a young man a proper conception of his own bent and a true measure of his powers, as a wrestling-round with real life. Sup-

pose, when he has got a glimpse of the clerical profession from the ordinary layman's point of view, our candidate makes up his mind that he has mistaken his calling? Or suppose that, having embarked upon the ministry of one denomination, he discovers that at heart he is wedded to the beliefs of another? Is it not better, in either event, that he should awake to his error before he has so far committed himself to a specific career that he is ashamed to turn back?

Would not some such trying-out process as I have here suggested save the ministry at large from a goodly share of its misplaced element, and avert many of the irritations which flow from schisms and heresy trials? It might be that this weeding would reduce still further the number of clever young men who enter the clerical ranks, and thus emphasize one of the complaints of which we hear so much. But, even so, would not the remnant be of enough higher quality to more than make up for the quantitative decrease? And would there not come to be, among the original candidates, a much smaller proportion of those who are drawn toward the work of the church by the promise of a livelihood secured without the preliminary struggle which the young competitors in any other employment have to wage?

AN EDUCATIONAL EMERGENCY

BY EDWARD O. SISSON

I

No other age of the world has made such demands upon character as does the age in which we live. We talk about the sterling qualities of our Puritan ancestors and mourn over a supposed decadence of moral fibre in our days, forgetting that the colonist was virtuous by necessity, frugal through lack of the materials of luxury, free from the vast avarice of our time because there were no financial fields to furnish the requisite opportunity and temptation. He was offered the hard choice between industry and starvation, and endurance was thrust upon him by his very situation in the wilderness. It means no derogation of his place of honor in our memory, and of his value as a national ideal, to say that the character which sustained him in his primitive environment might break down in complete failure under the stress of modern temptation. In short, it is harder to be good to-day than it was in the time of Miles Standish and John Winthrop, and we can hope for conduct equal to theirs only by grace of character even stronger.

Effective character includes intelligence to know the right, and the will to do it; on both of these the modern world lays new burdens. We live in a far more complex environment than did our forefathers, for we have left the simple paths where instinct was a sufficient guide for conduct, and are now dwelling in a world of man's own creation, where instinct is not at home,

and where problems can be solved only by the highest intelligence.

Our social philosophy is based upon that of the Greeks; but what a contrast exists between our social state and theirs! Their great political scientist declares that a state could not be conceived to embrace so many as a hundred thousand people. What would he have thought of cities inhabited by millions, gathered into states which in turn are combined into a nation nearly a thousandfold larger than his extreme limit? And are we not to-day watching the first clear beginnings of the world-state, the poet-prophet's 'federation of the nations, the parliament of man'? With this enormous increment of mere size in political units has come corresponding increase in complexity of structure and operation. The intelligence of thoughtful men stands aghast at the problems knocking at our doors, — tariff and finance, conservation, race-conflicts, law-making and enforcement, administration of nation, state, and municipalities. The very clash of disagreement among honest thinkers concerning social questions proves the difficulty of the riddles thrust upon us by our day. Most serious and menacing of all perhaps are questions of industry of which the earlier world knew little. Greece and Rome and mediæval Europe kept these perplexities under the surface by a system of slavery or rigid caste; it is only in modern times that the Enceladus of human labor has succeeded in throwing off so much of the superincumbent Etna as to let the up-

per world of thought and intelligence become vividly aware of his existence, and of the promise and the menace of his upward struggle.

There is need, then, of a new socio-moral intelligence to grasp the new complexities of the world in which we live. 'Who is my neighbor?' is a harder question now than it was in olden times: then a man dealt face to face with men he knew, and easily realized that his deeds fell on their heads as well as on his own. Nowadays employer and employee, buyer and seller, especially producer and consumer, are too often cut off from each other by a gulf of separation which leads naturally to mutual ignorance, indifference, and even to hatred. Long and devious are the channels through which the product of industry circulates in its way from the painful and often degrading labor of production, to the comfortable consumer, who at first perhaps does not know whence come his ease and luxury, and later, when wedded to his comforts, does not care; or at least cares too little to face squarely his relation to his far-off and unknown neighbor. Never before in human history has it been so true that no man liveth unto himself, but never has it been so easy to lose sight of the truth.

Besides the new demands made by the modern world upon social and moral intelligence, there are new strains upon the will itself. The very abundance and variety of the products of art and manufacture render the old fundamental ideal of self-control more difficult than ever. The senses are solicited by stimuli unknown to the ancients; and every part of our world is flooded with the products of all other parts through the unlimited reach of modern commerce. It almost seems that we live to-day on a sort of second level of barbarism; for just as the barbarian lives in bondage to the material world of nature, so we

tend to fall into the bondage of the material things of our own creation. Our thought and energies are usurped by providing, not for actual and legitimate needs, but for the kind of food and drink and raiment and dwellings which custom and fashion prescribe for us. Civilized man has failed signally to content himself with a simple material regimen, and has wasted upon the things that perish the energy which ought to have been devoted to the higher and truly human life.

II

The demands upon moral character, then, were never so great as now; what of the *emphasis* upon moral character in education? No one would be apt to deny that character is the aim of education. This axiom is still a part of our formal pedagogy, and by many is supposed to govern our practice; it is proclaimed at educational gatherings, and appears regularly in books and articles. But in the woof and warp of educational thought and teaching it has no such place as it had in previous ages. The pages of Plato and Aristotle, Comenius, Montaigne, Milton, which deal with education, are dominated by the moral element. One of the most striking passages in the *Republic* is the one which insists that the literature selected for the curriculum shall 'be adapted in the most perfect manner to the promotion of virtue'; the philosopher unhesitatingly rejects those passages, even of the sacred Homer and Hesiod, which fail to inculcate true principles.

Does any school or college of to-day choose its classics with this primary regard for the promotion of virtue? Montaigne would have history taught in such a way that the teacher 'imprint not so much in his scholar's mind the date of the ruin of Car-

thage, as the manners of Hannibal and Scipio; nor so much where Marcellus died, as because he was unworthy of his *devoir* he died there.' Milton's Tractate is so noble throughout, that it is hard to make selections. His very definition of education magnifies the moral aim: 'I call, therefore, a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war.' His humanism never degenerates into mere linguistics, or literary æsthetics. In the classics, he says, 'the main skill and groundwork will be to temper the pupils with such lectures and explanations upon every opportunity as may lead and draw them into willing obedience, inflamed with the study of learning and the admiration of virtue, stirred up with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots, dear to God and famous to all ages.'

With Doctor Arnold of Rugby one ideal is always supreme, that of moral thoughtfulness and devotion to duty; all else is auxiliary and subordinate. The key to Horace Mann's self-abnegation in the cause of the schools was the belief that education is the only force that could elevate character; his labors, his public addresses, and his writings, are all inspired and penetrated with the moral aim.

When we come to current educational discussion we find a surprising change of emphasis. The reader who will make comparison between the earlier writers and the leading formal treatises on education of our own time, will agree that far less stress is laid upon the moral element. Fortunately, we have excellent and rather impersonal evidence of this fact in the form of a number of well-known reports which embody the collective thought and conclusions of leading educational thinkers of the day.

The Report of the Committee of Ten is probably the best known and most authoritative educational document in America. It originated in the National Education Association, and occupied the attention of a series of committees and conferences from 1891 to 1893, when the Report was published. The original committee included among its ten members, all eminent, three whom it cannot be invidious to mention, — President Eliot, chairman; Dr. W. T. Harris, and President Angell. Nine sub-committees, or conferences, with ten members each, were appointed to deal with the branches of the secondary curriculum; thus the Report is the work directly of one hundred eminent teachers and experts, chosen to represent the parts and aspects of the secondary school. The *Educational Review* said editorially: 'No committee appointed in this country to deal with an educational subject has ever attracted so much attention as this one'; and later calls the work of the committee, 'the most systematic and important educational investigation ever undertaken in this country.' It may safely be said that there is not a high school in the United States to-day that is not affected by the Report of this great committee; its total influence is beyond estimate.

Yet one might read the Report from cover to cover and hardly be reminded that there is such a thing as moral education. True, there are, out of the two hundred and forty-nine pages, a few sentences which touch this theme, some directly, more indirectly; but these could be assembled easily on three or four pages, and the other two hundred and forty-five be left without a trace; moreover, what is more significant, the removal would not affect the original unity one whit, but would rather seem to be an elimination of extraneous matter.

Lest any one, under the influence of just those prevalent conceptions which this paper aims to set forth, should say that the absence of the moral element is normal and legitimate in view of the general aim and nature of the Report, let us quote from the Report itself to show that it does not ignore the final values in education. For example, we read, 'The secondary schools . . . do not exist for the purpose of preparing boys and girls for college. . . . Their main function is to prepare for the duties of life.' One of the most interesting (and extraordinary) parts of the general report is that which deals directly with *values* of studies. Indeed, the proposed doctrine of values calls forth a vigorous minority report from one of the leading members of the committee; and this minority report contains the most direct and pointed of all the few fragments that bear on moral character: 'The training of observation, memory, expression, and (inductive) reasoning is a very important part of education, but is not all of education. The imagination, deductive reasoning, *the rich possibilities of emotional life, the education of the will through ethical ideas* and correct habit, all are to be considered in a scheme of learning. *Ideals are to be added to the scientific method.*'¹ It is clear then, and will be increasingly clear as one reads the pages of the Report, that the value and influence of the studies discussed formed an integral and essential part of the Report, and that no part of that value could be considered as excluded, *except*, perhaps, by its insignificance and minuteness.

But some one may ask, Did not the majority of the conferences deal with subjects which have no influence upon character, as Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry, German and French, Geography and Biology?

¹ The italics are the author's.

Well, in truth we are not much troubled over this question, so far as our argument is concerned, although somewhat grieved that it should have to be raised at all. We shall be glad if most of our readers say here that the writer has set up a straw man, and that no one would think of denying ethical value, at least to some of these studies. At all events, we are willing to waive the charge of the complete absence of the moral element from these parts of the reports for the present, asking only one question: What of a secondary curriculum in which the subject-matter of seven out of nine conferences has to be excused from an examination as to moral value?

But we still have two inalienable fields left: English and History. Here we are on very solid ground, for we do not need Milton to tell us that these subjects are the very soul of the ethical power of the school; and moreover, in both cases, the conferences state in no uncertain terms their own conception of the aims. In the case of English we cannot do better than quote: 'The main direct objects of the teaching of English in schools seem to be two: (1) to enable the pupil to understand the expressed thoughts of others, and to give expression to thoughts of his own; and (2) to cultivate a taste for reading, to give the pupil some acquaintance with good literature, and to furnish him with the means of extending that acquaintance. Incidentally, no doubt, a variety of other ends may be subserved by English study, but such subsidiary interests should never be allowed to encroach on the two main purposes just indicated.' No one who reads the conference report through will suspect the writers of any sins against their final injunction in the foregoing quotation; the anonymous *incidental* ends, including practically all the ideals most dear to the old Greeks

and the humanists, especially those of our own race, are simply and absolutely ignored. Who could possibly divine that the branch of study with which this part of the Report deals includes such works as Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, George Eliot's *Silas Marner*, Burke's *Speech on Conciliation with the American Colonies*, and Carlyle's profound and pathetic *Essay on Burns*?

The report on History must be credited with the largest proportion of ethical matter. Out of twenty-five pages, we find distinct or implied reference to character in about one whole page. It may seem invidious to detract from this praise; yet we cannot but be struck with the fact that the moral element does not enter into the main aim, but that, instead, we find a supplementary paragraph entitled, 'Other Advantages,' and in this are grouped the education of a citizen, training in literary expression, and, last of all, moral training. Finally, the objects are summed up in a passage in which moral training is excluded from any direct and explicit mention, thus losing even the humble place it had gained among the subsidiary aims.

In the field of elementary education the neglect of the moral side is far less serious than in the secondary school; nevertheless, we cannot help feeling that even in the elementary school neither theory nor practice fully recognizes the claims of the moral side of training. The best document at hand to illustrate this is the so-called *Report of the Committee of Fifteen*, issued in 1895, which, it must be admitted, is both far less representative and less influential than the *Report of the Committee of Ten*. The second part of the *Report of the Committee of Fifteen* deals with the values and correlation of studies in the elementary curriculum, and is the work of five eminent authorities. The body of the Report was written

by the chairman, the late Dr. W. T. Harris, then United States Commissioner of Education; while each of the other four appended a minority report setting forth dissent and additions. We freely admit that Dr. Harris's Report by no means ignores ethical culture, particularly in dealing with literature and history, but we think he gives it still too small a place. In view of the rather common belief that definite moral instruction has no proper place in the school, it should be noted that the Report does not take this position, but says distinctly that *it ought to be given*; what then is its place?

Dr. Harris discusses at length the 'staple branches, — Grammar, Literature, Arithmetic, Geography, and History'; then he names some 'other branches of instruction that may lay claim to a place,' and after Drawing, Natural Science, Physiology and Hygiene, Manual Training and Physical Culture, come 'morals and manners,' — to which is devoted a very short half page, largely consumed in explaining how unimportant the subject is! The paragraph begins with a definition that condemns the subject in advance, by speaking of moral culture as 'a theory of the conventionalities of polite and pure-minded society,' and closes with a sophism of the sort that is too often used to excuse our neglect of the moral aim: 'The higher moral qualities of truth-telling are taught in every class exercise that lays stress on accuracy of statement.' Moreover, although the Committee makes extended recommendations as to each subject, and sketches a programme for the whole eight years of the school course, poor 'morals and manners' are quite forgotten. It is another case of giving a dog a bad name and hanging him.

Not quite so clear and concrete, yet more significant, is the fact that the Committee does its main work, that of

correlation, without any aid from the ideas of moral education. This is too complicated a matter to discuss here, further than to recall those words of the first great philosopher and prophet of the elementary school, Comenius. His method of solving the problem of correlation was very different from any of the logical, psychological, or pedagogical methods proposed by the Committee, but, when interpreted broadly, very like the principle of correlation in Plato and Aristotle, Milton and Ascham, Arnold and Horace Mann. All studies and methods and discipline were, he maintained, to teach the child 'to know and rule himself, and to direct his steps toward God.'¹ Such is the only true correlation of studies, and only under such a conception can character receive its due.

The more specialized and less widely-known reports will, in general, manifest the same emphasis; the discussion of History in the *Report of the Committee of Eight* may be cited as a striking example, inasmuch as it deals with the one subject in the whole curriculum that is richest in ethical matter and most fruitful in possible moral education. Compare, if you will, the attitude of Montaigne, of Milton, and of Dr. Arnold, regarding the teaching and use of History, with that embodied or implied in this modern report.

The prevailing neglect of the moral element is shown no less strikingly by a comparison of modern text-books with those of the past. I have in my possession one of the most widely-used Readers of the early part of the nineteenth century in America, *Murray's English Reader*. We might well transcribe the table of contents entire, for almost every title shows the contrast between this Reader of the days of our grandfathers and the Reader of today. Out of the eighty-four prose se-

lections in the first part of the volume, fifty-four are distinctly and avowedly moral; eighteen others are religious; of the remaining twelve all, with scarcely an exception, have a moral or religious motive. The poetical selections have the same strongly ethical character.

Now, let the reader take in hand a typical modern Reader, or inspect the list of classics prescribed for high schools. The contrast with the old *Murray* will be striking. The distinctly and avowedly ethical and religious is conspicuous by its absence. The great majority of the selections are non-moral: narratives to entertain or amuse, historical matter to inform and instruct, essays to whet the wit and cultivate the literary taste (would that they actually did!), and a good admixture of the humorous, or even ludicrous.

Of course, Murray's Reader of 1835 is not a good text-book for our schools to-day. The complete absence of the humorous from its pages would alone suffice to condemn it, and its whole tone is painfully pietistic and goody-goody. But it is imbued from beginning to end with a profound and ever active desire to train the moral natures of the pupils; that purpose is always in the focus of attention and never takes a second place. Truly, 'we have changed all that,' but with the error of the old letter, may we not have cast away some of the excellence of the old spirit? In our dread of the goody-goody, may we not have shut the door on that all-surpassing end of education, the Good?

Let us consider one more manifestation of the lapse of attention to moral education, found in another part of the educational field, the college and the university.

Whither has the old-time college chapel vanished? Within the memory of many of us who are not yet old, it was the custom in American colleges, not excepting state institutions, for

¹ Se nosse et regere, et ad Deum dirigere.

students and faculty to meet regularly and frequently for a religious and moral exercise. The ears of the youth were at least accustomed to the words of Holy Writ and the voice of prayer, and the serious counsel and admonition of their elders. We have heard not a few who passed through college in those days declare that no part of the college training was more beneficent in its influence than the chapel.

How have the times changed, in all save a constantly diminishing and apologetic minority of colleges! The voluntary chapel exercise still maintained in some colleges impresses one mainly by the pitiful smallness of its attendance, and by the certainty that those who most need its ministrations are elsewhere. In most institutions, especially the larger, the students seldom come together at all; probably never in anything like their full numbers. When they do assemble in large numbers it is usually for anything but a religious or ethical occasion; most often, as every one knows, for an athletic rally. Now, no sensible man is opposed to athletics; we have not too much athletics, but too little, and that but indifferently distributed; and no prudent man desires to get into a controversy with the supporters of college athletics; but no friend of education can look with unconcern upon a condition in which the assembly that was used by our fathers for the nurture of character in the maturing youth is abandoned to the excitation of athletic furor and the perfection of practice in 'rooting.' The old chapel service was doubtless often lacking in a sense of the fitness of things, and perhaps sometimes injured the cause it desired to aid; but the work aimed at in the college chapel has not passed away, and will never pass away; the vital question is this: Having discarded the instrument our fathers trusted to for moral culture, have we

created anything to take its place, or are we ignoring the task which should be the crown of our educational purpose?

Another marked symptom of our lack of interest in the moral side of education is our indifference respecting the religious and moral instruction that is practically universal among other peoples. For the purpose of the argument, let our ignorance and unconcern respecting the religious instruction in European schools be excused on the ground of our strenuous secularism in education; but France, a sister republic, equally committed to a non-sectarian public school, has for nearly thirty years been carrying on a vast experiment in moral and civic instruction. Can anything justify our almost complete apathy toward this great national experiment and its possible lessons for us?

III

We must next ask after the causes which have led to this comparative neglect of the moral aim in education.

Without pretending to anything like a complete comprehension of the question, we venture to point out some forces that have contributed to the present situation. The first of these has already been hinted at: the place formerly belonging to moral training is now occupied by intellectual work. Moral education has not been deliberately rejected, nor recklessly thrown away; it has been crowded out. The intellectual content of the curriculum has grown to such vast proportions that it has usurped almost the whole attention and energy of the school. Consider the increase and expansion which have taken place in recent times, and are still in full tide of advance in every field of human knowledge. Who can grasp the contrast between our own day and the time of the Attic philosophers, with respect to the mere quantity of know-

ledge in the possession of the race? Davidson tells us that Aristotle probably knew all that was worth knowing in his day! Socrates turned his attention first to natural science, or rather to nature; but he found nothing worth knowing there,—all was uncertainty, guesswork, disorder, contradiction. Consider the brevity and simplicity of the history possessed by the Greeks; they knew less of their own race and of their predecessors than we know, and the great part of what we know as history was not yet enacted, let alone recorded. Their literature, priceless in quality, was beautifully small in quantity, so that one man might easily be familiarly acquainted with all of it.

As for Natural Science, since its birth in the seventeenth century, it seems to increase in a sort of geometrical ratio, without any sign of pause or retardation. Moreover, as has been implied on a previous page, modern man has created a new and vast field of knowledge in the form of his own achievements in art, industry, and especially in social and political life.

It would seem that from the earliest times men have hoped that the progress of knowledge would render easy the task of comprehending the universe, but the opposite is the fact; the world was never so hard to understand. Science has banished, not mysteries, but many illusions and superstitions that served for easy solutions; it rarely solves one problem without laying bare two harder ones. We are confronted with a sort of Frankenstein monster of intellectual complexity, so that one almost wonders whether the spirit of man shall prove equal to the task set before it by its own ceaseless and cumulative creation.

But this sort of catalogue of contrasts is tiresome to the reader, and not complimentary to his intelligence; let him rather survey for himself the field of

human knowledge and see how in every part the older world possessed a mere fragment of what we possess to-day. Intellectually, we drag an ever-lengthening chain; and these accessions to our knowledge, indispensable though they are to the upward movement of the race, are yet a veritable load upon our backs.

Now, the school is the special organ of society for the intellectual part of education. Not that the school is to neglect the moral aim, but its work is peculiarly on the side of intellect, and it is to accomplish its moral ends largely through thought and knowledge. Hence the school has been driven to the front in the task of mastering the intellectual content of modern times, and has unconsciously become engrossed and absorbed in this intellectual task. As the task has grown with the years, and as the demands upon the school have become heavier and more insistent, the school has been forced to drop other lines of effort one by one, and bend every energy upon this. To bring the matter down to actual school-room work, how many a teacher is so put to it to 'cover the ground' of the course of study that she has little time or strength for any attention to the bearing which knowledge has upon life, or to the inculcation of righteousness and judgment!

But not only has the moral training been crowded out, as it were by indirection, through the pressure of the intellectual burden of the school: it has also suffered more direct attacks. The chief of these may be summed up as a reaction against the pietism and the strictness of earlier periods, and an emphasis upon the right of the child to grow up in accordance with the springs and impulses of his own nature. It is true that this very movement must be credited with some of the best elements in modern education: it forms

the essence of the message of Pestalozzi, Froebel, and many lesser leaders in educational reform, all dating back, it hardly need be said, to Rousseau himself. But it is a commonplace that movements of progress swing, pendulum-like, to extremes, and the 'child-centric' movement in education is no exception. The fact is that we are stricken with a plague of Rousseauism. Rousseau did not know how to tell 'nothing but the truth'; he dealt habitually in hyperbole of an extreme kind. As an example, take the famous dictum: 'Do not command the pupils; never, on any conceivable subject!' This extraordinary injunction is but one grain of the kind of seed found abundantly in the most widely read book on education the modern world possesses, written by one who knew how to make the ears of his readers tingle. Rousseau was of course merely the eloquent and powerful voice in which the Spirit of the Age spoke; thousands of fathers and mothers and teachers who have never read a line in the *Emile* are influenced by its ideas in their attitude toward their children and pupils.

There is a terrible harmony between Rousseau's absurd 'Never command a child' and the suggestive gibe that there is just as much family government to-day as ever, but that it has passed from the hands of the parents into the hands of the children. In our recoil from the harshness and pietism of the days of our great-grandfathers, and our enthusiasm for the rights of the child, have we not drifted into a policy of *laissez-faire* in moral training? Young people nowadays must not be preached to; even the sermon for children is so completely sugar-coated with humor and entertainment that our ancestors would never have called it a sermon at all. Morally, we expect our young people to grow, like Topsy; strange indeed, when we consider how

much care and attention we devote to their intellectual development, and how much deliberate and methodical instruction is spent upon the culture of their powers of thought!

In the home the *laissez-faire* policy has been encouraged wonderfully by the absorption of the time and attention of parents by other things than the training of the children. This is especially true of fathers in the business and professional classes. The intensity of competition and the growing complexity of modern occupations have gradually encroached upon the time and available powers of the man until he almost ceases to figure in the education of his children. Every high-school principal is familiar with the case of the lad who has outgrown the control of the mother and is going to the bad because his father is too busy even to know what is happening. Few indeed are the fathers who seem to understand that in order to keep control of their sons they must actually spend time with them and maintain genuine intimacy. Teachers constantly observe that the boy whose father keeps in close touch with him has little trouble in school, and gives bright promise for the future. The serious cases of discipline, leading finally to suspension and expulsion, almost invariably arise where the father is too busy to do his part.

The emergency in moral education is rendered the more serious by the situation of religion. Especially is this true in our own country. So far as we know, history has no instance of a national character built up without the aid of religious instruction, or of such character long surviving the decay of religion. Without for a moment desiring the introduction into American schools of a religious instruction such as is common in Europe, we do urge upon the consideration of every thoughtful American the suggestive fact that we

have the only great school system the world has ever seen which does not include a definite and formal instruction in religion,—with the single exception, France, which relinquished it in 1882; and France has put in place of its religious instruction, the most systematic and thorough moral and civic instruction the world has ever seen, and is to-day working with unflagging zeal to make the moral instruction the most efficient and vital part of its whole curriculum. Deeper than the mere absence of religious instruction from our own public schools is the world-wide unrest and uncertainty in religious matters; a topic too familiar to need treatment here, further than by emphasizing the peril to moral education which results from the unsettling of religious sanctions. When the mature man finds himself slipping away from moorings he had thought secure, is it any wonder that the growing youth looks with scant success for a firm attachment for his life principles?

This then is the emergency as we see it: increased demand upon character, and diminished care for the cultivation of character. As M. Marion, French Minister of Education, has said: 'The

truth is that we have not yet seriously comprehended that the whole political and social problem is one of education. Henceforth education alone, absolutely that alone, can rescue our modern societies from the perils that threaten them. I do not know anybody who is not convinced of that. But those who know it best too seldom reflect upon it, and we act almost as if we knew it not.'

Fortunately signs are not wanting of a widespread awakening to the seriousness of the situation. We are beginning to realize that what has been merely an article in our educational creed must become a working principle in our educational practice; that the final question regarding education is whether it avails to produce the type of character required by the republic and the race. To accomplish this we need, not less clearness and accuracy of thought, nor any sacrifice of the true interests of the intellectual life, but more warmth of genuine and appropriate feeling and more stimulation and guidance of the will. In brief, we must fit our practice to Herbart's great formula, that the chief business of education is *the ethical revelation of the Universe*.

GOLD PRODUCTION AND INVESTMENTS

BY F. S. MEAD

ALTHOUGH the world's gold output began to increase in 1891, and in three years had reached figures never before recorded, it was not till the first years of the present decade that discussion became general as to the effect of this very great production of gold upon prices of commodities, wages, and interest rates. That the first would rise, followed more slowly by the second, seemed to be the consensus of opinion, though reached by different lines of reasoning, the quantity theory being perhaps the favorite argument. The effect on interest rates was widely disputed. Some authorities said rates would decline because there would be more money to lend; others thought rates would rise because, money being a commodity like any staple article, its price would rise in common with other prices; while still others whose judgment was entitled to consideration expressed the opinion that the rates of interest could not be affected one way or the other.

These questions are of very great interest to the holders of investment securities, a class to which, in this part of the country at least, a considerable part of the people belongs. It is of importance to them to know if the mortgages, bonds, and stocks, which represent their own savings, or savings of which they have come into possession, are increasing or decreasing in value because of some great general cause absolutely beyond their control. Or, if the value of some is thus increasing and the value of others decreasing,

to know what securities belong to the first class and what to the second.

Precedent will be of very little assistance to us in our attempts to solve these questions. There have been only three periods of great increase in gold production in modern history: in the sixteenth century directly following the discovery of America; the period of 1849-57 when gold was found in California and Australia; and the present time. The first period is too remote to be of value for comparison, and our knowledge of the economic conditions that then prevailed is too slight. The second period is of more interest. In 1852 the world's gold output was \$132,000,000, or three times as much as the production of 1850 and about 8 per cent of the estimated world's visible supply at that time. To-day the production is over \$400,000,000, or three and one-half times that of 1890, about 11 per cent of the stock estimated to exist in 1890 and about 6 per cent of the stock of to-day.

On the face of it there is a striking resemblance between the two periods, and since then, as now, prices of commodities rose, it is not unlikely that in each case it was in large part due to the increased gold production. But statistics are apt to be misleading, and especially in a case like this. Though the two periods are only fifty or sixty years apart, they are widely separated by the extraordinary commercial development that has taken place in that time. In the fifties, active business men could remember the in-

roduction of machinery; railroads and the telegraph were new, the ocean cable and the telephone unknown; and, last but not least, banking by check was in its infancy. So great has been the progress in methods of production, distribution, banking, and the dissemination of news, that it would be very rash to say that because the effect of a cause was such fifty years ago, it would be the same to-day.

As precedent is therefore not of much value in helping us to understand the situation, we must rely upon plain reasoning and clear thinking. First, what are the facts? Gold production has very much increased; prices of commodities have risen very considerably; interest rates have advanced; and prices of stocks have risen, while bonds have declined. The question is, Is the first fact the cause of the others? and if it be, will it continue to produce the same results in the future?

Before trying to answer the question, one word of explanation may not be unnecessary. The following is not an analysis of the financial situation, but only an attempt to discover some of the effects of one of the factors in the situation. Therefore, for the sake of simplicity, and in order that the question under discussion may not be befogged, no consideration will be paid to other factors. When mention is made of the probable movements of securities, it is fully realized that the movements may be obscured or temporarily checked or emphasized by the influence of one or more factors other than the one under discussion.

Credit is perhaps the chief factor in the expansion of trade. The invention of each new instrument of credit, such as bank-notes, bills of exchange, and checks, has made possible greater and greater developments of commerce. These credit instruments form the chief parts of the machinery of banking, —

the business of manufacturing credits. Bank credits depend upon the bank reserves of cash. The greater the foundation of bank reserves, the greater the superstructure of credit that can be built upon it. An increase in the world's supply of gold renders possible an increase of bank reserves and an increase of credits. As credits increase, trade expands; and with expanding trade, prices rise. Human energy thus stimulated, the appetite grows with what it feeds upon, and more than keeps pace with the supply of credits. The use of stimulants is apt to lead to their abuse. The desire increases to do more and more business, and demands more and more capital with which to do business. This growing demand for capital, increasing faster than the supply of credits, advances the rates of interest. The increased stock of gold thus seems to have been a factor in raising prices and interest rates.

At this stage the effect on securities is obvious. Those companies producing commodities do a larger and larger business, and because wages respond more slowly, at an increasing profit; their shares therefore advance in price. In the case of railroads, though it is more difficult for them to advance the price of their product, they also prosper because of the increased business they do; and their shares advance. On the other hand, the advance in interest rates causes a decline in the price of bonds; and, for the same reason, a decline in the price of preferred or guaranteed stocks whose dividends are limited and cannot be increased. Such have been the broad features of the security market for the past ten years, and they would seem to be in logical harmony with our argument so far as we have gone. At this point it may not be out of place, though anticipating a bit, to note the effect on earning power if this onward march of business, and up-

ward movement of prices, were to continue unchecked for a very long time. Gradually, the increase in the cost of production would catch up with the advance in the price of the product, and the profits would gradually decrease to what was considered normal before the great expansion began. As the earning power diminished, so the value of the ownership of or of the equity in that earning power would decrease, and the prices of stocks decline proportionately.

Sooner or later, in this great expansion of credits, the desire to do more and more business is indulged to such an extent that the superstructure of credits is out of safe proportion with its foundation of cash reserve; and then there is trouble. Such was the case in 1907, when the ratio of the actual cash reserves of the national banks of the country to their net deposits fell to below 13 per cent as compared with 17 per cent in 1899, in spite of the fact that the reserve held was \$700,000,000 in 1907 as against \$500,000,000 in 1899. In the past, in similar crises, the only remedy was a forced contraction of credits, which resulted in panic followed by a long period of depression. This was expected by many wise observers to be the outcome of the troubles of 1907, but it was averted by the constantly increasing stock of gold, which made it possible within a wonderfully short time to increase the bank reserves to such an extent as to avoid any considerable contraction of credits. In other words, the superstructure was saved by enlarging the foundation. This, with an ensuing short period of rest and recuperation, saved the day and made it possible to resume within a few months the onward march of business, and the upward movement of prices.

It is not generally realized how small the curtailment of credit was

that actually took place in the fall of 1907. The total decrease in loans by the national banks of the country was only \$250,000,000 out of a total of \$4,600,000,000 and probably represented largely the calling of collateral loans, or loans with stocks and bonds as security. By February or March of 1908 the curtailment ceased, and by July the loans were nearly equal to the highest of 1907; and on March 29 of this year had increased to \$5,400,000,000. Broadly speaking, commercial credits were not curtailed. In the height of the trouble they could not be; and, thanks to the heavy imports of gold, in a short time there was no need. That there was no curtailment of commercial credits the almost immediate resumption of business in record volume is proof, if proof be required.

This is the amazing feature of the panic of 1907, — the non-contraction of commercial credits. Indeed there has been, broadly speaking, no contraction of commercial credits in this country since 1896. This is the reason why the upward movement of prices and interest rates has been checked for such very short periods by the financial upsets of 1903 and 1907. And it may be fair to infer that until there is a decided contraction of commercial credits there will be no downward movement of any duration in prices or rates.

If the enormous gold production makes it possible quickly to increase the foundation of bank reserves whenever the superstructure of credits expands beyond safe proportions, is there any cause that will produce a contraction of commercial credits? If there is not, there is apparently nothing to prevent a continuation of the present movement of prices and rates for an indefinite time. Such an indefinite movement is inconceivable, though theoretically it may be possible. Our

common sense tells us that it is not practical. There must therefore be some cause that will operate to check and reverse this movement. Such a cause may well be the inability of the consumer to purchase in present volume, due to the increased cost of living, and to the extravagance of the times which has caused the old-fashioned quality of frugality to disappear, and has led the average consumer to live up to the limit of his income. Or it may be the diminishing profits of the producer, due to the increasing cost of production. Either of these causes, or any one of a dozen others to which we give little thought to-day, might bring about a questioning of individual credits. Whenever such suspicions exist, and prove to be not unfounded, there is bound to be a general liquidation. Such a liquidation may not take place in the immediate future, but it is sure, sooner or later, to occur. When it comes it will result in lower prices for commodities. The effect on interest rates may be even more pronounced. After the acute panic, the bank reserves will be as large as ever, though the superstructure of credits be much contracted. Though credits be shattered, the gold will remain.

The relation of bank reserves to interest rates is more intimate than might be supposed. The great bulk of loanable funds is bank credits, and interest rates reflect the demand and supply of these credits, and are affected by whatever affects them. Bank reserves affect the supply of bank credits or loanable funds, and therefore affect interest rates. When the ratio of bank cash-reserves to bank credits rises, interest rates decline; and when it falls, interest rates advance. At the time we are considering, the period following the collapse, the curtailment of commercial credits or bank loans has equally curtailed bank credits or deposits,

because loans and deposits move practically *pari passu*. The bank cash-reserves, after the moment of panic is over, being as large as ever, and the bank credits much reduced, it follows that the ratio of cash reserves to credits will have materially risen, and interest rates will decline. Because therefore the volume of bank reserves has been made possible by the increased gold production, credit must be given the gold production of becoming at this time a positive factor in assisting the decline in interest rates. This is not always true of any kind of an increasing volume of money, but it is true of an increasing volume of gold, because gold is bank-reserve money the world over. If, for example, the increasing volume of money were national bank notes, it would not swell the bank reserves; though it might, by acting as a home circulating medium, prevent in some degree a decrease in reserves by a demand for circulation. On the other hand, if issued to a dangerous degree, bank-notes might drive gold from the country and deplete the reserves. In any event, they could never actually increase the reserves as gold does. The character of an increasing volume of money determines its effect at this stage on interest rates. Only an inflation of the best money can at this stage produce a positive effect toward a decline in rates.

After the acuteness of the liquidation is over, for the reasons given above interest rates on unquestioned security should run very low, perhaps lower than in years, and should so continue until confidence in credits is slowly restored. During this period, securities of the first rank, whose earning power is unquestioned, should advance in price, reflecting the decline in interest rates.

The decline in interest rates would probably be sharp and quick, and in

strong contrast with the movement of commodity prices, which would continue doubtless to decline while the depression in trade lasted. This would result in bonds and stocks taking widely different courses: bonds moving up, and stocks continuing to decline even after the liquidation was over and until the subsequent period of depression was at an end.

It goes without saying that recovery would follow the collapse of credits, and its coming would perhaps be hastened by the constant increasing of bank reserves by the gold production; though it is not unlikely that the effect of the gold production would be less and less as the years go on, and the ratio of yearly output to stock on hand declines.

In conclusion, the last fifteen years have been a period of expanding credits and trade; stocks have advanced through increased earnings, because of increased volume of trade and higher prices for products; and bonds have declined because of higher interest rates. In all these results, the increased gold production has been a factor of importance. We have seen that moments of financial stringency have been quickly remedied, without the contraction of commercial credits, through the quick reinforcements of bank reserves, thanks to the great production of gold; that such moments have, relatively speaking, had little, and no lasting, effect on prices or interest rates. It is unlikely that any lasting effect will be attained until there has been a serious contraction of commercial credits. Until that

time comes, the prices of bonds will continue to decline or not advance, because interest rates will be maintained; stocks, on the other hand, will continue to rise, *provided* the earning power they represent continues to increase, with the probability that it will wane because of the increasing cost of production. When a contraction of commercial credits occurs, as it must sooner or later, the fact that increased gold production has brought into existence such vast bank reserves should cause interest rates to decline to perhaps the lowest on record. While the prostration of credit would bring about a decline in commodity prices, it is doubtful if the decline would bring prices to what they were when the increase in the production of gold began.

If there be logic and truth in the above, it will be seen that the increased production of gold will have had quite different effects on prices and on interest rates. On the former it will have had the positive effect of assisting an advance, and after a collapse of commercial credits it will have a negative effect to diminish the extent of the decline. But on interest rates its influence may be found to be twofold: first, as a positive factor in aiding an advance; and second, after the acute moment of panic is over, as a positive factor, through a large permanent increase in bank reserves, in assisting a decline. Those effects that have not already been felt will, when they occur, be reflected in the movements of securities.

POOR OLD TODIE

BY HARRY JAMES SMITH

AT Mrs. Curring's, domestics came and went, like wind-driven leaves that eddy, mid-course, into some hollow by the dusty roadside, and then scurry along again, restless, inconstant, here to-day, to-morrow whither? Domestics came; domestics went; only Todie Love stayed on and on through the years, a fixture, an institution, a tutelary presence.

It was Todie who set out the ash-cans, beat the carpets, and washed the windows, — always wheezing for breath, moving with slow, stiff, rheumatic joints, speaking rarely, but groaning much.

Within the past six months the kitchen had seen the brief incumbencies of a full half-dozen domestics. First, Irish Lizzie, who was so nervous with her hands that she could seldom wait on table without incontinently dropping a dish of soup or a cup of coffee; and so she had to be sent away. And in her stead appeared colored Jenny, who was capable, good-natured, and an excellent cook, but who daily brought a clandestine whiskey bottle in her pocket, and was thereby far too often incapacitated for duty. Therefore Jenny had to go; and in her stead came poor English Martha, a shrunken, pathetic-looking widow, whose weazened baby squalled from morning till night, and finally drove the ground-floor-extension lady to declare that she simply and positively could not stand it, and one or the other of them must go.

It was Martha who went; and after her came colored Lily, who in one

week's time stole two dozen towels, three pairs of trousers, and a silk petticoat; and was heard of no more. And in Lily's stead was appointed an immense German Adelaide, florid of countenance and stout of arm, who promised excellently; but oh, my dear, if you had once seen the awful cooking she served up! In vain Mrs. Curring labored to teach her not to scorch the oatmeal, not to make tea in the coffee-pot, not to steep the potatoes in tepid water on the back of the range. Nothing availed. With all her superabundance of physique, Adelaide was deficient in mentality.

And in her stead came English Annie, who took dope; and Irish Nan, who was too bellicose; and I think that was all, before the coming of Rose; but two or three incumbents, still more ephemeral, may have been omitted. Lizzie, Jenny, Martha, Lily, Adelaide, Annie, and Nan had all had their little day, and ceased to be; and still Todie Love was faithful, after his fashion.

'Them as treats me on the squire,' he liked to announce, sententiously, 'I treats on the squire, contrariwise.'

That was his reason for staying with Mrs. Curring. For five years he had been her devoted ally. When she was without a girl, he would even don a ragged old carpenter's apron and wash up her dishes for her. With soiled shirt-sleeves rolled back over red, freckled arms, the stub of an unlighted clay pipe stuck imperially into the corner of his mouth, wheezing, groaning, splashing, he would perform the womanish

task; and when it was finally over, would scrub out the sink carefully, wring the dishcloth, and hang it over the bottom of the dishpan on the wall.

'As tidy as a wren, if I do say it,' declared Mrs. Curring vehemently.

Mrs. Curring was always vehement, no matter what she was saying, or to whom addressing herself. She had a sturdy, almost defiant way of hurling out her assertions, with many an affirmative nod or negative toss of her touzled head, as if resolutely holding her ground against a host of adversaries.

'Say what you like about poor old Todie,' she challenged; 'but where this house would be without him, I'm sure I don't know. Todie's better than a dozen of your lying, thieving servant girls. It's my honest belief, and you may laugh at it, if you will, — yes, laugh away! — it won't make any difference with me, because I think what I think, — and what I think about Todie is that he was n't never in this world born a bum. No, sir! Since Todie Love first set foot in this house, five years ago, I've never heard him swear but once; and that was last spring at that monster of a Jenny, — you remember black Jenny? She was the one I had before the little English widow — or was it after?'

Once Mrs. Curring fairly got started, it was as bootless to attempt to stop her as to fetter the whirlwind or to choke the geyser. Your one salvation, unless you happened to be in the mood to relish her impetuous, assaulting chatter, was to flee. Stay, and after a scattering fire of reminiscences of the reigns of black Jenny and English Martha, she would finally charge full upon you with the tale of Todie's one profane explosion.

'Many's the time, as poor Todie has confessed to me since, that black Jenny would be wheedlin' and bribin' of him to do some of her own work for

her because she was too you-know-what to see straight herself.

"She plied me with the bottle, ma'm," says Todie to me, "day in an' day out, and," says he, "I did n't just 'aye the strength, ma'm, to resist the temptation."

'Only think of it, will you! — that abominable creature offering him one swig after another; and what could poor Todie do, being as the bottle is one of his great failings, as everybody knows only too well. Indeed, it's my own opinion, and you can accept it or not as you choose, that it's nothing less than the bottle as has been the ruin of poor Todie Love. No, sir, he was never born a bum, never! In London he was born, as he's told me himself more than once, and of parents as honest as any in all England.'

Here would follow an excited little digression on the honesty of the English, as a race, in comparison with the shiftiness of the Irish, and the downright treacherousness of the darky.

But to return once more, with unabated zeal, to the anecdote of Todie and black Jenny. Mrs. Curring had come in one afternoon from getting a dozen new dish-towels at a sale on Sixth Avenue; and as she entered the dining-room, she heard the sounds of a noisy wrangle in the next room; and so, quite naturally, she tiptoed to the kitchen door, and listened.

'And that monster of a Jenny must have been plaguin' the life out of poor Todie to run round to the corner, and get her some more you-know-what, for all of a sudden I heard him bang his hand down on the table — like that, — bang! and say, —

"Oh, you knows very well you can get me to do anythink you wants about this bloomin' 'ouse, you old crow, you; but if you thinks as I'm a-goin' to run of your bloomin' herrands for you, an' fetch your dope for you, you're mis-

took. I ain't sunk so low yet as to be runnin' of herrands for a black nigger. You can go to 'ell for all of me!'"

'And with that,' concluded Mrs. Curring dramatically, 'he turns on his heel, and marches out into the furnace-room, as honest and straight as a tin soldier; and I never could find it in my heart to blame him for that one profanity, which, as you may say, was in self-defense.'

To whatever estate Todie might have been born, it could not be denied that in appearance he now belonged to the large, unwinsome confraternity mentioned by Mrs. Curring. It was true he used to wash out his own clothes every once in a while, in a tub borrowed for the purpose from Mrs. Curring and transported to the dark sub-basement where, by a slender jet of gas, the mysterious operation was performed. That did not save him. He could have sat all day in Union Square, and never have been distinguished, by one trait of physiognomy or manner, from the rest of its melancholy denizens.

Every night at half-past five he received from the wisely parsimonious hands of Mrs. Curring two large sandwiches and twenty cents. The first served for his supper; the second for a glass of beer and his night's accommodation at a South Fifth Avenue lodging-house. What more Mrs. Curring's roomers might give him, for small extra services, went invariably toward the indulgence of Todie's greatest failing.

If morning came, and no Todie as harbinger of the new day to take out the ashes, Mrs. Curring knew that some one must have given him money. Late in the afternoon, — sometimes, even, not until the second or third day, — a very red-eyed, dejected prodigal would give a humble tug to the basement bell; and with a reproachful 'Oh, Todie!' she would hasten to let him in.

There was naught to be gained, she had found, by anger, or by argument. She had learned to accept the facts philosophically. Indeed, she had learned to put the blame for Todie's defections on the lodgers. He was not the beneficiary, but the victim, of their kindness. And furthermore, you see, Mrs. Curring was always in dire distress to have the accumulated ashes taken out; and come he soon, or come he late, Todie was a godsend. The longer he might have stayed away, the more of a godsend he was when he reappeared.

'And say what you will,' asseverated Mrs. Curring, valiantly, 'there's one thing about poor Todie Love, and that is, he's never once set foot in this house but he's as sober as a tin soldier.'

Such was the weak-kneed Atlas who upbore, upon his honest shoulders, the drudgery of the house of Curring. But when Rosie Dale came, it was different.

Rosie was as fresh and sweet as the blossoming spring that comes to the English Cotswolds, where she had been born. It was only a few months since she had come from the old country; and Mrs. Curring's was the first situation she had applied for. She lived with her mother, it seemed, and an infirm old granny, clear over there on the West Side near Hell's Kitchen, — not at all a desirable neighborhood; but the mother, you see, was some relative of the landlord's, and got the tenement at a great reduction of rent; and so there they were; and since the mother had been sick, it was necessary that Rosie earn what she could. That is why she had answered Mrs. Curring's advertisement in the *World*.

'I can't pretend, ma'm, as I'm anything but a downright greenhorn,' she had admitted honestly; 'but my ma says I'm right smart at pickin' things up.'

'I'm sure you be, my dear,' said Mrs. Curring, who was at her wits' end for a domestic, and noted with greedy satisfaction the simple, spotlessly neat attire of the new applicant, and her modest demeanor. 'I'm sure you be, my dear,' she said, in her most saccharine voice, 'and I'm sure your ma's a very proper, respectable woman; so you can just take off your things, Rosie, right away, and come out in the kitchen.'

Rosie hesitated, shyly. 'Ma said, if you please,' she ventured, 'that I was to ask were it gentlemen or ladies in the house, because if it's gentlemen —'

'It ain't,' broke in Mrs. Curring, vehemently. 'There ain't one in the house, except on the top two floors; and they're away all day and take their meals out. Oh, they'll never make you the least trouble in the world.'

'And I can't fetch buckets o' coals,' pursued Rosie, 'becaust my back's a bit finnicky.'

'There'll not be a stroke of heavy work for you,' replied the other, ingratiatingly. 'The washing goes out; and Todie does all the rest.'

'Todie, ma'm?'

'Yes, — Oh, I forgot, you don't know about Todie. Well, what 'ud become of this house without poor Todie, I'm sure I can't say. He's washed all my dishes for me now these four days, ever since I got rid of that monster of a Nan. Say what you like about Todie, my dear, he's the greatest convenience 'round a house I ever hope to see in my day; and as neat and tidy as a wren.'

She led the way into the kitchen, where tidy Todie had just wrung out the dishcloth, and was hanging it on the bottom of the dishpan.

'This is my new girl, Todie,' announced Mrs. Curring. 'Her name is Rosie, and I'm sure she's a little jewel.'

Without interrupting his occupation, Todie gave a skeptical grunt. 'I 'opes so,' he said stolidly.

If any one, on general principles, had a right to be skeptical, it was Todie. But that was before he had turned around, and studied the newcomer with an eye not predisposed to favor. He looked at her for long seconds, in silence.

'Ay,' he averred, at last, with a wag of the head, 'she be a jew'l.'

Rosie blushed with pleasure and embarrassment. 'You mustn't be talkin' so to the likes o' me,' she said bashfully. 'When you see what a downright greenhorn I be about the kitchen, may be you'll be thinkin' different.'

Todie indulged in a sagacious smile, which revealed his scanty assortment of stained and broken teeth.

'There's 'ope for them as knows they don't know nothink,' he asserted, with a queer, wheezy chuckle. 'It's only know-nothings as knows everythink!'

With sides that shook mirthfully over his own masterly aphorism, he shuffled out into the furnace-room, announcing, half under his breath, that there was a 'eap o' hashes to sift.'

'You may call it a very good sign, my dear,' said Mrs. Curring confidentially, 'that Todie has taken a fancy to you. Say what you will, he's got wonderful judgment.'

'I think he's very nice, ma'm,' said Rosie Dale simply. 'I'm glad he likes me.'

Long before that first day was over, an odd friendship had been firmly established between the two. Mrs. Curring observed it, and asked herself what in the world could have happened to Todie. Not one of her long procession of domestics had ever yet elicited a civil word from him. Aside from that monster of a black Jenny, who had kept ever within reach a most potent instrument of persuasion, for not one of them had he ever performed a favor. He had kept sturdily aloof, con-

temptuous, going his own course, taking orders from his mistress and none beside, fulfilling his duties, accepting his modest stipend, and departing.

And yet here he was — she caught him at it — with a broom in his hand, sweeping out the kitchen, while Rosie, following his gruff directions, took *'er* *hease* for a few minutes. She was tired, and he had seen it. So a coarse-leaved, tatterdemalion weed might offer protection to some shy little English daisy, growing beside it on the confines of the lawn.

When half-past five came, and Mrs. Curring doled out his two sandwiches in a paper bag and his twenty cents, instead of shambling away at once, he still lingered, sitting on a bench in the corner of the kitchen, and watching the little pink-cheeked creature with absorbed, almost reverent interest. At last, just before dinner-time, he got up, with slow, creaking joints and a deep, asthmatic sigh.

'Well, I be hoff,' he announced, regretfully.

'Good-night, Mr. Todie,' said Rosie Dale, with a friendly smile. 'Thank you very much, and I'm sure I hope you'll sleep well.'

He gave her an astounded look.

'Hey?' he demanded. 'Wot's that?'

'I says I hope you'll sleep well, Mr. Todie,' she repeated, in a raised voice.

'Sleep well! — You 'opes I'll sleep well, Miss Rosie?'

She turned frank, questioning eyes on his bleary countenance.

'Why not?' she laughed. 'Do you object?'

'Hobject! — Oh, sye! — Hobject!'

He turned away abruptly, and shuffled out of the room.

A minute or two later Mrs. Curring entered.

'I just can't imagine what's got into poor Todie,' she remarked. 'I come downstairs, and there he was in the

basement entry snufflin' and wipin' of his face with his sleeve. I wonder could something have happened.'

No less surprised was she the next morning, when, considerably before the hour set for Rosie's arrival, she was summoned to the grill to admit Todie.

'Why, Todie Love!' she exclaimed. 'You must have forgot I ain't without a girl any more.'

He did not look directly into her face, but shuffled hastily by toward the kitchen.

'I was a-thinkin',' he said, half apologetically, 'as the hashes might need to be took out.'

Still at a loss for an explanation of this unprecedented behavior, the lady of the house withdrew to her chamber for a final nap. It naturally did not enter her head that a miracle had taken place, and that Todie had been born again.

Yet even for miracles, in these days, we are taught to seek causes. It is not easy to believe that the mere spectacle of a lovely, innocent face, the mere utterance of a kind, friendly word could have struck so deep into the fabric of a man's character that from that day forth he became a different being. I cannot help suspecting that some slumberous memory had been awakened, that another day, another face — a sister, a sweetheart, a young wife, who knows? — had been called forth suddenly out of the dark tomb of forgetfulness; and that at the same moment old ties, old aspirations, had recovered something of their lost empire over his heart.

But however that may be, when little Rosie arrived that morning, she found a noble fire in the newly-blackened range; the floor had been scrubbed, the knives polished, the kettle filled.

'Good-dye to ye, Miss Rosie,' says Todie Love, in his most tin-soldierly manner. 'I 'opes as everythink's fine.'

'Thank you, Mr. Todie,' she said.

Something in her voice disquieted him. He noticed that her face was a little pale, as if she had not passed a good night.

'I 'opes now ye did n't find the work too bloomin' 'ard yisterdye,' he ventured solicitously.

She shook her head, rather vaguely.

'Oh, no, Mr. Todie,' she returned. 'The work was n't hard, not with you bein' so obligin' to help me, and all.'

There was a pause, while she measured out the oatmeal.

'Somethink's wrong,' he put in, obstinately.

A slight shudder crossed her shoulders.

'Nothing worth talkin' about,' she parried, as she hunted for the pudding-spoon. 'I'm a goose.'

'Come on,' demanded her companion sturdily. 'Hout with it, Miss Rosie.'

She began mixing the porridge.

'It's only — I caught a bit of a scare goin' home last night,' she explained diffidently. 'It's fearful rough over where I live; a nice girl ain't hardly safe on the street, seems like, the way things are.'

Todie growled, and shook his head like the king of beasts.

'Only to think now of my lettin' you go hoff all alone like that!' he ejaculated. 'My word, Miss Rosie, I be right ashimed!'

No such incident was permitted to occur again. Todie waited in the kitchen that night until the girl had finished her work, and then he set out with her. This became a nightly programme. He never quitted her for an instant until they reached the door of the tenement. He would shuffle along at her side, wheezing asthmatically, delaying her brisk gait a little because of his rheumatic joints; but keeping a watchful, jealous, protective eye upon her every movement.

Todie was rather a singular-looking cavalier. Little groups of toughs, standing in the bright doorways of saloons, used to look waggishly at each other and make covert jests when Una and her guardian Lion passed; but no further offense was offered, and none was ever taken, beyond an occasional sullen growl on the faithful Lion's part.

Before many weeks had slipped by, the pair came to be recognized as an institution on the streets through which lay their nightly journey, always passing at about the same hour, always engaged in happy conversation, the girl with her little hand lightly on the other's sleeve.

One night, as they drew near the tall, cheap apartment house where Rosie lived, she had a shy invitation for him.

'Please come up, Uncle Todie,' she urged. 'My ma wants to tell you herself how nice you been to me.'

Todie drew back, as embarrassed as a schoolboy before his first party.

'Ho, — Lord!' he broke out. 'Ow's that for an idee now? W'y, I ain't fit to meet your ma, Rosie.'

'Well, I don't know as I like that,' laughed the girl. 'Fit to know me, but not fit to know my ma!'

Again she urged him, with simple sincerity, to come in.

'I tells you wot,' said her escort, at last. 'I'll do it to-morrow night, h'onest to God!'

He kept his word. He had managed to provide himself, somehow, with an absurd celluloid collar and with a blue tie, considerably the worse for wear; and from a coat pocket conspicuously protruded a stiffly-starched, red-bordered handkerchief. They sat for a couple of hours in the small front room of the tenement, while Rosie sewed at a lace collar, and her mother bent over some piece-work she had got from a silk-petticoat factory. Rosie's mother

had once been in London, and she said it was like home to hear somebody telling of it again.

An old, rather battered accordion was standing on a table in the corner, and when it developed that Todie could play it, Rosie's joy knew no bounds. Even the old bedridden grandmother in the next room had to clap her hands after his rendering of the Irish Washerwoman. But the artist in Todie was not satisfied.

'Me fingers is all stiffed-up like,' he complained.

'You must come often, Mr. Todie, and limber them,' said Mrs. Dale. 'I'm sure it's very, very grateful we are to hear you.'

As a welcome visitor in the household of the Dales, and as the authorized guardian lion of Rosie, it behooved Todie Love to live, in all respects, according to the high demands of his new calling.

It soon became a habit of his to entrust into the keeping of his little protégée any such small sums of money as came to him from the lodgers upstairs.

'I ain't got no place to keep it, Rosie,' he said, by way of explanation; 'and if I just leaves it jingle in me pocket, I'm certain sure to be a-spend-in' of it, 'ere or there, before I knows it. Ye just put it awye, somewheres, like a good girl; and one o' these 'ere dyes, when there's enough, I'll be buy-in' some new togs as will be more decent-like than the ones I got.'

By this happy device Todie's greatest failing was deprived of its power to work him mischief; and not once during that winter of the miracle was Mrs. Curring summoned to the basement door to admit a dismal-featured, dejected prodigal.

'If Todie were n't fifty years old, I'd know right well what was the matter,' she declared to one of her lodgers, 'what with him and little Rosie bein'

so chummy. But it ain't that, no, sir, say what you like!'

It was not until the week before Easter that, at Todie's request, his savings were brought out and counted. They made proud little piles of the half-dollars, quarters, and dimes on the table of the tenement front-room, — thirteen dollars and eighty cents, — no, ninety cents, for a last dime was discovered under the lining of the handkerchief box which had served for safe deposit vault.

Said Todie, 'And with that I 'as the idee I can make meself look quite like a real gentleman, hey, Rosie? Would ye fancy that?'

She gave him a look of affectionate admiration. 'Oh, it would be right fine, Uncle Todie. And in the evening, next Sunday, you'd go to church with me, and we'd listen to the music together like we was the richest people in the city.'

She accompanied him to a second-hand clothing shop on Tenth Avenue, and lent advice and criticism in the selection of the needful garments: a pair of heavy, serviceable-looking trousers of brown cheviot, a black serge coat, a topcoat of light gray, absolutely as good as new save for a scarcely perceptible stain in front. Out of the same magic fund Todie provided himself with handsome new boots that creaked terrifically, and a very smart derby hat. These articles were all carefully stowed away in Mrs. Curring's sub-basement; and it was not until Easter afternoon that he appeared publicly in his brave new attire.

'O Uncle, you do look like a gentleman!' cried Rosie, jubilantly dancing round him. 'You're just too sweet for anything!'

'For anythink, eh?' says Todie, grinning with fatuous delight. 'Not too sweet to be seen with you, Rosie, I 'opes.'

'I'm right proud of your company, Uncle,' she protested. 'Only everybody'll be thinkin' as I've got a new beau, you look so different in them lovely clo'es.'

Todie did look different, it could not be denied, in the trousers that were so tight as greatly to discommode him in sitting down, and in the topcoat which, though it would not quite button in front, was yet so long in the sleeves that his poor red hands were quite hidden.

Both of them were very happy as they set out for church that evening. For Todie this transformation in appearance, with all its discomforts, meant, more specifically than anything that had gone before, the putting off of the old man with his deeds. He held up his head with a self-respect not wholly due, by any means, to the pinching collar or the taut coat. The loud-creaking shoes under his feet did not shuffle indecisively. Every step, heavy and assured, announced dignity.

As for little Rosie, not only had she Todie's company at church to make her happy, but she had a wonderful new secret in her bosom which had turned every item of the day's drudgery into an act of thanksgiving. She confided it to him that night as they walked homeward together from the mission chapel. Todie's new shoes had begun to hurt him severely; but he gave no sign of it beyond walking a little more slowly, and with somewhat more dignity than at first.

'When I got home last night, Uncle Todie, I found some lovely, lovely news waiting for me. Now, what do you think it was?'

'Somebody croaked and left ye a million,' suggested her companion with a labored chuckle.

'No, something a lot better'n that. Somebody I ain't seen since I left home is comin' across next month. He's laid

up quite a good bit o' money, and — and —'

'And you be goin' to marry him,' supplied Todie, in a harsh, accusing voice.

'Yes, I be. Ain't it lovely?' she went on hurriedly, feigning not to remark her escort's lack of responsiveness. 'I thought mebbe it would be years an' years afore that could happen, and so I ain't said nothing about it. But now I want you to know, becaust — becaust you always been so nice to me, and I knew you'd be glad I was happy.'

Todie had quickly recovered a semblance of his usual manner, and he made a scrupulous effort to answer her as she ought to be answered.

'If ever your man wants to know what a prime little hangel he got for a wife, w'y, you just send 'im to your Uncle Todie. When be ye goin' to marry 'im?'

'I dare say about as soon as he gets here. I think he's that kind of a one, as you might say.'

'And be ye goin' to live 'ereabouts, some place?'

She felt his arm, upon which her little gloved hand rested, tighten its pressure, and in a flash her eyes were opened to new things.

'I reckon he's wantin' to fetch me back to the old country,' she answered, in a frightened voice.

For a couple of blocks they walked on in silence — a silence broken only by the creaking of Todie's boots.

At last she ventured, very softly, 'I was wonderin' could I make so bold as to ask a very great favor of you.'

'There ain't nothink as I would n't do for you, Miss Rosie.'

'You see, Mr. Todie, as ma's cousin is away in Cuba, there ain't no one to give me away. I was wonderin' would you be willin' to do that, seein' what a good friend of ours you been all these months.'

She felt her hand trembling violently, as she peered earnestly into his averted face.

Todie did not answer at once. He coughed two or three times, in rather a forced way, and spat into the gutter. Then he cleared his throat.

'Hit's a great h'onor, Miss Rosie, I'm sure.'

The new clothes were not donned again until the wedding day. The groom contributed a pair of gray gloves to the handsome outfit, and Rosie pinned a large white carnation to the lapel of the black serge coat. The ceremony took place in the parish house; and when the curate demanded, 'Who giveth this woman away?' Todie took a step forward, and replied, in a loud, defiant, asthmatic voice, 'I do.'

In the dusky hallway, afterwards, she put her arms lightly upon his shoulders and kissed him.

'Good-by, Uncle Todie,' she whispered. 'Promise now you won't forget me.'

He only nodded his head in answer, while two great tears trickled down upon his cheeks.

'And you know how ma and granny will be expectin' you to drop in often of an evening. Don't forget, now!'

A taxicab was in waiting at the steps of the parish house. Rosie's husband, a blond, broad-shouldered game-warden, handed her in, entered, and they were off for the boat. Mrs. Dale went home by a cross-town car; and Todie set out afoot in the direction of Mrs. Curring's.

He walked as if only half awake, stumbling against the curbing in his great creaking boots. Arrived finally at his destination, he retired to the sub-basement and changed his clothes. When he quitted the house, a full hour before the end of the afternoon, he had a bundle under his arm.

Three days passed, and nothing was seen of him. Mrs. Curring had not yet secured a domestic. She was in despair. The whole house was topsyturvy. The furnace and the kitchen stove were clogged with ashes. The hall-rug sent out a cloud of dust wherever you stepped on it.

'Was ever an honest woman in such a plight!' cried Mrs. Curring, ready to drop with fatigue, and thinking with horror of the great pile of unwashed dishes that waited in the kitchen.

And then the basement bell gave a feeble, apologetic, well-remembered ring. She flew to the door; and there in the area-way stood poor Todie, bleary-eyed, dejected, penitent.

'Oh, Todie!' was all she said.

She opened the gate; he shuffled into the kitchen, and went silently about his work.

The old order, which had changed for six months and two weeks, had been restored again. Domestics came and went at Mrs. Curring's — black Susie, English Bess, Irish Maggie — and Todie continued to be faithful, as of yore, after his fashion. His feet clung to beaten tracks, never seeking the West Side. At half-past five every day he received two sandwiches and twenty cents from Mrs. Curring; and she earnestly prayed, and with reason, that none of the lodgers would be generous to Todie.

So a year and something more passed, and one day a letter arrived bearing an English stamp, and addressed to Mr. Todie Love. He tore it open with trembling fingers, gazed at the neat, copy-book chirography with vain longing, and handed it, with a sigh, to Mrs. Curring.

'I reckon it's too long words for the likes of me,' he remarked. 'Be it from little Rosie?'

'Yes, that it is, and none other,' declared Mrs. Curring, as she opened the

folded sheet. 'And see, Todie, here's a little home-made photo. Well, as I'm alive, if it ain't little Rosie herself — and a baby!'

He snatched the picture from her, and pored over it with blind eyes, while Mrs. Curring read aloud the prim little missive, the sender of which, it appeared, had taken her pen in hand to say that she was enjoying excellent health; also that her husband was well; and that she hoped her old Uncle Todie was in good health, and would he remember her, please, very respect-

fully, to Mrs. Curring. There was little else in the letter, saving only the important announcement of the arrival, eight weeks since, of the first baby, 'which at present writing weighs 12½ lbs.'

But when Mrs. Curring went out into the furnace-room an hour later to see whatever had become of poor Todie, she found him on the bench against the wall, with the letter in one hand, and the photograph in the other, still face to face, blindly, with the riddle of human things.

A DIARY OF THE RECONSTRUCTION PERIOD¹

BY GIDEON WELLES

VI. THE USURPATIONS OF CONGRESS

Wednesday, December 12, 1866.

Negro suffrage in the District is the radical hobby of the moment and is the great object of some of the leaders throughout the union. At the last session the Senate did not act upon the bill for fear of the popular verdict at the fall elections. Having dodged the issue then, they now come here under Sumner's lead and say that the people have declared for it.

There is not a senator who votes for this bill who does not know that it is an abuse and wrong. Most of the Negroes of this District are wholly unfit to be electors. With some exceptions they are ignorant, vicious and degraded, without patriotic or intelligent ideas or moral instincts. There are among them worthy, intelligent, industrious

men, capable of voting understandingly and who would not discredit the trust, but they are exceptional cases. As a community they are too debased and ignorant. Yet fanatics and demagogues will crowd a bill through Congress to give them suffrage, and probably by a vote which the veto could not overcome. Nevertheless, I am confident the President will do his duty in that regard. It is pitiable to see how little sense of right, real independence, and what limited comprehension are possessed by our legislators. They are the tame victims and participators of villainous conspirators.

Monday, December 24, 1866.

Most of the members of Congress have gone home or abroad on excursion.

¹ Copyright, 1910, by EDGAR T. WELLES.

sions free of expense, a popular way of travelling recently introduced by free passes and passages. It is a weak and factious Congress, the most so of any I have ever known. There is less statesmanship, less principle, less honest legislation than usual. There is fanaticism, demagogism, recklessness. The radicals, who constitute more than three fourths, are managed and controlled by leaders who have no more regard for the constitution than for an old almanac, and the remaining fourth are mostly party men, not patriots. There are but few who have a right comprehension of the organic law and our governmental system. There are a few good, conscientious men, but no great and marked mind looms up in either house. It seems to be taken for granted that Congress is omnipotent and without limitation of power. A proposition, introduced by Thad Stevens, for reducing the old State of North Carolina to a territory, was quietly received as proper and matter-of-course legislation. By what authority or by what process this is to be brought about is not stated nor asked. To break down the states, to take all power from the executive, to cripple the judiciary and reconstruct the Supreme Court, are among the principal objects of the radical leaders at this time. Four fifths of the members are small party men, creatures of corner groceries, without any knowledge of the science of government or of our constitutions. With them all, the great, overpowering purpose and aim are office and patronage. Most of their legislation relates to office, and their highest conception of legislative duty has in view place and how to get it.

The talk and labor of reconstruction is the engine by which they hold power, yet not a man among that great number of elected radicals appears to know or be able to define what he means by

reconstruction. The states were for a time, while the rebellion was going on, antagonistic. Those in rebellion were out of their proper relation to the government. But the rebellion has been suppressed. War has ceased, and those of our countrymen who were in arms are, and have been for eighteen months, pursuing their peaceful avocations. Each state has its executive, its legislative, and its judicial departments, and the whole machinery of government is in full operation; the state and municipal laws are in force; everything in each of the states is as perfect and complete as it was ten years ago before the rebellion, saving and excepting their right to representation in Congress, which is denied them by the radicals who want to reconstruct and govern them. There is nothing to *reconstruct*. If Congress will forbear longer to obstruct, the country will move on quietly and prosperously.

Thursday, December 27, 1866.

A number of the members of Congress, all I believe radicals, have gone South. They have free tickets from the War Department, and travel without expense to themselves. If some saucy fellow, with one fifth of the malignity and hate of these members, should insult or show impudence to the visitors, it would be a god-send [to them] and furnish them with reasons abundant to outlaw the whole Southern people.

Friday, January 4, 1867.

At the Cabinet to-day the President read his veto message on the bill reorganizing the District of Columbia which excluded those who had given comfort to the rebels but allowing Negroes to vote. I was not aware until to-day that the bill had been sent him. When I last conversed with him, about a week since, he said he had not received it.

He had, moreover, requested the Cabinet to consider the subject, for he should wish their written opinions. I was therefore surprised when without official cabinet consultation or opinion he, to-day, brought forward his proposed message. The document is one of length, — too much on the defensive of himself and the Supreme Court, — and does not, I think, take hold of some of the strongest points for a veto.

Seward gave it his approval and made quite a random general speech without much point. Said he had always advocated Negro suffrage and voted for it in New York. Here and in the states where there was a large preponderating Negro population it was different, — if they were not in a majority they were a large minority. That eventually universal suffrage was to prevail, he had no doubt. All governments were coming to it. There are to-day representatives in service in Egypt elected, etc., but he approved the message.

McCulloch approved the message because he was opposed to giving this privilege to the Negro. That was the sentiment of his state, as well as of himself, and he had always voted in conformity to it.

Stanbery occupied much the same position. Had as a member of the Ohio legislature voted against Negro suffrage. Should do the same to-day if there, and behind that on the naked question there were at least one hundred thousand majority against it in that state.

Stanton took from his portfolio a brief and carefully prepared written statement, to the effect that he had examined the bill and could perceive no constitutional objections to any of its provisions; he therefore hoped the President would give it his approval.

I read from some rough notes that

the bill proposed to do something more for the blacks than to raise them to an equality with the whites, — it proposed to elevate them above a certain class of whites of admitted intelligence and character who, heretofore, were entitled to and had exercised suffrage.

If suffrage is claimed for the blacks on the ground that they are rightfully entitled to it as citizens of the United States, then to deprive the white citizens of that right which they now enjoy is to inflict a punishment upon them and subject them to a forfeiture, and it is proposed to do this without due form of law, — that is, without trial and conviction, they, by an ex-post-facto law, are to be condemned. The constitution would thus be violated in two of its most important provisions, deemed essential to the preservation of liberty, and the act, if sanctioned, will stand as a precedent for any similar violation hereafter, etc.

On the other points I agreed with the gentlemen that Congress ought to pass no such law until the states had at least gone as far, — that the people of the District (the white people) ought to be heard. I expected that Stanton would have met me defiantly, but he said not a word.

Browning was opposed to the bill for the reasons stated in the veto, and so was Randall.

After all had expressed themselves, Attorney-General Stanbery enquired how long the veto could be delayed. The President said until Monday. Stanbery remarked that would not be sufficient for his purpose. He had reason to believe that the Supreme Court would give its opinion on the test-oath question on Monday, which he thought would embrace the point which I had raised. He had not turned his mind to the constitutional question, but believed the objection well taken.

Stanton still said nothing; I thought,

however, that he was of Stanbery's opinion.

General Grant, who was present by invitation, was very emphatic against the bill, not because it disfranchised rebels, for he said he rather liked that, but he thought it very contemptible business for members of Congress whose states excluded the Negroes, to give them suffrage in this District.

I agreed with him, but remarked there were other and stronger reasons also, which, in a difference between the President and Congress, should not be overlooked. McCulloch said he doubted if it would be politic to bring forward the constitutional objection at this time, for the radicals would seize hold of it and insist that we were in sympathy with the rebels.

Randall was also decisive against it. The message was just right; he would add nothing nor take anything away. I stated that I had no controversy in regard to the message, but that if there was a constitutional point against a bill which was to be vetoed, that point ought, in my opinion, never to be omitted.

Not being satisfied that the President should omit the constitutional point in his veto message, I called on him this evening for further conversation. Stanbery was with him. The President produced a file of letters of Forney, Clerk of the Senate, written while he was paying court to the President, strongly urging him to take the position he has pursued, praising and complimenting him. Yet this fellow is now attacking, abusing, and misrepresenting the President summarily in his 'two papers, both daily.'

The President heard my suggestions in regard to the constitutional objection; agreed with me; admitted, as I urged, the importance of it and of his concurrence with the court, but did not say, nor did I ask or expect him to

say, whether he would make that point in his message. I am inclined to think he will not. The question of expediency raised by McCulloch and Randall, and the point not having been original with himself, as all are aware, have their influence. Yet he hesitates. This is his great infirmity. The President has firmness but is greatly wanting in prompt decision. He is unwilling to take a step, but when it is once taken he does not recede.

Saturday, January 5, 1867.

Gave the President the passage quoted from Jefferson. It is in the first volume of Jefferson's work, — his autobiography, page 49. It is quoted by De Tocqueville. I again advised that the constitutional objection should be presented in his message.

McCulloch tells me that General Grant urged upon them to adopt the amendment. Said the North was in favor; that they had decided for it in the late election; that if not adopted the government would impose harder terms.

What nonsense! What business has Congress to impose terms upon states? General Grant, not very enlightened, has been led astray, I trust unwittingly on his part, by Stanton and Washburne.¹

Monday, January 7, 1867.

The veto went in to-day. But a party vote over-rode it, as was expected. The message was courteous in terms and the argument and reason very well, though not as strong and exhaustive as could have been wished; sufficiently so, however, to have satisfied all who are not partisans or fanatics. No calm, considerate and true statesman, or legislator, can believe it correct to impose this bill upon the District against the unanimous voice of the people.

¹ E. B. Washburne, from Grant's district in Illinois.

The ignorant, vicious, stupid Negroes who have flocked hither cannot vote intelligently; are unfit to be jurymen. The states and constitutions from which these came would oppose it within their own jurisdictions.

In the House of Representatives, fanaticism, prompted by partisanship, ran wild. The reckless leaders were jubilant, — the timid followers were abject and obedient. Ashley introduced a resolution to impeach the President, or to authorize enquiry, and by an almost straight party vote it was adopted, and referred to the judiciary committee under the previous question. It will never result, even under party drill, in an impeachment and conviction, but it is disreputable and demoralizing that a packed party majority should so belittle the government and free institutions as to entertain such a resolution from such a source. But Ashley has not done it without consulting others.

Tuesday, January 8, 1867.

The President brought forward the question of issuing a proclamation for more extended amnesty — referred to Mr. Lincoln's successive proclamations, beginning with that of September, 1862, and showing consistency and uniformity of proceedings and views.

Stanton stated that he had this morning received a copy of the act which had just passed the legislature of North Carolina, granting amnesty and oblivion; said that all our officers and soldiers were liable to be harassed and arrested through the Southern states for trespass and injury; thought it would be well there should be reciprocal amnesty. The suggestions struck all favorably and will, I think, receive consideration and action.

Another matter the President remarked he wished to bring forward was that, in view of what was taking

place around us, especially on the subject of dismantling states, throwing them into a territorial condition and annulling their present organization and government, he considered it important he should know the opinions and views of each member of the Cabinet. If we are united, that fact would carry weight with it, here and before the country; if we are not united, there is weakness.

I had observed through the whole sitting that the President was absorbed and prepared for an energetic movement, and from what he had said to me on Saturday, I anticipated what his purpose was. But he had been slow and procrastinating, and until he broached the subject I had not, after previous experience, much faith that we should reach it to-day. When he commenced, however, his countenance indicated firm and fixed resolution. He was pale and calm, but no one could mistake that he was determined in his purpose.

I doubt if any one but myself was aware of what was passing in his mind. Perhaps McCulloch may have thought of it, for I told him on Saturday evening of my interview. He said he had repeatedly spoken to the President, and had similar intimations, but he too had little confidence.

Seward was evidently taken by surprise. Said he had avoided expressing himself on these questions; did not think it judicious to anticipate them; that storms were never so furious as they threatened; but as the subject had been brought up, he would say that never, under any circumstances, could he be brought to admit that a sovereign state had been destroyed, or could be reduced to a territorial condition.

McCulloch was equally decided, that the states could not be converted into territories.

Browning, who sat next to him, began to express his views, a discourtesy

which he not unfrequently commits, but I think will not again, for Stanton interrupted him and requested him to wait his turn.

Stanton said he had communicated his views to no man. Here, in the Cabinet, he had assented to and cordially approved of every step which had been taken, to re-organize the governments of the states which had rebelled, and saw no cause to change or depart from it. Stevens's proposition he had not seen, and did not care to, for it was one of those schemes which would end in noise and smoke. He had conversed with but one member, Mr. Sumner, and that was one year ago, when Sumner said he disapproved of the policy of the administration and intended to upset it. He had never since conversed with Sumner nor any one else. He did not concur in Mr. Sumner's views, nor did he think a state would or could be remanded to a territorial condition.

I stated my concurrence in the opinions which had been expressed by the Secretary of War, and that I held Congress had no power to take from a state its reserved rights and sovereignty, or to impose terms on one state which were not imposed on all states.

The President interrupted. He said the *power* to prescribe terms was one thing; the *expediency* was another. I said I was opposed to the whole subject or theory of prescribing or imposing terms to the constitution on sovereign states on the score of expediency as well as of want of power. If there was no power, it certainly could not be expedient. I confessed I had not been as reserved as the Secretary of State and Secretary of War in expressing my opinions. When friends had approached me and conversed on these or indisputable fundamental questions, I had not refrained from stating my views, especially to those

who had consulted me. It seemed to me proper that we should do so. I had conversed with Mr. Sumner in the early part of last session, about the period that the Secretary of War had his interview,—that then Sumner had taken exception to the omission of Negro suffrage, and for that reason, and that only, he had opposed the President's policy of reconstruction.

Stanbery said he was clear and unqualifiedly against the whole talk and theory of territorializing the states. Congress could not dismantle them. It had not the power, and on that point he would say that it was never expedient to do or attempt to do that which we had not the power to do.

Browning declared that no state could be cut down or extinguished. Congress could make and admit states, but could not destroy or extinguish them after they were made.

The resolution to impeach the President, Seward and others treat lightly. My impressions are that it will not result in a conviction, although infamous charges, infamous testimony, and infamous proceedings will be produced as easily, honestly, and legally as Butler could get spoons in New Orleans. But the preliminary steps having been taken, backed by a strong party vote, the radicals are committed.

Ashley, who introduced the resolution, is a calculating fanatic, weak, designing, fond of notoriety, and not of very high-toned moral caliber. I do not think, however, that he is, as some suppose, a tool of others entirely,—certainly not an unwilling tool. He seeks the notoriety and notice, and hounds like Boutwell and Williams of Pittsburg edge him on. Colfax, though feeble-minded, is Speaker, seeks to be foremost, and has been an adviser with Ashley and pioneered the way for him to introduce the resolution. Stevens, much shrewder and abler

than either, keeps in the background, though the chief conspirator.

Thursday, January 10, 1867.

The New York *Times* correspondent states, tolerably correctly, the position of General Grant on the suffrage bill of the District of Columbia. He condemned the members of Congress for imposing Negro suffrage on this District until their states had adopted the principle. The worst thing in the bill, he said, was that which violated the constitution. Punishing rebels by ex-post-facto law was right; condemning them without trial he did not object to. Yet General Grant will very likely be the next President of the United States. I do not think he intends to disregard the constitution, but he has no reverence for it, — he has no political principles, no intelligent ideas of constitutional government, and it is a day when the organic law seems to be treated as of less binding authority than a mere resolution of Congress.

Dined this evening with the President, the Cabinet and their families, General Grant and the Tennessee delegation and their wives being present. Mrs. Taylor, wife of the member of the Eastern District of Tennessee, says she buried her dresses to keep them from the rebels, and the one she wore this evening she owned before the war and had buried it for over four years. Occasionally she unearthed her clothing, evenings, to air and preserve it. Colonel Hawkins said all his wife's dresses, save what she wore at the time, had been stolen from her, and what the rebels could not carry away they had torn up and destroyed. Mrs. Taylor said she carried arms and was at all times 'ready with her shooter.' The people of Tennessee, particularly those of East Tennessee, were great sufferers during the Civil War.

Tuesday, January 15, 1867.

The tone and language of the press and of considerate men are against the impeachment project; but the radical leaders have a purpose to accomplish and intend to press the subject. Not to do so, after what they have said and done, would check the conspiracy and be a defeat that would in all probability injure them as a party. Whether it will not injure them more to proceed and fail, they do not pause to consider. They are vindictive and restless, regardless of right, and constitutional restraint and obligations. Thus far they have been successful in exercising arbitrary and unauthorized power, and they will not hesitate in the future, as in the past, to usurp authority, to try without cause and to condemn without proof. Nor will they scruple to manufacture evidence if wanted.

There is nothing judicial or fair in this proceeding. It is sheer partisanism with most of them; a deliberate conspiracy with the few. The subject was taken up in caucus. A farce was then gone through with. A committee is sitting in secret, — a foul conspiracy, — trying to hunt up charges and evidence against as pure, as honest, as patriotic a chief magistrate as we have ever had. It is for his integrity they conspire against him.

I see by the papers this evening that the radical legislatures of one or two states are taking the matter in hand, and urging impeachment without any facts, or fault, or specified crime, as a mere party measure, but it is all in character, — a conspiracy against the constitution, and the President for adhering to it.

Saturday, January 19, 1867.

The occurrences of the week have not improved the prospect of affairs. There is a wild delirium among the radical members of Congress, which is no

more to be commended and approved than the secession mania of 1860. In fact, it exhibits less wisdom and judgment, or regard for the constitution, whilst it has all the recklessness of the secession faction. By the exclusion of ten states, a partisan majority in Congress, under the machinery of secret caucuses controlled by an irresponsible directory, has possession of the government and is hurrying it to destruction, breaking down state barriers and other departments besides the legislature. Whether some of the better disposed, but less conspicuous men among the radicals will make a stand is uncertain. As yet they have exhibited no independence, or political or moral firmness.

In the meantime the President, conscious of his right intentions and from habit, holds still and firm. Seward, relying on expedients, is dancing round Stevens, Sumner, Boutwell, Banks and others. Runs to the capitol and seats himself by Stevens in the House and by Sumner in the Senate. This makes comment in the galleries, and paragraphs in the newspapers, and, Seward thinks, will, through their leaders, conciliate the senators and representatives towards himself, if not towards the President.

Sumner is easily and always flattered by attentions and notice, though he will not relinquish what he esteems his great mission of taking care of the Negroes and subordinating and putting down the Southern whites. Seward is willing the Negroes should have all Sumner would give them, for he sets no high estimate on suffrage and citizenship.

Stevens has none of the sincere, fanatical fervor of Sumner, nor much regard for the popular element, or for public opinion, but having got power he would exercise it arbitrarily and despotically towards all who differ with

him. He has no profound respect for Seward, but feels complimented that the Secretary of State should come into the House of Representatives and sit down by and court the 'great commoner.' It is an observance that gratifies his self-esteem, a homage that soothes his arrogance.

Stanton continues to occupy an intermediate position on some important questions, differing with the President but almost obsequiously deferring to him. McCulloch says he is treacherous, and a spy. He does not, however, I think, make regular report to any one. The radicals receive his subtle advice and promptings and give him their support. The President understands him, but still consults him as fully as any member of the Cabinet. Seward and Stanton continue to co-operate together. Seward, I think, has doubts of Stanton's 'divinity,' yet, in view of his radical associates, considers him more than ever a power, and impresses the President with that fact.

Gradually the radical leaders are pressing on impeachment. Under the lead of the New York *Herald* and Forney's *Chronicle*, the radical presses are getting into the movement. Yet the exclusionists or centralists have doubts if they can succeed, though earnestly striving to that end. Violent partisanship but no statesmanship, no enlarged or comprehensive views, are developed in either house.

The states which were in rebellion are each organized and in full operation as before the rebellion, but Congress did not do this, nor have any part in it. The people themselves in the respective states did it, and the lesser lights in Congress are told that they must assist in undoing the work which has been well and rightly done by the people interested, and compel the states to go through the process of disorganizing in order to organize.

The President remains passive and firm, but with no declared policy if the radicals pursue their design to impeach and suspend him during trial. He said to me one day what he would do in a certain contingency, but it was rather thinking aloud what he might do than declaring a policy.

What General Grant and certain others might do were Congress to proceed to extremities, neither the President nor any of his true friends are aware. I doubt if Grant himself knows. The radicals who distrust him are nevertheless courting him assiduously.

Saturday, January 26, 1867.

Congress does not make much progress in the schemes of reconstruction and impeachment. The radical portion of the Republicans are as keen as ever, and will continue to be so, especially on impeachment, but the considerate hesitate. It is a party scheme for party purposes, not for any criminal or wrong act of the President.

On reconstruction, as it is called, there are differences and doubts and darkness. None of the radicals have any clear conception or perception of what they want except power and place. No well-defined policy has been indicated by any of them. Stevens wants a stronger government than the old union.

Violence of language has broken out two or three times during the week. The Speaker, whilst ready to check the Democrats, permits the radicals to go to extreme length. The President is denounced and vilified in the worst and most vulgar terms without any restraint or intimation of impropriety from the presiding officer, yet Mr. Colfax wishes to be popular. His personal aspirations warp his judgment, which is infirm, and, like most persons in striving to reach a position for which he is unfitted, he fails. Those who may

be pleased for the moment with his partisan leanings, will not confide in him beyond the moment.

Monday, January 28, 1867.

The President sent in his veto on the Colorado bill to-day, giving cogent and sufficient reasons why that territory should not with the present population be admitted as a state. A veto on the admission of Nebraska will go in tomorrow. Both these vetoes have been looked for.

Saturday, February 9, 1867.

The House has been excited for a day or two. A proposition submitted by Stevens from the reconstruction committee proposing to establish military governments over the Southern states meets with opposition from many Republicans who are not yet radicals. There has been but little legislation this session in the [proper] sense of the word. A radical party caucus decides in relation to the course to be pursued on all important questions. Two-thirds of the Republicans and all of the radical partisans attend. A majority of them follow Stevens & Co. Those who hesitate, or are opposed, have neither the courage nor the ability to resist. A measure, however offensive or even unconstitutional, having the caucus sanction, is brought into the House, the previous question is moved and carried, and, without debate, adopted. But on the matter of these vice-royalties, a stand was made against Stevens and the previous question was not sustained. Governor Banks appears to have been the leading man in opposition, but he had no plan or policy to propose. To-day, I am told, he introduced some rude scheme for a commission to take charge of each of the ten states which are under the radical ban of execution. These commissions are to disorganize the states and then reorganize them.

There is neither wisdom nor sense in the House, but wild, vicious partisanship continues, and is uncanny.

Monday, February 11, 1867.

Elliott of Massachusetts, chairman of a committee sent out by Congress to New Orleans, made a report for upsetting the state government of Louisiana and converting the state into a province or territory, over which there is to be a governor and council of nine, to be appointed by the President and Senate. These radicals have no proper conception of constitutional government or of our republican federal system. On this absurd scheme of Elliott and Shellabarger, both centralists, the House has ordered, without debate, the previous question, — prostrating a state, tearing down our governmental fabric, treating states as mere corporations.

Friday, February 15, 1867.

A call was made on the 8th of January on the President for any facts which had come to his knowledge in regard to failure to enforce the Civil Rights Bill.¹

When the resolution reached the President he brought it before the Cabinet for answer, and it was referred to the Attorney General on the suggestion of Stanton, that he should forward copies to the heads of departments for answer. On receiving the resolution I answered immediately without an hour's delay, and so, I think, did the other members, except Stanton. The subject had passed from my mind and I supposed had been reported until today, when Stanton brought in his answer to the President. It was a strange and equivocal document, accompanied by a report which he had from General Grant, and also one from Gen-

eral Howard.² Grant's report was brief but was accompanied by a singular paper transmitted to him by Howard, being an omnium gatherum of newspaper gossip, rumors of Negro murders, neighborhood strifes and troubles amounting to 440 in number, — vague, indefinite, party scandal which General Howard and his agents had picked up in newspapers and in all other ways during four weeks, under and with the assistance of the War Department which had aided in the search.

There was but one sentiment, I think, among all present, and that was of astonishment and disgust at this presentation of the labors of the War Department. The Attorney General asked what all this had to do with the enquiry made of the President. The resolution called for what information had come to the knowledge of the President respecting the execution of the law under the Civil Rights Bill, and here was a mass of uncertain material, mostly relating to Negro quarrels, wholly unreliable and of which the President had no knowledge, collected and sent in through General Grant as a response to the resolution.

Two or three expressed surprise at these documents. Stanton, who is not easily dashed when he feels he has power and will be sustained, betrayed guilt, which, however, he would not acknowledge, but claimed that the information was pertinent and was furnished by General Grant. If, however, the President did not choose to use it he would decline doing so. Subsequently he thought the Attorney General should perhaps decide.

Seward undertook to modify and suggest changes. I claimed that the whole was wrong, and that no such reply could be made acceptable under any form of words.

¹ The bill conferring citizenship on Negroes throughout the United States.

² General O. O. Howard, head of the Freedmen's Bureau.

Randall thought the letter of Stanton and the whole budget had better be received, and that the President should send in that he knew nothing about it when this Senate's resolution was passed, but that having [subsequently] received this information he would have it looked into and thoroughly investigated.

Stanton, who showed more in countenance and manner than I ever saw him, caught at Randall's proposition. Said he would alter his report to that effect and went to work with his pencil.

Seward indorsed Randall. Said he thought all might be got along with, if that course was pursued.

I dissented entirely, deprecated communicating this compilation of scandal and inflammable material, gathered by partisans since the action of Congress and represented to be a matter of which the President had knowledge when the resolution was passed. It would be said at once by mischievous persons that he was [in possession of] facts of which Grant complained, but of which the President took no notice, that Congress had called out the information and [that] Grant communicated it, and that there is mal-administration; that this was the purpose of the call, the design probably of the members who got it up.

Stanton looked at me earnestly. Said he was as desirous to act in unison with the President as any one — no matter who; that this information seemed to him proper, and so, he said, it seemed to General Grant who sent it to him; but if others wished to suppress it, they could make the attempt, but there was little doubt that members of Congress had seen this — likely had copies. Finally, and with great reluctance on his part, it was arranged that he should, as the rest of us had done, give all the information called for which had come to his knowledge in answer to the reso-

lution; and that the reports of Grant and Howard should, with the rumors, scandal and gossip, be referred to the Attorney General for investigation and prosecution, if proper.

It was evident throughout this whole discussion of an hour and a half that all were alike impressed in regard to this matter. McCulloch and Stanbery each remarked to me before we left, that here was design and intrigue in concert with the radical conspirators at the capitol. Stanton betrayed his knowledge and participation in it, for though he endeavored to bear himself [well] through it, he could not conceal his part in the intrigue. He had delayed his answer until Howard and his subordinates scattered over the South could hunt up all the rumors of Negro quarrels and party scandal and malignity, and from them [this alleged evidence had been passed] through General Grant, on to the President. It would help generate differences between the President and the General, and if sent out to the country under the call for information by Congress, would be used by the demagogues to injure the President and, perhaps, Grant also.

Seward obviously saw the intent and scope of the thing and soon took up a book and withdrew from the discussion. His friend, Stanton, was in a position where he could do little to relieve him. Randall played the part of trimmer to extricate Stanton, who availed himself of the plank thrown out.

Saturday, February 16, 1867.

Had a brief interview with Brown- ing (who was at my house, at a reception, last evening) concerning the proceedings yesterday. He expressed his amazement at the course of Stanton. Said he listened and observed without remark till the close, and was compelled to believe that there was design and villainy, if not absolute treachery,

at the bottom. It was with reluctance he came to this conclusion, but it was impossible to do otherwise.

I have been so disturbed by it and by the condition of affairs that I made it a point to call on the President and communicate my feelings. I told him that it was with reluctance I was compelled to express an unfavorable opinion of a colleague, and that I would not do so except from a sense of duty. I adverted to the occurrences of yesterday and told him I had carefully and painfully pondered them, and my first impression was fully confirmed by reflection, that the details of Stanton's report, the introduction of Grant and Howard, with their catalogue of alleged murders and crimes unpunished, which had been industriously gathered up, was part of a conspiracy which was on foot to destroy him and overthrow his administration; that it was intended the statement of reported murders should go abroad under his name, [as if it had been] drawn out by Congress, and spread before the country on the passage of the bill establishing military governments over the Southern states as a justification for legislative

usurpation. That report was to be the justification for the act. [I told him] that there had been evident preconcert in the matter and that radical congressmen were acting in concert with the Secretary of War. I alluded to the manipulation of officers by the War Department, and mentioned how improper men had been placed at important points, and how I had been impressed with the views of the Secretary, which we all knew to be radical and hostile to the President's policy. [Finally I said] that I could perceive Grant had been strongly but unmistakably prejudiced, — perhaps seduced, worked over and enlisted, — and that gradually the administration was coming under the War Department.

The President listened and assented to my observations, spoke of the painful exhibition which Stanton made of himself, said he should, but for the rain, have sent for Grant to know how far he really was involved in the matter, etc. [He added] that as regards the military governments, they were not yet determined upon, perhaps would not be. He still hesitates, fails to act, retains bad advisers and traitors.

(To be continued.)

SHAKESPEARE'S FOOLS

BY ELEANOR PRESCOTT HAMMOND

SOMETHING over a generation ago, when the *Origin of Species* seemed likely to solve the riddle of the world, students of literature essayed to apply to their mystery the new key of the evolutionary hypothesis. Chaucer and Shakespeare were brought in turn to its test, and the resultant theory of periods in the one poet's work corresponding to change in his literary models, the grouping of the other poet's plays according to his supposed personal moods, satisfied the desire for clearness and for classification fostered by the increasingly scientific trend of thought. We believed that we saw the better for the formula.

Now, however, our widening knowledge reveals in each poet's production survivals of earlier tendencies, cross-currents of influence, which must give us pause. We realize that a body of work which we know, and a personal life of which we know nothing, cannot be explained in terms of each other. And it is not the theory of development, but our persistent exploration of the Elizabethan age, our gathering of that 'fresh knowledge' insisted on by Arnold as the safeguard of truth, which has enlarged our view of Shakespeare. We are compelled to conceive how great a part the prevailing literary fashion, the popular demand, the structural features of the playhouse, must have borne in shaping the plot and the text of the dramatist, to recognize that the line of personal growth in the man might at any moment be traversed by an occasional external influence upon

the dramatist. Our intense present-day interest in things theatrical, an interest without parallel in English history, also leads us to see in the Shakespearean drama, the work not only of a poet and a man understanding of men, but of an actor and stage-manager. His text was conditioned by his own mood, by his fellow dramatists' productions, by the actors for whom he wrote.

This phrase, the actors for whom Shakespeare wrote, does not mean, as it would at present, the world of English-speaking actors; it means the company of which Shakespeare was a member. His work was done, not, as a modern dramatist's, for any company which Heaven and Frohman may please to call together, but for a small united band of men of whom he was one, with whom he lived in close intimacy. The form of words which styles him a professional manager writing for his bread and for the honor of his comrades, quite as much as for love of the game, is no idle one. He may have turned the pages of Holinshed's *Chronicle* from literary interest, but it is as likely that his trained eye was searching for a story which would hang well on the shoulders of his close friend and leading tragic actor, Richard Burbage. Lately it has been pointed out that as Burbage grows older Shakespeare's central figure grows older, that the progress from Romeo and Richard through Benedick and Hamlet to Macbeth and Lear is a noticeable one. Much more could be done in this field of Shakespearean study had we more than scat-

tered notices regarding the make-up of the company, notices particularly interesting, and particularly incomplete, on some points in which Shakespeare differs from all his contemporaries. For example, the introduction and treatment of the Fool.

Shakespeare's fools are for the most part an adjunct to Shakespeare's comedy; but into the uncharted province of comedy we do not enter here. We know it as the abode of intrigue, of lighter and lesser plot rather than of character contending with circumstance; a world in which, according to Shakespeare, the father may set his daughter's happiness upon a hazard, the lover may change his love at a word, the traitor may repent at the last moment and receive the prize; a world in which speed and variety of incident, sparkle and vivacity of dialogue, not unity of impression or consistency of motive, are the ideal of the workman. In this maze the guiding thread is love, and the principles of the comedy are the lovers divided for a time by some cross fortune, to be united joyously in the last act. Behind the lovers there usually appear, or are felt, the would-be arbiters of their fate, the older figures who thwart or fix events. The dead hand of Portia's father, and the living grasp of Shylock, twist the strands of the *Merchant of Venice*; the two dukes form a stable centre about which revolves the frolic of *As You Like It*; the dignified figures of Theseus and Hippolyta preside over the tangle of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. And, dependent upon the fortunes of the lovers, runs an attendant train of waiting-maids, pedants, shepherds, fairies, and clownish servants, who furnish the blunders, the pompous pretense, the teasing, the mirth, and the music, whose humors and whose stupidity are used by the Elizabethan dramatist partly as brief front-stage scenes to give time for

changes in the main action, partly to meet the demand of the London public for word-play and buffoonery.

This is the simplest form of Shakespearean romantic comedy; it is an enlargement of the still simpler scheme of the Latin comedy; that is, the arbitrary father, the son in love, the knavish or clownish servant of the younger man. How Shakespeare progressed beyond this rudimentary outline; how he swung from farce to romance and back again, from romance to the verge of tragedy and back again; how he wove dissimilar actions, arranged his scenes to obtain variety in pace and tone, and transformed his wit-combat from the wooden sword-clatter of clowns to the swift rapier-play of Beatrice and of Rosalind, it is the duty of the historian of comedy to trace. We who contemplate but the one Elizabethan can follow, in even a single reappearing feature, such as his Clown or Fool, the progress of the dramatist's experience.

Nor is it merely the progress of his experience in the sense of his own personal creative desire freely unfolding year after year. It is the progress of that growing intellectual desire as acted upon by the many compulsions which beset Shakespeare, — the compulsion of his material, the compulsion of his stage equipment, the compulsion of his audience, the compulsion of his band of actors. We are still far from being able to estimate the influence of this last upon him. It is from little more than occasional lists of the cast in early editions, from slips in the quartos of Shakespeare by which the actor's name is printed instead of the character's, from diary and verse-allusions to the impersonators of special parts, that we piece together our fragmentary information as to the King's Men, the group of players who ranged themselves first under the protection of Lord Leicester's name, and, after bearing various titles,

became King James's Servants in 1603. Such a list, prefixed to the first edition of Ben Jonson's *Every Man In His Humour*, includes 'Wil. Shakespeare, Ric. Burbadge, Aug. Phillipps, John Hemings, Hen. Condell, Tho. Pope, Wil. Sly, Chr. Beeston, Wil. Kempe, John Duke.' One of these men had perhaps an influence upon Shakespeare's comedy, — the actor William Kemp.

Kemp was a clown and buffoon of the most pronounced type. His popularity with the cheaper and noisier element of an Elizabethan audience was very great; frequently he appeared alone at the end of a play in what was called a jig, a long song and dance of improvised character, full of allusions to people and events, local 'gags,' and direct address to the audience; and the success of this sort of impromptu with the groundlings was so great that the vain and ignorant Kemp extended his improvisations to the text of the part which he sustained within the play. Mantzius has suggested that this habit of Kemp's must have been particularly obnoxious to Shakespeare, and may have led to Kemp's leaving the company, which he did about 1598. A passage in the later play of *Hamlet* lends color to this suggestion; it occurs in Hamlet's instructions to the players: 'And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.'

The last part in a Shakespearean play which Kemp is known to have taken was that of Dogberry in *Much Ado About Nothing*; the associated part of Verges was taken by Richard Cowley, who remained of the company

until his death in 1618. We know also, from the accidental insertion of Kemp's name in the early prints, that he played Peter in *Romeo and Juliet*; and it is supposed, with strong probability, that he enacted the Shallow of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* and second *Henry IV*. For Kemp's other parts we have but surmise; yet from the fact that so popular an actor must receive his opportunity in most of the company's plays, and from the character of the Peter and the Dogberry rôles, we deduce the probability that the Costard of *Love's Labour's Lost*, one of the Dromios in the *Comedy of Errors*, Launce in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Bottom in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, perhaps Launcelot Gobbo in the *Merchant of Venice*, were done by Kemp.

In all these parts there is a strong family resemblance: as we call up mental pictures of Costard, Dromio, Bottom, and Dogberry, we imagine them of one common physical type, half-rustic, half-aldermanic figures, with small dull eyes, big heads, clumsy bodies, and gait of Sir Oracle. Such personages often bear but the loosest relation to the story; and in many of the comedies mentioned there is a noticeable distinction between the clown-scenes and the bulk of the play. Bottom and his fellows constitute a plot by themselves; Launcelot Gobbo and his peasant-father in the *Merchant of Venice*, Launce and Speed or Launce and his dog in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, are very palpably given the stage at times by the playwright-manager Shakespeare; Costard and Dull and the two Dromios have their separate scenes of laborious punning and slap-stick dialogue. Whatever the clown may nominally be in these earlier comedies, — servant, messenger, or artisan, — he gets his chance alone with the audience. His function, whenever he does impinge upon the plot, is to

blunder or be the victim of a blunder.

About the year 1598, however, the Shakespearean comedy undergoes a change, a change which had been more than foreshadowed in *The Merchant of Venice* two years earlier. The plot of this latter play, with its complex interweaving of strains, its heightened story interest, its brilliant womanly figure as centre, is in striking contrast to all preceding comedy. We can readily imagine that here for the first time the audience laughed somewhat perfunctorily at the Clown, in their impatience to resume the tale of Shylock and Antonio; and here for the first time the central personages carry a generous share of the wit of the play. The clown-note is still there; but we may suggest with plausibility that it was there because Kemp was still of the Shakespearean company and must receive his portion of front-stage scene.

Of these new features several reappear still more markedly in *Much Ado About Nothing*. Who the youth was who had played Portia we do not know, but he was again made conspicuous as Beatrice, and in the following year given a yet more admirable rôle as Rosalind. The wit of the play is transformed and transferred from the punning, tumbling, blundering Clown to the brilliant badinage of highborn, gallant-hearted, swift-tongued women. Kemp has his part in *Much Ado About Nothing*, but it is not likely that in the face of such strong story interest, of such play of teasing wit in the main action, the audience would welcome interpolation by the Clown as they welcomed it in plays more loosely and thinly built.

At the close of 1598 or in early 1599 Kemp left the Shakespearean company; and the two comedies which follow, *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*, show certain features which can be due neither to coincidence nor to a supposedly joyous mood just then in Shakespeare's

thought. Not only is some clever lad advanced by the dramatist-manager to the centre of the stage in the supreme women's parts of Rosalind and Viola; not only is the heavy-headed, heavy-paunched champion of his own quality displaced by the slender, quick-eyed, close-hooded court jester, agile as a monkey, domestic as a cat, faithful as a dog, intrusive as a parrot; but there is marked at this point the change in Shakespearean music from the part-song or casual comic snatch to the love-lyric brought in perforce to display the solo voice. *The Merchant of Venice* possessed a strong musical element; the opening of the last act is pervaded with it; but the actors do not produce it, they listen and comment. In *Much Ado About Nothing*, however, the servant Balthasar is called upon to sing; in *As You Like It*, the lord Amiens, one of the banished Duke's followers, is twice bid sing; in *Twelfth Night* the fool Feste sings twice at command, and has also the song-epilogue, with frequent bits of music in other scenes. Did this same actor, another figure now brought forward by Shakespeare, carry the part of the Fool in *Learn*, with its constant snatches of song?

Weaving together these suggestions, we find ourselves with a view of Shakespearean comedy something on this wise: that up to *The Merchant of Venice* Shakespeare allowed Kemp much his own way in the comic parts; that with that comedy and *Much Ado About Nothing* he modified and fitted more closely to his plan the conventional clown-part, centring the interest upon the woman's figure, for which he had found an impersonator; that, after the withdrawal of Kemp, the dramatist, anxious no doubt to overcome the regret of the audience for the departed favorite, retained in *As You Like It* a conspicuous fool-figure, which he altered in *Twelfth Night* to suit the youth-

ful singer whom he had been training in minor rôles in the comedies just preceding.

Is it a mercenary, box-office view which suggests that the greatest of Shakespeare's comedies were produced in part to supply the loss of one actor, to meet the talents of others? But when we consider if he who played Touchstone could have played Malvolio, have played Edgar in the Tom o' Bedlam scenes of *Lear*, have played Stephano in the *Tempest*, are we not following the only line of Shakespeare's daily thought which we are capable of following? We know that Falstaff, as created by Shakespeare's friend and fellow-actor John Heming, became instantly one of the most popular of characters, and it is a credible tradition which asserts that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was written at the Queen's command, that she might see Falstaff in love. The figure of Falstaff in this play is escorted by that of the immortal Slender, sighing for sweet Anne Page; the jovial bulk of the one, the lackadaisical length of the other of the ill-assorted comrades delighted the Elizabethans as they do us.

Is it accident that in the later *Twelfth Night*, along with the highly sentimental plot of Viola and the Duke, there is interwoven a rollicking plot of Shakespeare's own creation, in which the jovial bulk and the lackadaisical slenderness again walk the stage together as Sir Toby and Sir Andrew? Is it accident that Sir Andrew sighs unavailingly, as Slender had sighed? In these products of high and joyous imagination, even as in the world of commerce, there is a relation between demand and supply. The situation of confident masculine superiority tricked into love had proved popular in *Much Ado About Nothing*; the figures of Falstaff and Slender had proved popular in the *Merry Wives*; the motives and figures of these earlier comedies were

unhesitatingly reemployed by Shakespeare in *Twelfth Night*.

There is but a step from the study of Shakespeare's practical reworking of stock situations — such as the maiden disguised as a page wooing another woman for her secretly beloved lord, or the tricking a man into believing a woman in love with him — to a study of the practical daily duty of the dramatist to employ his company in the kind of rôles best fitted for them. It is a mark of the poet's artistic development that the device when repeated is raised to a higher power; it is a mark of his professional tact and his professional necessities that the device and the character-type, when successful, should reappear.

Such, then, may be in part the reason for Touchstone, the first of Shakespeare's true fools: a concession, on the one hand, to the demand of the public for scenes of interlude and display of verbal agility; an effort, on the other hand, to differentiate the new buffoon in look, costume, and function, from the type represented by Kemp. Touchstone, as befits his calling, appears usually at the elbow of his patron; his unsolicited comment is intruded just as his later colleague Sam Weller intruded his anecdotes upon Mr. Pickwick, and has no more to do with shaping the romantic plot. Despite Professor Barrett Wendell's stricture, however, that Touchstone and his fellows are not essential parts of the plays in which they appear, that without them everything might fall out as it does, I think we feel between this Fool and his world a living and necessary bond, a bond other than that which links Dogberry or Bottom to the play in which, not of which, he is a part.

A romance is nothing if not discursive, gregarious; it flies from court to camp, and finds each populous; its personages stroll about, innocent of dra-

matic purpose, desiring only to fleet the time as they did in the golden world. Doubtless the plot of *As You Like It* would work out were Touchstone absent; but the less said the better about a plot to which Touchstone is unnecessary, and to which the impossible repentances of Oliver and of the usurping Duke are necessary. *As You Like It* has no plot, it has situation, — situation carefully created, but carelessly dissolved; and to the situation Touchstone is necessary. He is the bond between the real world outside the forest and its temporary substitute; the Fool's is the only steady head in the epidemic of romantic exile and romantic love. The atmosphere of Arden would be but the ordinary mingling of ozone and sentiment, were not that loyal devotee of court life twirling his bauble under the antique oaks; the key of romantic extravaganza would lack of its full chord did we not hear the voice of the Fool's common sense parodying Orlando's love-verses and capping Rosalind's 'Well, this is the forest of Arden!' with 'Ay, now I am in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place!'

Touchstone is on the stage in seven scenes, and conspicuous in most of them; he talks constantly, but it is no Dogberry braggadocio and mispronunciation; his reproof to the shepherd Corin for his mode of life and his dissertation on the Lie seven times removed are the stuff that high comedy, not farce, is made of. There is, however, one slender bond between him and the earlier clowns of Shakespeare: he seems, like them, a man of mature years. And if the rôle of Touchstone was played, as seems probable, by the actor who succeeded to Kemp's place in the Shakespearean company, this feeling is justified by the age of the new comedian, Robert Armin, for whom Shakespeare in such case intended the part.

Armin, a poverty-stricken scribbler of about thirty, had recently been the clown of the company known as Lord Chandos's Men. We know that he took up the rôle of Dogberry played by Kemp; what more likely than that he should in the following year be cast as Touchstone? He was still with the King's Men in 1605, when the will of one of them made bequests to several fellow actors; but for some subsequent years he seems to have been in other fields, returning to his allegiance in 1610, not long before his death. While with the Shakespearean company, he achieved high repute as a comic actor; and it is noteworthy that the part of Malvolio, which is recorded as immensely popular with Elizabethan audiences, follows close after Touchstone chronologically, and is, in the stock companies of our own generation and the last, usually impersonated by the same actor.

Neither Touchstone, nor the whole group of victim and victimizers in *Twelfth Night*, — Malvolio, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Maria, and Feste the Fool, — is in the original used by Shakespeare. Perhaps it was the Elizabethan joy in a complex and variegated comedy-pattern which impelled Shakespeare to weave other threads into the Italian love-story of mistaken identity and tangled wooing, to transform the colorless Italian household of Olivia's servants into the damask and the yellow, the sable and the motley, the laughter, mischief, and music which delighted an English audience. Perhaps it was the dramatist-manager's desire to give each of his company a characteristic opportunity in a comedy written for court presentation which urged Shakespeare in *Twelfth Night*; for there is no other play by him, in which so many sharply differentiated parts are on a nearly uniform level of interest. The dreamy sentiment of the Duke, the manly vehemence of Antonio, the devotion of

Sebastian, the proud passion of Olivia, the tenderness of Viola, permitted a quintette of actors full exercise of their romantic talents; the figures of Sir Toby and Sir Andrew are so evidently a reincarnation of Falstaff and Slender that doubtless the actors who earlier carried those parts reappeared now; the rôle of Malvolio afforded as fair an opportunity to the powers of Armin — or another — as it afforded food for laughter to a queen of anti-Puritan leanings; and the lad whose voice had already won him notice sang here in fool's costume.

Feste, the fool of *Twelfth Night*, is hardly more than a boy; he is perhaps, as suggested, the same who sang the part of Amiens in *As You Like It*; and his beautiful voice and powers of vocal mimicry are especially displayed in *Twelfth Night*. He is twice called upon the stage solely that he may sing, and he is left on the stage to sing the epilogue; the scene in which he teases the imprisoned Malvolio is full of song-snatches; but his other duties in the play are merely those of the earlier servant-clowns, to carry a message, to play with words, to vex his mistress with a sharp saying or two. And with this disposition of him we find ourselves entirely in accord. The play is packed so full of intrigue and of varied feeling, the mixture of highflown sentiment in the Duke's speeches, of bitter reproach in the episode of Antonio's arrest, of absurd caricature in the trick upon Malvolio, of ridiculous cowardice in the pretended duel scene, of love burlesqued in Sir Andrew, love suppressed and love passionate in Viola and Olivia, carry the audience through such a gamut of interests and emotions, that the figure of the Fool is but an ornament. As such, Shakespeare uses him; Feste is the singing boyish voice of this comedy, vocal with song.

Twelfth Night is the last, for a long

time, of Shakespeare's true comedies. The three years following 1600 contain, besides *Julius Caesar* and *Hamlet*, three bitter plays, comedies only in the sense that they do not find their solution through death: *All's Well That Ends Well*, *Measure for Measure*, *Troilus and Cressida*. *All's Well* has a clown, servant to the mother of the contemptible Bertram out of whom Shakespeare makes a hero; *Measure for Measure* has a constable, Elbow, and two or three jolterheads who with him muddle evidence before the Duke. With both we are back upon an earlier plane of Shakespeare's work. The clown is of his first servant type, — quibbling on words, blundering over messages, intruding coarse foolery upon his superiors; and the constable is an attempted recall of Dogberry.

We must feel in these supposedly comedy figures a flagging of Shakespeare's interest; and this change is more than paralleled in the major motives of the two plays. Their plots both turn upon ideas intensely repugnant to us; they are alike in our view harsh, bitter, impossible; we refuse acceptance to their unforgivable heroes, their incredibly forgiving heroines. Nor can we believe, different though the Elizabethan feeling is for some Shakespearean figures, such as Shylock or Iago, that the audience of that time regarded these two 'comedies' more as food for mirth than we do. Neither, I think, can we quite follow the suggestion of Leslie Stephen, who saw in these plays also the playwright's attempt to supply certain of his company with the kind of characters best fitted to them.

It is a poor theory which covers all the facts. Students who treat Shakespeare's work and life in moods may be termed visionary at some points, but they have here their capital argument. For these few plays, lying between the High Comedies and the beginning of

the great tragedy-period, we have as yet found no explanation other than the passing of their author through a time of bitter personal feeling, a time reflected perhaps also in the later series of the sonnets.

The line of the tragedies, which begins with *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet* about 1600 and extends to about 1608, has only one figure to detain us, that of the Fool in *King Lear*. Upon his character and *raison d'être* there has been a wider diversity of critical opinion than upon any other Shakespearean creation except *Hamlet*. All students attribute to his figure profound meaning: Dowden, for instance, says that our estimate of the play depends upon the view we take of the Fool.

In arriving at that view, it is of paramount importance to remember that in Shakespeare's original the Fool does not exist; his figure entire, and the sharing of Edgar as a pretended lunatic in the mad scene on the heath, are additions by Shakespeare. It is also to be borne in mind that when Shakespeare added a professional jester to the cast of this tragedy, and when he placed the mad scene at the centre of the play, he was, as an actor, entirely aware of the importance he was giving these features. The stress upon the Fool's part is assuredly intentional; how are we to interpret it?

We regard *King Lear* as one of the two most harrowing of Shakespeare's tragedies. The name of Lear stands in popular parlance for the martyrdom of trusting and abused fatherhood; the names of Goneril and Regan are synonyms for monster. Yet outside the range of that popular estimate which is based on tradition, there has been found another view, — the view that Lear's two daughters are, up to the time of his madness, guilty of no great misconduct toward him; that his own cruel violence, at the opening of the play,

in disowning Cordelia and banishing the devoted Kent for a whim, demands a return blow from Fate; that the highly probable disorders of his followers in his daughters' houses, the gross rudeness of the disguised Kent when acting as his messenger, amply merit the stocks, and the request of Goneril and Regan that Lear dismiss part of his train; that the fury of the curses which Lear heaps upon them for this request and for their punishment of Kent's conduct is out of all human reason, though it is of a piece with the headlong violence of Lear during the first half of the play. In short, there is a view in which, if we read the text without traditional prepossession, we shall find insufficient cause for Lear's frenzied flight into the storm. Up to that point we cannot say that Lear has received worse treatment than he has given, or as bad. Now, how does Shakespeare make it appear that Lear is a pitiable, martyred figure, that Goneril and Regan are monsters?

The most effective means by which he reaches this is the use of the subplot, the story of Gloucester and the unredeemed hideousness of his traitor son Edmund. By making both Goneril and Regan love Edmund with jealous sensuality, by making them active sharers in the blinding of the helpless Gloucester almost in the presence of the audience, the dramatist drives us to horror and loathing of them; their previous conduct to their father appears in the lurid light of their later conduct to others. And since no one ever sees the play without a prepossession from hearsay or reading, the first half of it is judged by us in anticipation. We do not recognize the way in which, for the Elizabethans, opinion of Lear changed at the middle of the play; and it is therefore hard for us to see the real function of the Fool.

The Fool does not come upon the

stage until near the close of the first act, when his opening speech attacks Lear for the unwisdom of his division of the kingdom. Thereafter he appears in six long scenes, always at Lear's elbow, and always harping upon the same theme. To one of his earlier gibes Lear says, 'Dost thou call me fool, boy?' and the Fool answers, 'All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.' He proclaims that the reason a snail has a house is that he may put his head in it, not that he may give it away to his daughters; he taunts Lear that he has made his daughters his mothers; in the uproar of the storm on the heath he cries to Lear to go in and ask his daughters' blessing. Not all his chatter is of this kind: part of his talk and part of his constant snatches of song, especially in the mad scene, are aimless and witless, lending all the more force to the sudden stabs of meaning which reach the old king's half-dazed mind. Early in the play, in response to the Fool's goading tongue, Lear threatens the whip; a little later, when Lear is pacing the stage, struggling against the fear that his daughters mean to compel his will to theirs, he laughs mechanically one moment at the sound of the Fool's voice, and in the next moment marks it no longer; but when the storm is upon them, when Lear's brain has begun to turn, he is beyond all hearing of the Fool's labored jests; it is not till his eyes fall upon the wretched cowering figure that he realizes the Fool's presence.

Surely the audience, whatever its first opinion of Lear's violence, has changed its attitude when the moment arrives in which the storm-beaten, bewildered, discrowned king bends over his servant to say, —

'Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my
heart
That 's sorry yet for thee.'

The presence of the Fool in the mad scene, as in all preceding scenes, is then not only a pitiful travesty, in his almost solitary devotion, of Lear's former court, but also a means of influencing our feeling towards Lear. At first we agree with the Fool's mocking censure of his master; but while the knowledge remains with us, thanks to the Fool's unrelenting tongue, that Lear has pulled his fate upon his head, we soon reach the point when we do not wish to hear these reminders, and the Fool's ill-timed iteration becomes painful to us, whose ideas of Lear are changing. But even as Lear's helplessness palliates his earlier sins, so does the Fool's visible suffering, in the mad scene, palliate his earlier bitter jests. Only from such weakness, and from the mouth of a fool, could we have tolerated them; nor would we tolerate them except from a fool whose years, like his wits, are too scanty to realize his master's agony.

The age of Lear's fool has been a disputed question. It would seem as if Lear's greeting on his entrance, — 'How now, my pretty knave!' — as if the king's constant address of him as 'my boy,' 'my good boy'; as if the Fool's evident physical fragility and timidity, were sufficient indications of his youth. But critics like Furness, for instance, opine that the wisdom of the Fool is too deep for any boy, and would see in the Fool a man of much the same age as Kent, a man of small and slender frame, of course, but still a grown man. Let us however add to the indications of the Fool's youth in the text, the force of the theatrical contrast of persons and voices which would result in the mad scene were the Fool a boy; the aged king raving at the storm, the sane but desperately anxious Kent urging his services upon his master, and the boyish singing voice of the wander-witted Fool breaking into the pauses of Lear's fury with scraps of

senseless song, laboring, as the text says, 'to outjest Lear's heartstruck injuries.'

Let us ask ourselves, again, if this lad who sings so frequently be not, in the Shakespearean company, the Fool of *Twelfth Night*; there is even one snatch of song here which is reminiscent of the epilogue song in the earlier play. Do we query what rôles the boy could have played in the years between *Twelfth Night* and *Lear*? Why not Ophelia, and her madness and her song? We must remember that all the women's parts were taken by boys; and the very fact of Ophelia's being made to sing on the stage shows that one lady was noted for his voice. We must remember also, in discussing any one actor's rôles, that the King's Men had in their repertoire plays by writers other than Shakespeare; when the students of seventeenth-century stage history shall have gathered all their material, we may perhaps know the repertoire of Shakespeare's stock company from month to month, and be able to see the succession of parts taken by its different members.

That this succession will differ markedly from the procedure of modern times, we have no reason to believe. The managerial assignment of such a group of parts as Falstaff, Sir Toby Belch, the First Grave-digger in *Hamlet*, Stephano in the *Tempest*, to that individual in the company best adapted to play them, is not peculiar to either the nineteenth century or the seventeenth; it is a characteristic of stock companies. The repertoire of the leading comedy actor in the Ben Greet company to-day is close to that of the late George Weir, the veteran comedian of the Benson company, and may be compared with that of John Lowin, prominent among the King's Men from the death of Heming to the closing of the theatres. Dickens's assignment of rôles

among the followers of the immortal Mr. Crummles is typical of theatrical managers at all dates; and though we would not affirm that Shakespeare inserted front scenes for Kemp or songs for his boy-protégé in the same way in which Nicholas Nickleby was required to insert a dance for Mr. Folair, we might repeat that the practical workings of a stock company are much the same in all ages, and that the company's author might sometimes see his opportunity through the lens of necessity. In Shakespeare's case, it needs not say, such a conjectured necessity is, like the clocks of his ancient Rome and the sea-coast of his Bohemia, forgotten in the joy of his triumphant invention. To quarrel with him because expediency shared with inspiration in the bodying-forth of Falstaff and Mercutio, Dogberry and Slender, were like quarreling with the violin because its anguish and its ecstasy reach our souls only over a bridge of catgut and hair.

In all this suggesting, this piecing together of possibilities, there is an uncertain quantity of no uncertain magnitude, — the will of Shakespeare. Emphasize as we may the compulsion of his material and of his company upon him, we cannot exclude the likelihood that at any moment some influence unknown to us may have shaped his course. Of Lear's fool, for instance, Bradley has said: 'One can almost imagine that Shakespeare, going home from an evening at the Mermaid, where he had listened to Jonson fulminating against fools in general and perhaps criticising the Clown in *Twelfth Night* in particular, had said to himself, "Come, my friends, I will show you once for all that the mischief is in you, and not in the fool or the audience. I will have a fool in the most tragic of my tragedies. He shall not play a little part. He shall keep from first to last the company in which you most object to see him, —

the company of a king. Instead of amusing the king's idle hours, he shall stand by him in the very tempest and whirlwind of passion. Before I have done, you shall confess, between laughter and tears, that he is of the very essence of life, that you have known him all your days though you never recognized him till now, and that you would as soon go without Hamlet as miss him."'

Certainly the difference between this Fool and Hamlet is hardly greater than the difference between him and the Costards and Dromios of Shakespeare's early years. To speak of the change as due to the poet's intellectual and spiritual growth is true; to speak of it as arising from the varying necessities of each newly contrived dramatic action is true; to speak of it as condi-

tioned by the desires of the audience and the needs of the actors is also true. We can discuss the farcical clumsiness of the clowns of Shakespeare's youth, the wit and wisdom of the Fools of his maturity; or we can discuss the same figures as the parts written for the boor Kemp, the parts written when Shakespeare, freed from Kemp's demands, though bound still to use his company, brought his comic figure into harmony with his dramatic intent. The latter view is to-day especially suggestive; and were that 'onlie begetter' of a renaissance of thought, the body of new facts, granted to our researches, we might hope for a nearer and a truer glimpse of Shakespeare; hope to see in him the workman of this our clay as well as the poet who abides not our question.

SHIPS IN THE AIR

A PRATT PORTRAIT

BY ANNA FULLER

'MARK my words,' said Emerson Swain, 'if Hazeldean thinks there's anything those French army experts don't know about ballooning, he's simply got a bee in his bonnet, and the sooner he finds it out, the better.'

The Swains were passing the college recess with Hattie's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Pratt. Young Ben and his wife, Alicia, having dropped in for a Sunday call, the moment seemed propitious for a candid consideration of the one perplexing member of the fam-

ily, and it was felt that the last speaker had contributed materially to the discussion. Such an utterance from such a source certainly merited attention, for Emerson, having served three years in the Civil War, where he had acquired a game leg and the title of Colonel (he had promptly dropped the latter, but had kept what he could of the other), was the family authority on matters military.

'That's pretty much the way Hazeldean himself goes on about those siege

balloons,' was young Ben's dispassionate comment; 'he says they're no better than great blundering bumble-bees.'

'My little brother got stung by a bee one day,' Alicia remarked; 'quite a lump came on his forehead.'

Alicia's conversation resembled nothing so much as the piano-playing of a person who does n't know when he is getting his bass wrong, if only the tune tinkles. Perhaps that was why one could already trace hints of the crow's-feet which time would soon begin engraving at the corners of her husband's humorous blue eyes.

'It's all my fault,' Hazeldean's mother declared, in a tone of mingled remorse and apprehension; 'if it had n't been for that dream I'm forever dreaming, of flying downstairs and circulating round under the ceiling, Hazeldean might never have got flying-machines on the brain.'

'Yes, Martha,' her husband chuckled, 'we all know you're a high-flyer. It's only a wonder your children have turned out as well as they have. Eh, Emmy?'

Emerson Swain grinned, as he always did when his father-in-law called him 'Emmy,' and thanked heaven that he had married into such a pleasant family. If Ben teased you, you might be fairly certain that he liked you. His wife, for instance, he loved with all his heart, which in his case was saying a good deal; hearts being, as his mother, Old Lady Pratt, was fond of asserting, Ben's 'strong suit.' But he could never let her foibles alone; and of all the teasing phases of Martha's character, none was more perennially diverting than this particular vagary of her dreams. The vision of his wife's substantial person, always scrupulously attired, and of inviolable decorum, floating nonchalantly over the heads of her fellow creatures, never lost its charm for Ben.

Hattie, meanwhile, who was sitting on the old satin ottoman, balancing a preternaturally solemn baby on her knee, was still intent upon her husband's confident pronouncement.

'I don't see what's to prevent Hazeldean setting up a whole swarm of bees in his bonnet,' she observed, 'now that Uncle Edward has left him all that money.'

'But that's just the mischief of it, Hattie,' her husband demurred. 'I consider that he has come into his fortune at a most inopportune moment, — precisely when he was experiencing a recrudescence of his unfortunate hallucination.'

Hattie cocked her head knowingly and, addressing the solemn baby, remarked, 'Those are lovely long words, are n't they, toddlekins? But if we take to croaking they'll think we're jealous.'

At which juncture Hazeldean himself strolled into the room and, with a casual nod to his brother and Alicia, dropped down on the ottoman, shoulder to shoulder with Hattie.

'Did I interrupt?' he inquired, glancing from one to the other of the little assemblage, which appeared about as unconscious as a rocking-chair whose occupant has precipitately left the room.

'Not at all,' chirped Hattie. 'We were merely discussing the Franco-Prussian War.'

'Hm! I see. So that's why you all looked as if you had eaten the canary.'

'Minnie Dodge says it's cruel to keep a canary,' Alicia threw in. 'She says birds were made to fly about.'

'A fact which few persons would appear to have observed,' was Hazeldean's thoughtful rejoinder. Having delivered himself of which, he relapsed against the pudgy cushions, and endeavored to insert a finger into the tight little fist of his small nephew.

Hazeldean Pratt would have been a striking figure in any company, but nowhere did his personality stand out more sharply by contrast than in his own comfortable family circle. Lolling there on the ottoman, to be sure, his superior height was lost upon the observer, while his strongly idealistic brow and searching eyes, bent now upon the youngest scion of the stock, were less in evidence than usual. And yet, the stooping shoulders, the fixed gaze at that irresponsive morsel of humanity, the complete absorption in an enterprise of no moment, all bespoke a temperament of alien intensity. Hattie herself, for all her liveliness of disposition, was a restful personality by comparison.

As their mother glanced across the room at the little group on the ottoman which, despite the fashions of the early seventies, had about it a curious touch of elder art, she inquired, 'Have you seen grandmother to-day, Hazeldean? It's her birthday, you know.'

'No; I'm on my way there, now.'

'Hope it don't make you dizzy to go so fast,' his father remarked, placidly shifting to starboard the bit of slippery elm which he called his 'lubricator.'

Upon which Hazeldean, desisting from his unavailing blandishments, straightened himself and, lifting his long length from the seat, observed, 'You know we're all traveling along at the rate of nineteen miles a second.' Then, as he crossed the threshold into the entry-way, and picked up his hat, 'Funny, is n't it?' he called back, 'that we never seem to get there!'

'Get where?' asked Alicia.

But the closing of the heavy front door was the only answer vouchsafed her very pertinent inquiry.

For Hazeldean was already sauntering down the path in the deepening twilight, pondering the thing he had said. He glanced up at the first star of

evening, burning still and serene to mortal eye as if it were not rushing through space at a fabulous rate of speed. Hazeldean loved the stars in their courses; they were the mighty prototype of all flying things.

'If I had said five hundred and ninety-six million miles a year,' he reflected, as he passed through the gate, and bent his steps in the direction of Green Street, 'it would n't have conveyed any idea to their minds. But we can most of us count up to twenty.' Then, with a quick turn of thought, — 'And up to twenty, I reckoned that I could fetch it myself.'

From boyhood up, this offshoot of an eminently common-sense family had pursued the will-o'-the-wisp of a flying-machine; not a good, honest, puffy balloon, mind you, that should have the law of gravity, or, more properly speaking, the law of levity, in its favor, but something in the nature of an automaton, designed to rise in the air, and propel itself hither and yon in open defiance of those well-established laws. Such a notion was, of course, too apocryphal to be taken seriously, unless when the youngster had chanced to break a collar-bone or damage his Sunday breeches in the cause; and by the time he was fairly out of his teens, his easy-going people were only too glad to believe that he had given over such child's-play for good and all.

He had now been for several years connected with a patent-solicitor's office, where his natural bent for invention was proving a not inconsiderable asset. And here he had been witness of so many futile efforts in one or another field of mechanics, he had seen so many fiascos, incurred too by men of greater originality than himself, that his disillusionment touching his own ability had been complete. He was as firmly persuaded as ever that the day of the flying-machine was not far off, but

equally convinced that he was not the man to work out the problem. And thus rid of a serious handicap, he bade fair to become a useful average member of society.

In fact, the young visionary was probably never in a more normal frame of mind than on the evening, a year or more ago, when he first met Miss Hester Burdick, the new grammar-school teacher, at his grandmother's house. Certainly he could have given no better evidence of good sense than was to be discerned in the promptness with which he fell in love with that admirable young woman, who, for her part, had already shown herself equally discriminating by falling in love with Hazeldean's grandmother. The young school-teacher was boarding next door with her cousins, 'the Doctor Baxters,' and she and Old Lady Pratt had struck up a great intimacy.

As Hazeldean strode along in the starlight, with quickening step, his mind reverted to that first sight of Hester, holding a skein of worsted for Aunt Betsy, who was smiling, with a pleased sense of companionship. The girl's eyes rested upon the clear-cut features of her hostess, where one could almost read the thought that had just found terse expression. Old Lady Pratt had looked up brightly as her grandson entered, saying, —

'Come in, Hazeldean. I want to make you acquainted with Miss Hester Burdick. She's a nice girl, and likes old ladies.'

From which moment Hazeldean found himself in the highly unconventional position of being the declared rival of his own grandmother.

An unsuccessful rival, alas, for within the year he had twice suffered rejection. The last time had been a few days after his accession to fortune, when, if ever, his suit would have seemed likely to prosper.

A curious thing about that fortune, by the way. No one but Hazeldean's mother could conceive why, if one nephew was to be singled out for favor, it should not have been Edward, the youngest, who had been avowedly named for his uncle. But Martha, happy in the advantage of having been born a Hazeldean, understood that it was the family name that her brother, having only daughters of his own, had rejoiced to see perpetuated. She knew that his ideas, like hers, were generic rather than specific.

'Queer, ain't it?' Old Lady Pratt had remarked to Ben, apropos of his brother-in-law's will, 'the satisfaction some folks appear to git out of a family pride they can't p'int to any particular reason for? Now the Hazeldeans come of good stock enough, like the rest of us, but I ain't never hearn tell of any on 'em settin' the river afire; hev you?'

'P'raps it's the brilliant matches they make,' Ben ventured. 'There's Edward, married money, and Martha, — well, she drew me! Ain't that enough to make any family feel kind o' perky?'

Thanks then to a family pride denied a legitimate basis, Hazeldean found himself possessor of a fortune denied a legitimate use. For, since Hester would n't have him and his fortune, of what possible good was either?

It was just as he had arrived at this deadening conclusion that a thing happened which infused a very explicit meaning into life. If he could not be off with the new love, he could at least be on with the old; a reversal of the usual order which struck him as original, if not altogether consolatory.

He had been the first to put in an appearance at the office one morning, now some three weeks since, when a man entered who introduced himself as Hiram Lane. He looked about forty, and was soberly, not to say shabbily, clad. As he took his seat and proceed-

ed to untie a roll of papers, Hazeldean was struck with a certain controlled alertness of countenance and gesture. He experienced an instant conviction that here was a man not in the same class with the average client. When the stranger spoke, his low, incisive voice, his diction, spare but trenchant, lent authority to his words. The total impression was one of balance and significance.

'My name is Hiram Lane,' he stated. 'I wish to patent a certain contrivance, a link in the sequence that will eventually lead to aviation as distinguished from ballooning.'

There was no apology in Lane's attitude, no defiance. He was sure of himself and indifferent to criticism. And something of his quiet confidence subdued the rising tumult of Hazeldean's brain, and enabled him to reply with answering composure, 'It is something I have always believed in.'

'Good,' said Hiram Lane. 'Then let's get to work.'

For an hour the two men busied themselves with drawings and blue-prints, with technical terms and scientific computations. Hazeldean's chief entered, saw that he was in good vein, and refrained from interfering. Other clerks arrived and got to work, other clients came and went, and Hazeldean and Hiram Lane were still at it.

At last the latter glanced at the office-clock, sprang to his feet, and rolled up his papers, with the same curt energy that characterized all his processes, mental or otherwise.

'Time's up,' he declared. 'Shall you be here at the same hour to-morrow?'

'Yes,' said Hazeldean, with like brevity, which betrayed nothing of the tumult that was rising again. And, an instant later, his client's heels went ringing down the corridor.

Lane came again next morning, and after that at irregular intervals, al-

ways leaving at the same hour. He was evidently not master of his own time. Hazeldean was conscious of no curiosity about him, personally. There were so many people whose business and social status was all there was to them, that he had not the slightest wish to label and catalogue a shining exception like this. He only thanked his stars that the man had crossed his path.

And it came about that as day by day his faith in Hiram Lane's enterprise grew, Hazeldean's faith in himself grew also. He had not been an addle-pated visionary, after all, he told himself to-night; his idea had been sound. That he had lacked the skill, the originality, to put it into execution, that was a mere detail, which in no way affected the issue at stake. And besides, there were other ways of furthering a good cause than by actual leadership. We could n't all be captains, we could n't all be fighting men, even. But — and suddenly his mind was crossed by the familiar phrase, 'sinews of war.' He halted, there in the path, as if his name had been called. Sinews of war! Money! That money which he had despised, because Hester would none of it, — the money that had come to him by a caprice of fortune. Why, he was an able-bodied man, a competent bread-winner! He was as capable as his brothers of earning his own living. What should he want of a fortune? And with a firm step, he started off again, headed now for his goal, in more senses than one.

The stars were gathering fast. How quietly, almost imperceptibly, they appeared, — as quietly as a thought does. And yet, so constant were they in that flight of theirs, that by them and by them alone the mariner was safe to steer his course. Well, here was a thought to steer by, and what a thought! Was ever such a use found for money? Some folks bought stocks

and bonds with theirs, and vegetated on the income. How stupid to do a thing like that with it!

Again he glanced skyward, where the constellations were already standing out in their ancient order. There was the moon, too, not yet at the full, just sailing clear of the housetops. And here was his grandmother's gate. He wished he had not timed his visit when Hester was almost sure to be there. She was tantalizing, distracting. He could n't keep his wits about him when she was by; he was too busy feeling things. Uncomfortable things, too. In some moods the very sight of her, the sound of her voice, was like a stab. What had a man with a good, working thought in his head to do with feelings, anyway? No, he did n't want to see Hester to-night.

And yet, when presently he stood on the threshold of the little sitting-room, and she was not there, a worse stab caught him than the sight of her could have dealt. Perhaps Old Lady Pratt suspected his discomfiture, though he got out his birthday congratulations very creditably; for, —

'Hester's been and gone,' she remarked, as he took Aunt Betsy's hand, which felt like a pad of dough after his grandmother's claw-like grip.

'Has she?' he echoed vaguely.

'Yes; she has. You're too late.'

He knew better than to protest that he had come to see his grandmother. In face of those sharp eyes, indeed, he could not even in his own mind keep up the little fiction. So he let his case go by default.

'Do you calc'late to go through life jest too late?' she persisted, with considerable animus.

'Too late or — too early,' he amended, trying, not very successfully, to force his mind back from Hester to that other matter which required a long future to its unfolding.

He had seated himself and, picking up an unwieldy photograph album, he chanced upon a recent libel on his grandmother, wherein her keen physiognomy had been so ruthlessly denuded of the smallest modicum of character that he felt himself for once almost a match for her. Her actual voice, however, dispelled that pleasing illusion.

'Have you given her up?' she inquired.

'She has given me up.'

'What makes you let her?'

'I've asked her twice,' he smouldered. 'If I keep on nagging her, she'll get to hate me.'

'Well,' was the crisp rejoinder, 'I ain't so sure but that'd be a step in the right direction.' And, shrewdly studying the young man's countenance, she fell to wishing that there were more of the stout fibre of resistance in his composition, against which a robust hate might brace itself.

Old Lady Pratt desired this match ardently. She felt sure it would be the making of her grandson, and equally sure that all the girl needed was to be waked up about him. Hester had certainly begun by liking him; indeed, no one could be quite indifferent to Hazel-dean at first blush. He was too individual for that, though his natural advantages were, to his grandmother's thinking, disastrously nullified in the general scheme of him. Even as his good looks were too frequently lost in a slack bearing and a tendency to stare at nothing, so his undeniable intelligence had hitherto missed fire. His ideas were rarely driven home. Morally too he lacked a healthy assertiveness. He could attract, but failed to hold, and Old Lady Pratt had watched, and understood, the flickering out of Hester's interest. A girl of her calibre might well demand something more definite to tie to than a pleasant disposition and a glancing intelligence.

That intelligence, however, had not missed the point of the old lady's remark.

'Yes,' Hazeldean pondered, "'t were something to be level to her hate.'

'Hm! That's poetry, I suppose,' she scoffed, while her knitting-needles clicked and glinted a brisk protest; for Old Lady Pratt, like many of her contemporaries, kept her Sabbath from sundown to sundown. 'Now, what you need to cultivate is prose.'

'There's plenty of it lying round loose,' he returned dully.

'So there's plenty of earth lyin' round loose,' was the quick retort; 'but 't ain't goin' to do you any good unless you git your own plot 'n' till it. What are you aimin' to do with all that money o' yours?' she inquired abruptly.

The question so suddenly propounded was a challenge, and he rose to it, clean quit of his preoccupation. His thought was there, that thought that he was to steer by. The glance that met his grandmother's inquiry was not the familiar one of facile enthusiasm. It was definite, — aggressive. As his interlocutor put it to herself, there was backbone in his eye. And backbone, in any locality, was Old Lady Pratt's fetish.

'I'm thinking of turning it into sinews of war,' he replied, with quiet emphasis.

Yes; he looked self-sufficient, and for the first time in his grandmother's recollection. Supposing he did do something rash with his money, so he came out a man! Old Lady Pratt was no despiser of property; quite the contrary, in fact. But it was not her fetish. And so, in deference to the thing that *was* her fetish, namely, character, expressed in terms of backbone, she said, very deliberately, —

'Well, Hazeldean, the money's yours, 'n' it'll do you good to live up to that.

You kin tell 'em I said so, if you're a mind to,' she added, with a twinkle.

When, a few minutes later, Hazeldean passed out into Green Street, which lay before him, a network of shifting shadows, there was Hester Burdick, still abroad, a little Scotch-plaid shawl thrown over her head, her face upturned in the moonlight. He stood an instant, watching her approach. What was that his grandmother had said about making the girl hate him? It might be a step in the right direction? Well, so it would be, — in the direction of getting rid, once for all, of that foolish, senseless hankering, that kept him mooning round, wherever and whenever she might be looked for. He had not paid her an honest call in a month now. But he had been scheming to meet her, and telling himself that he hoped she would not be there. Well, there should be no more of that. He would confront her now, squarely and fairly, and fairly and squarely he would ask her again, and make an end of this miserable shilly-shallying.

He met her, just as she reached the Baxter gate.

'I've been taking a roundabout way home from your grandmother's,' she volunteered; 'it was such a lovely evening.'

'Yes; it's a great evening!' and, placing his hand on the gate, he held it firmly closed.

'But I'm just going in,' said Hester, waiting for him to make way for her.

'So was I. But I find I like it better outside.'

'As you please. But I'm afraid you'll have to let me pass.'

'I've been letting you pass for ages,' he averred doggedly. 'This is a hold-up.'

'Really!' with an instinct to run for cover. 'Then why not come inside?'

'Not I. There are folks in there.

But I'll come as far as the piazza, if you'll play fair.'

'But I'm not playing.'

'Nor I!'

She perceived that he was not to be put off.

'Very well; then come,' she said resignedly; 'it's silly to stand out here talking riddles.'

He knew that he could trust her, and he opened the gate. As they approached the steps he laid a detaining hand on her sleeve.

'Hester!'

'Ah, don't!' she protested, hurrying up the steps. He was not in the habit of calling her by her Christian name, but that was not what she minded.

They were standing on the piazza now, in a sort of cat's-cradle of trellised moonlight.

'Hester!' he implored.

She stiffened.

'It's no good, you know. I thought you understood that.'

He pulled himself up.

'I did, in a way; but I wanted to make sure.'

She flushed a bit.

'I'll make an affidavit if you wish,' she proffered, not without a touch of pique.

'No; I'm willing to take your word for it.'

He loved her and craved her, inappetently; yet, in the very moment of denial, he was conscious of a curious satisfaction. Steel had struck steel between them for the first time; the mere clash of it was tonic.

'Did you stop me expressly to say that?' she asked, distantly. For, in truth, his manner was anything but flattering.

He did not answer at once. He was thinking how well she looked with that little square of shawl over her head. For all her haughty air (she had never found it worth while to be

haughty with him before), that little shawl made her look so human, so lovable! The kind of head-gear it was that was worn by the wives of laboring men, — those plain women that just love a man without thinking, because they can't help it, and don't want to. He thought that if he could snatch that little shawl from her head, and button it in under his coat, he might make that do.

Perhaps he looked predatory, for, with a half-distrustful air, she edged toward the door.

'I really must go in,' she said.

At that, he threw off his preoccupation.

'Then it's quite settled?' he asked; and he forced himself to ask the question quietly.

'Quite. I'm glad you find it such a relief.'

The shawl had slid to her shoulders, but she did not notice.

'It *is* — an immense relief'; and he eyed the shawl, that was slipping, slipping, down her shoulders. 'There's something I've got to do and' — with a swift movement he caught the shawl as it fell — 'and now I have a free hand. Good-night.'

With a bound, he was at the foot of the steps, while she stood above him in the clear moonlight, reaching out an imperious hand.

'Give me my shawl!' she commanded.

But from somewhere off there in the dark came the preposterous answer, 'I consider it mine!' And he was gone.

'Well, I never!' she gasped, as, with tingling nerves and heightened color, she turned and went into the house.

Hester Burdick had been loved before; she had once, in an elemental moment, and to her undying chagrin, been kissed. But never before had she been robbed. It was detestable — she was sure of that — but it was a

sensation. It waked her up. Ah, wise Old Lady Pratt!

And Hazeldean strode along homeward, the little shawl buttoned tight under his coat, literally hugging himself over his ill-gotten booty.

Yet, arrived at last in his own room, which was squared off with patches of moonlight, he pulled out the little shawl and regarded it critically. After all, it was nothing but a shawl! He was afraid he should n't be able to make it 'do,' after all. With a rueful grimace, he tossed it upon his desk, which stood by one of the moonlit windows, and turned to light the gas. The match-box had been misplaced. Glancing about in search of it, his eye fell upon that bit of Scotch-plaid, which lay in a round heap, a small break in its contour suggesting that it had once framed a face.

With a choking sensation of fierce pain, he dropped into the chair by the desk and, gathering the soft folds in his hands, buried his face in them. So he remained for several minutes, motionless. But when, at sound of the supper-bell, he raised his head, his features were set in firm lines, and the moon, at gaze, found nothing there to gratify its romantic predilections.

Those firm lines were already beginning to feel very much at home in Hazeldean's mobile countenance when, the following Saturday, he made his offer to Hiram Lane. He had thought the matter out very soberly, and the proposition was couched in terms of business commonplace. If the young capitalist had never before experienced quite the sense of exultation that stirred his blood as he made the offer, neither had he ever been quite so completely master of himself.

'You know what you are about,' Lane had demurred. 'You know the chances of failure?'

'Yes.'

'That it must be a matter of years at best? That you and I may not live to see the end?'

'Yes; I know.'

They were in Lane's lodging, a great barn of a room in a cheap suburb, cluttered badly with grotesque contraptions of wire and cane, of canvas and oiled silk. A very fair apology for a chemist's laboratory, ranged on rough shelves in one corner, lent an air of scientific reality to the establishment, further emphasized by various workmanlike drawings and tabulations spread out upon a deal table. But in all the room was no faintest suggestion of creature comfort.

Lane was seated on a high stool, nursing his knee, and eying his pet model, — a crude, but extremely ingenious affair, no more resembling the modern 'flyer,' to be sure, than the formless embryo resembles the plant in full flower. And yet — the germ was there, and both men knew it.

'It's a one-sided sort of partnership,' Lane observed. 'You'll never see your money again; you *may* never see any results at all. But — the fact is, you're the only chap I've ever run across, who had the gumption to catch on, and — I think you're entitled to lend a hand.'

True fanatic that he was, the man honestly believed himself to be conferring a favor; wherein Hazeldean, in the magnanimity of his soul, fully concurred.

'Very well,' he said. 'We'll call it a partnership, and some day —'

'Some day, we'll show 'em the way to Mars!'

With that, Lane jumped down off his stool, wrung Hazeldean's hand, severely but briefly, and then began, with technical exactitude, elucidating the advantage of a slight readjustment of the new model which he was contemplating. Neither of them dwelt

further upon the financial aspects of the case, until just as Hazeldean was leaving, when he said, 'It's understood then that you draw upon the First National, as required, to that amount.'

'Yes,' Lane agreed; adding, with a strong note of feeling, 'and I draw upon you, personally, for something that no money can buy.'

A close hand-grip sealed the bond, and Hazeldean, walking home over the long bridge, carried with him the sensation of that hand-grip, and felt that here too was something that no money could buy.

He was walking, shoulders squared, head well set back, as he had recently contracted the habit of doing. The keen autumn air, the metallic blue of the sky, the incoming tide, brimming the river-banks, all conspired to heighten that sense of vigor and well-being that follows upon decisive action.

Presently his attention was arrested by a flock of gulls, flecking the cold, dark bosom of the stream. They were in restless motion, and he watched them with kindling interest. Yes, they were rising, see! and circling in the sunshine, now in light, now in shadow, as they wheeled and turned. What more natural than that flight? What more glorious? They rose higher, and turned upstream. As they flew directly over his head, his eye, following them, was caught by a figure on the other side of the bridge. It was Hester Burdick, out for her favorite walk. He lifted his hat, and she inclined her head, coldly. They had not met since the robbery. The sight of her, walking there in the common daylight, the chill of her indifferent salutation, brought him back from his flight of fancy with a dull reaction. What business had he with that shawl of hers? How could a grown man have been guilty of such tom-

foolery! The thing must be returned, of course. 'Now I have a free hand,' he had said. Well, here was the test. Only—he would not brave it yet; not until Lane had taken the preliminary steps toward cutting loose from other work, and beginning operations on a larger scale, thereby clinching the contract, and putting the terms of it beyond discussion.

And during that interval Hazeldean's sense of personal efficiency expanded and took distinct shape. It found expression most of all in the handling of his daily work. He felt the vital necessity of vindicating his action before the bar of his own judgment at least, and this could be done in but one way: by approving himself independent of those artificial props which he had so cavalierly rejected. In the process, he found himself acquiring a sense of mastery, not only of business detail, but of his own powers, his own grip on life. He spent less time than heretofore with Lane; he did not greatly concern himself with the inventor's doings. All such matters were delegated once for all to the acknowledged expert. His own job was to establish himself in his own line.

And at last, when he felt that he had the situation well in hand, he took the little shawl back to its owner, speculating as he did so upon the chances of her consenting to see him.

She had no choice as to that, for she opened the door herself. At sight of him her countenance changed, and she did not invite him to enter.

'Are n't you going to ask me in?' he inquired. The question sounded more a demand than an entreaty.

'My cousins are playing cards in the parlor,' she temporized.

'But there's the dining-room.'

He was struck with admiration of his own hardihood.

'I am correcting compositions in there,' she objected.

But she stepped aside, and gave him grudging admittance. The parlor door stood open, and they could see the players, studying their hands in deep absorption.

'I pass,' quoth a voice with a grievance.

'Order it up,' Dr. Baxter announced. And the game went on.

They seated themselves on opposite sides of the dining-table, which was covered with a red-checked cloth on which were spread her papers and a blue pencil. The light from the chandelier, touching her hair to bronze, left the features somewhat in shadow, head and shoulders silhouetted against a background of turkey-red curtains. The *chiaroscuro* of the total effect was subtly disquieting, so at variance did it seem with the girl's singularly open, straightforward nature. Happily, however, his errand was a definite one; he need have no traffic with moods and tenses.

'I have brought you back your shawl,' he announced, without preamble, drawing from his pocket a small parcel, carefully wrapped in tissue paper. He had not smoked a pipe in his own room for a week past, lest the odor should contaminate those sacred folds. A needless sacrifice, by the way, since, truth to tell, Hester rather particularly liked tobacco-smoke.

'You are quite sure you are through with it?' she inquired, with a pardonable indulgence in satire.

'Not exactly that, but things have changed since I—annexed it. I should n't feel justified in keeping it any longer.'

'Indeed!'

'No; I have n't the right even to think of you any more. I've burned my bridges.'

'And you can't swim?'

The little fling sounded just a trifle forced.

'Not that particular stream. But' — with a sudden flash — 'I may come flying across, one of these days.'

'So, you've gone back to that, have you?'

No, Hester was not herself to-night. Her speech, like her face, was in *chiaroscuro*.

'In a sense, yes. But not on my own account.'

'Riddles again!'

And, upon that, she fell to tracing blue arabesques on a stray half-sheet.

'Not at all. It's plain as a pike-staff. A man I know has the brains, and the originality, and the persistence, and the self-abnegation, every quality, in fact, except capital.'

'Ah!' She glanced up quickly, while the careful arabesques went askew. 'And you?'

'I am going to supply that.'

Since it was a kind of general obloquy that he was inviting, he might as well face the music here and now.

'Your uncle's legacy?' she inquired, in a tone that was studiously non-committal.

'Yes.'

'All of it?'

'As much of it as he may need.'

'And you call that burning your bridges?'

'Most assuredly.'

'What bridges?'

'The bridges that don't lead anywhere. The bridges that ought to lead to' — he looked her full in the face — 'to you!'

'Ah!' she breathed again. 'Won't you tell me a little more about the man you've burned your bridges for?'

'I have n't burned them for a man; I've burned them for an idea.'

'Tell me about the idea.'

And Hazeldean told her, simply and concisely, without exaggeration, about

the great idea to which he had pledged a fortune. He talked so well that she could comprehend the gist of his argument, and he perceived the clearness of her comprehension.

'It may be many years,' he admitted. 'We may none of us live to see it. But some day, some day, the thing will be done, and—every little helps.'

'Does any one know, any one but me?'

'Nobody, yet. But of course I shall be obliged to tell my folks. It will be pretty rough on them, I'm afraid.'

'Rough on them? They could n't be so narrow!' She had pushed back her chair. Her face was plainly visible now; her speech wholly spontaneous. 'They must see, they must feel—' But here she put sudden compulsion on herself, and fell silent.

'Hester!' he cried, leaning forward across the table. 'You can see it that way? You can feel with me about it? And yet—' He sprang to his feet with an impatient movement.

'And yet?' she echoed, unfolding the shawl from its tissue wrappings, and absently resting her cheek against it.

He was not standing the test, and he knew it. With a sense of wrenching himself free, he said abruptly, 'I'll go now, and leave you to correct compositions in peace to the end of the chapter, on one condition. That you come out on the piazza, and give me absolution, just where it happened. I'll go, honor bright, if you'll do that.'

'Well, if you offer such an inducement,' she jested, tossing the little shawl over her head, in token perhaps of amnesty, as together they passed out into the chill evening air.

There was only starlight to-night; only the stars in their courses looked down upon that provocative little shawl. He almost wished she had n't

thrown it over her head; that little shawl that made her look so human, so lovable, so like those plain women who loved a man without thinking, because they could n't help themselves.

'It's a big good-by for me,' he was saying, with a stricture at his throat that really hurt.

'On account of the burned bridges?' she queried, under her breath.

'Yes,' he said, firmly and finally; 'on account of the burned bridges.' And he took her hand in parting.

'I'm glad you've burned them,' she observed, striving hard for the purely conversational tone. 'I always hated that money of yours.'

'Hated it?'

'Yes, and the things you said about it, and about—us. They sounded such castles in the air.'

The shawl had fallen back from her head, and her face showed clear and frank in the starlight. There was a dawning sweetness in it, too, a sweetness that Hazeldean had divined from the very first, though never until that hour had his eyes beheld it. But he kept himself steadily to the issue in hand.

'And *ships* in the air?' he urged. 'You would rather hear talk of *them*?'

'Yes; only—it's not the talk, either. It's what you've done. It's so—real!'

He had both her hands now, and his eyes held hers.

'Hester!' It was as if he were conjuring her to a confession of faith; 'Hester! You do believe, you really do believe—in it all?'

And she answered quietly, almost solemnly, yet with that in her voice which was a confession of more, far more, than faith,—

'Yes, I do believe that we shall live to see your ships in the air come true, —*you and I!*'

THE STORY OF THE SALT LAKE TRAIL

BY CHARLES M. HARVEY

I

'September 6. Leaving the encampment early . . . we reached the butte without any difficulty, and, ascending to the summit, immediately at our feet beheld the subject of our anxious search, the waters of the inland sea, stretching in still and solitary grandeur far beyond the limit of our vision. It was one of the great points of the exploration; and, as we looked eagerly over the lake, in the emotions of excited pleasure, I am doubtful if the followers of Balboa felt more enthusiasm when, from the heights of the Andes, they saw for the first time the great western sea.

'September 8. . . . The evening was mild and clear. We made a pleasant bed of the young willows; and geese and ducks enough had been killed for an abundant supper at night, and for breakfast the next morning. The stillness of the night was enlivened by millions of waterfowl.

'September 14. . . . Taking leave at this point of the waters of Bear River, and of the geographical basin which encloses the system of rivers and creeks which belong to the Great Salt Lake, . . . I can say of it that the bottom of this river, and of some of the creeks which I saw, form a natural resting and recruiting station for travelers, now and in all time to come. The bottoms are extensive; water excellent; timber sufficient; soil good and well adapted to the grains and grasses suited to such an elevated region. A mili-

tary post and a civilized settlement would be of great value here, and cattle and horses would do well where grass and salt so much abounded. The lake will furnish exhaustless supplies of salt. All the mountain sides here are covered with a valuable, nutritious grass, called bunch-grass from the form in which it grows, which has a second growth in the fall. The beasts of the Indians were fat upon it. Our own found it a good substitute; and its quantity will sustain any amount of cattle, and make this truly a bucolic region.'

These words placed Utah upon the map. They are from Frémont's report of his explorations in 1842, 1843, and 1844, extending from Missouri to California. The entries here cited are from the journal of 1843, and describe the region in and near the Salt Lake basin. Published in 1845, they were read eagerly by Brigham Young when, after being compelled to leave Nauvoo, Illinois, with his people, in 1846, he was casting his eyes over the continent in search of a place to which to lead them, where they could be free from further molestation.

The religio-social organization of which he was the head had already contributed an interesting chapter to United States history. In Fayette, Seneca County, New York, on April 6, 1830, Joseph Smith, his brothers Hyrum and Samuel H. Smith, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and his brother Peter Whitmer, organized, under the laws of the State of New York, the

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. This is an important date in the story of the building of the West. On that day, and under those auspices, the corporation popularly known as the Mormon Church, which was destined to open to civilization the then darkest spot on America's dark continent, to figure conspicuously in America's social and political annals in the after time, began its legal existence.

Joseph Smith was born in Sharon, Vermont, in 1805. According to Mormon history, the angel Moroni came to him on the night of September 21, 1823, and told him that God had a great work for him to do; that a revelation written on gold plates was deposited in a hill near by, and that with it were two transparent stones in silver bows, called the Urim and Thummim, on looking through which the plates could be deciphered. Plates and stones were delivered into Smith's hands on the night of September 22, 1827. The characters on the plates were what the Mormons called the 'reformed Egyptian.' Putting a blanket over the plates to conceal the record from profane eyes, Smith read the plates, and Oliver Cowdery wrote down the words. These disclosures, which were printed in Palmyra, New York, in 1830, were what was known as the Book of Mormon, and marked out the work which Smith and his people were to do. It had as an appendix a statement by Cowdery, David Whitmer, and Martin Harris, that they had seen the angel, the plates, and the characters thereon. A few years afterward these persons, having renounced the Mormon faith in the interval, declared that their previous testimony was false. The Book of Mormon, however, is history, and not a body of precepts or dogmas. The articles of faith, which were adopted later, are set forth in the code entitled *Doctrines and Covenants*.

VOL. 106 - NO. 1

Removing to Kirtland, Ohio, in 1831 (an episode which figures in Mormon church history as the 'first hegira'), the saints quickly aroused the distrust of their Gentile neighbors, and at length they fled to Missouri (the 'second hegira'), settling at Independence, on the western border of that state. Finding that spot inhospitable, they moved to other parts of the state. Trouble pursued them, however; a miniature civil war resulted between them and the rest of the community, and in 1838 Governor Boggs issued an order declaring that they 'must be exterminated, or driven from the state, if necessary, for the public good.' Once more they migrated (the 'third hegira'), this time crossing into Illinois, where they purchased the little village of Commerce, and there on the bank of the Mississippi, laid out a town which they named Nauvoo.

II

Charles Francis Adams, son of the sixth President of the United States, and Josiah Quincy, visited Nauvoo early in 1844. Writing long afterward, Quincy said that some text-book of the future might contain a query like this: 'What historical American of the nineteenth century has exerted the most powerful influence upon the destinies of his countrymen?' and he thought it possible that the answer might be: 'Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet.' Quincy closed his chapter thus: 'If the reader does not know what to make of Joseph Smith, I cannot help him out of the difficulty. I myself stand helpless before the puzzle.'

Others besides Adams and Quincy marveled at the Mormon phenomenon. The Illinois legislature in 1840 granted a liberal charter to Nauvoo, and the ten thousand men who started to build it in that year had grown to

twelve thousand in 1844. In addition to a university and a temple, the city had most of the accompaniments of a modern town of that period. The Mormons had reached a dignity and a prosperity never before attained by them. Believing that persecution for his people had ended, Smith became arrogant, so his Gentile neighbors said. Early in 1844 some of his people proposed him for the nomination for President of the United States. He sent letters to Clay, Van Buren, Cass, Buchanan, and others who had been mentioned in connection with the candidacy, Whigs and Democrats, asking what, if they were elected, would be their attitude toward the Mormons, and in every case the answers were non-committal.

But disaster was lying in ambush for Smith and his people. The wrath of the Gentiles was rising, and for several reasons, one of which was the acts, or the alleged acts, of the Danites, or Destroying Angels, an assassination society with which some members of the Mormon hierarchy were affiliated. In his *History of Illinois*, however, published in 1854, Governor Thomas Ford said, 'The great cause of the popular fury was that the Mormons, at several preceding elections, had cast their votes as a unit, thereby making the fact apparent that no one could aspire to the honors or offices of the country, within the sphere of their influence, without their approbation and votes.'

As a dogma of the church, polygamy was not proclaimed until 1852, five years after the Mormons had settled in Utah; but cohabitation, it was said, had been secretly practiced by Smith in Nauvoo, and this was the immediate cause of his downfall. His suggestions to some of the women of his flock in 1843 to become his spiritual wives led them and their husbands to separate from the church, and they

started a paper in that town named the *Expositor*, which disclosed and attacked his practices. On May 6, 1844, Smith and a few of his followers destroyed the press and type of the paper. A warrant for their arrest was resisted. The county authorities called out the militia, and Smith and his brother Hyrum gave themselves up. On their promise to appear for trial they were released, but were immediately rearrested and placed in jail at Carthage, the county seat. Hearing that Governor Ford was about to give them their liberty, a mob, of which some of the jail guards were a part, attacked the jail on June 27, and shot the Smiths dead. The assassins were never punished.

The murder of Smith caused a sensation throughout the country, but local hostility compelled the legislature to revoke the charter of Nauvoo, in January, 1845. A deputation of prominent citizens, Whigs and Democrats, including Stephen A. Douglas, went to Nauvoo and told the Mormon leaders that they must leave the state. In October, 1845, Brigham Young, who became the head of the church after the death of Smith, announced that they would begin at once to sell their property, and seek a home in the Western wilderness. The large amount of property which was thrown upon the market, with the comparatively small number of buyers, most of whom were hostile, compelled the Mormons to let their farms, residences, and workshops go for any price which was offered, much of the property being exchanged for horses, wagons, horned cattle, and sheep.

It was then that Frémont's report reached Young's eyes. At the beginning of 1846 there were no states west of the Mississippi except Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas, the last-named having just been annexed. Beyond the

Missouri was a wilderness roamed over by Indians and wild beasts. The territory comprised in the present Oregon, Idaho, and Washington was in dispute between the United States and England and had been for more than a generation, though it was to come under the flag by a treaty with England before that year expired. Utah, as well as New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, and California, belonged to Mexico. Mexico was feeble, and its seat of government was two thousand miles from Salt Lake. In that region, far away from his persecutors in the United States, Young probably dreamed that he could erect an empire in which his people would be free forever from espionage or attack.

III

The bluffs of Hancock County, Illinois, where, in its northern and southern stretches, the Mississippi swings eastward, saw stirring and pathetic scenes on February 1, 1846. This was the beginning of the fourth and the last of the Mormon hegiras. The crossing of the river into Iowa territory, first on the ice and then on flatboats, skiffs, and such other craft as were obtainable, lasted until spring, the temperature, in the mean time, running the gamut of the Fahrenheit scale, from twenty degrees below zero to ninety degrees above.

With halting-places at Garden Grove, Mount Pisgah, and other points, some of which retain to this day the names which were then given to them, the exiles' line stretched almost from the Mississippi to the Missouri. It comprised fourteen thousand people, with three thousand wagons, thirty thousand head of cattle, and large numbers of horses and sheep. Births and deaths took place on the march. Some of the fugitives tarried on the way to plant and gather crops in the great vacant

spaces which they traversed. It was the pilgrimage of a whole people.

The head of the column, with Brigham Young and most of the twelve apostles, reached the Missouri, near Council Bluffs, in June, crossed into Nebraska, and built a temporary town which they named Winter Quarters. This was near the present village of Florence, and a few miles north of the spot on which Omaha was afterward to rise. Nebraska, which was not organized as a territory until eight years later, had only a few dozen white inhabitants at that time, chiefly fur-traders, and was part of the region which was vaguely called the 'Indian Country.' Some of the fugitives went further into Nebraska, and found a refuge among the Sioux, and others stayed in Iowa for the time, but the main body passed the autumn and winter at Winter Quarters.

From the camp at that point, on April 14, 1847, started the advance detachment which was to blaze the path to the new Zion. It comprised one hundred and forty-three men, three women, and two children, with seventy-three wagons. The women were the wives of Brigham Young and of the apostles Lorenzo D. Young and Heber C. Kimball. Brigham was in command. The detachment was divided into companies, with regularly recognized officers, because, as they were to pass through a region in which Indians abounded, a semblance of military organization for purposes of defense was felt to be necessary. The objective of their migration was not definitely fixed in the minds of their leaders, except that they intended to cross the Rocky Mountains, and they were to attempt to seek out the locality which had been described by Frémont.

On the North Fork of the Platte they struck the Oregon Trail, which by 1847 had become broad and plainly

marked by the thousands who had traversed it, and reached Fort Bridger, on Black's Fork of the Green River, on July 7. According to the narrative of Orson Pratt, one of the twelve apostles, a leading spirit in this pioneer corps of the saints, that post then consisted of 'two adjoining log houses, with dirt roofs, and a small picket yard of logs set in the ground, about eight feet high. The number of men, squaws, and half-breed children in those houses and lodges may be about fifty or sixty.'

Leaving Fort Bridger on July 9, the pioneers bade good-by to the Oregon Trail which had been their companion for more than seven hundred miles, and struck out toward the southwest. Except as they encountered traces of paths made by fur-traders, Indians, or casual emigrants to California in the earlier days, they had now entered the unknown. They crept through gorges of the Uintah and Wasatch ranges, their course, for part of the way, having to be opened for them by their improvised corps of sappers and miners. Having a presentiment that the object of their quest was near, Pratt, who commanded the advance party, pushed ahead of the wagons on July 21, taking Erastus Snow, another of the apostles, with him. They ascended a western spur of the Wasatch, when suddenly there opened before them a broad valley which they believed to be about thirty miles long, while far off toward the northwest the waters of Great Salt Lake flashed back the sunshine.

Hastening back to their companions with the glad tidings, they led the whole party into the valley the next day, and selected a halting-place. 'Here we called the camp together,' says Pratt in his journal, 'and it fell to my lot to offer prayer and thanksgiving in behalf of our company, all of whom had been preserved from the Missouri

River to this point; and, after dedicating ourselves unto the Lord, and imploring his blessing upon our labors, we appointed various committees to attend to different branches of our business preparatory to putting in crops. In about two hours after our arrival we began to plough, and the same afternoon we built a dam to irrigate the soil, which at the place we were ploughing was exceedingly dry.'

Here were displayed the courage, the discipline, unity, and prompt adaptability to environment which made the Mormon community in its latest home powerful and prosperous. Thus, fifty-five years before President Roosevelt placed his signature to the national irrigation act, irrigation on a large scale, and under private direction, began to make its conquests in the Salt Lake basin.

President Young, who, with some of the others of the company, had been delayed by illness, and had fallen to the rear, was informed by messenger of the discovery which had been made by Pratt, Snow, and their associates, and the work which they had done; and he, at the head of his companions, hastened forward in Elder Wilford Woodruff's carriage. Emerging from an opening at the summit of the Wasatch on July 24, and obtaining a glimpse of the future home of the saints, he waved his hat and shouted, 'Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!' Then, referring to his vision of the final dwelling-place of his people, he turned to Apostle Kimball and exclaimed exultantly, 'Brother Heber, this is the spot.' Then all descended into the valley.

From that day onward for fifty years the story of Utah was the history of the Mormons. Out of their various places of refuge the remainder of the fugitives from Nauvoo drifted to the Salt Lake Valley in 1848, 1849, and 1850, and subsequently these were reinforced by the

converts which their missionaries made in the rest of the country, and in Canada and Europe. A town was at once laid out by Young in blocks of ten acres, and Salt Lake City, which eventually became one of the most attractive cities on the continent, sprang into being. For irrigation and for the cruder forms of manufacturing, the streams from the mountains were quickly impressed into the service of the community. While only a few dozen white inhabitants, chiefly hunters and missionaries, were in Utah in July, 1847, the census-takers found eleven thousand there in 1850, and many undoubtedly eluded the search; and there were six thousand in Salt Lake City.

When, on July 24, 1847, the foundations of the New Jerusalem of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints were laid in Mexico's northern wilderness, Brigham Young could have been pardoned for dreaming his dreams of empire. The two thousand miles of physical obstructions which stretched between Salt Lake and Santa Anna's capital represented a time-distance almost as great as that which separated Cortez's field of operations of the earlier day and the court of Charles V. In the vast expanse which extended from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, and from the Oregon line to the Gulf of California, he doubtless believed that he could build a nation which would be virtually independent, and which would soon become absolutely independent, of the feeble government of Mexico. Unhampered by prying Gentile neighbors or a hostile United States, the nearest important settlement of which was more than a thousand miles away, he could, as he had some excuse for assuming, quietly develop the power which would carry out Joseph Smith's prophecy, and ultimately make the Mormon Church master of the continent.

IV

But events that were already taking shape were destined to change the whole face of American affairs, and place Young's new empire under the American flag. While the Mormons were making their way through Iowa in the spring of 1846, the news of the collision between General Arista and Zachary Taylor on the Rio Grande reached Washington. President Polk sent a belligerent message to Congress on May 11; that body, two days later, declared war upon Mexico; fifty thousand volunteers were called for, and Mexico was to be attacked at three points, — from the lower Rio Grande by Taylor, at Chihuahua by General John E. Wool, and at Santa Fé by General Stephen W. Kearny.

One day near the close of June, Captain James Allen, of the First Dragoons, entered the Mormons' camp at Mount Pisgah, and presented a letter to Brigham Young which said that General Kearny 'would accept the service, for twelve months, of four or five companies of Mormon men' who would meet the physical requirements of the service, to form part of the Army of the West in its march on New Mexico and California. The recruits were to receive the regular pay and bounty which the government granted to all its volunteers, and they were to be discharged in California, and allowed to retain their arms and equipments. Under this call, about five hundred men enlisted. They were known as the Mormon battalion.

Thus, though the war was ultimately disastrous to the saints by placing Utah and California under United States sovereignty, it was advantageous to them in its immediate effects. A large part of the pay, together with the bounty of forty dollars given to each of them, was collected by Elder Taylor and other officials of the church at

Fort Leavenworth and Santa Fé, and carried back to Young's headquarters for use in the migration. The volunteers were armed and paid for going to California, a point to which many of them wanted to go, for at that time the exact spot for their final halting-place had not been definitely fixed, although, through Frémont, the Bear River Valley and the Salt Lake region had made an impressive appeal to their leaders.

Organized, armed, and equipped at Fort Leavenworth, the battalion started for Santa Fé over the traders' old trail on August 1, and reached that point on October 12. This was seven weeks after Kearny and his column had entered that capital and raised the flag over Governor Armijo's palace. Then their real work began.

'To-morrow three hundred wilderness-worn dragoons, in shabby and patched clothing, who have long been on short allowances of food, set forth to conquer or annex a Pacific empire; to take a leap in the dark of a thousand miles of wild plains and mountains, only known on vague reports as unwatered, and with several deserts of two and three marches, where a camel might starve, if not perish from thirst. Our success — we never doubt it! and the very desperation of any alternative must insure it — shall give us for boundary that world-line of a mighty ocean's coast, looking across to the cradle-land of humanity, and shall girdle the earth with civilization.'

This is an entry, dated at Santa Fé on September 25, 1846, in the diary of Captain Philip St. George Cooke, of the First Dragoons, a part of General Kearny's Army of the West.

At the end of the march we find this entry:—

'History may be searched in vain for an equal march of infantry. Half of it has been through a wilderness where nothing but savages and wild beasts

are found, or deserts where, for want of water, there is no living creature. There, with almost hopeless labor, we have dug deep wells, which the future traveler will enjoy. Without a guide who had traversed them, we have ventured into trackless table-lands where water was not found for several marches. . . . The garrisons of four presidios of Sonora concentrated within the walls of Tucson gave us no pause. We drove them out with their artillery, but our intercourse with the citizens was unmarked by a single act of injustice.'

Colonel Frémont and Commodore Stockton had already completed the conquest of California. After doing garrison duty, successively, at San Luis Rey and Los Angeles, the battalion was mustered out of the service at the latter place on July 16, 1847. This was just a week before Apostles Pratt and Snow, President Young, and their associates crossed the Wasatch and set up their new Zion in the Salt Lake Valley. The battalion, however, two thousand miles away, which had received no tidings of its people since leaving Santa Fé nine months earlier, had no means of knowing their whereabouts, or even their fate.

Pushing northward, and meeting a party of Americans on the way, who told them that the refugees from Nauvoo were moving toward Salt Lake, most of the members of the battalion reached Sutter's Fort, five hundred miles from Los Angeles, in the latter part of August. A few of them remained at that post, but a majority of them crossed the mountains and entered the Salt Lake Valley on October 16. Two of those who stayed behind were digging the raceway at Sutter's mill when, on January 24, 1848, James W. Marshall made the gold discovery there which sent adventurers from all parts of the globe to that point, and altered the history of California, of Utah, and

of the whole country. A week after the gold 'find,' but long before it became known to the outside world, the American and Mexican commissioners placed their signatures to the peace treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, by which Mexico ceded California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico to the United States, and which pushed our southwestern boundary to the Pacific.

V

Finding himself back under United States sovereignty, and his dream of empire shattered, Young, with characteristic promptness and decision, adjusted himself to the circumstances, and attempted to turn them to his own account. A convention called by him met in Salt Lake City on March 4, 1849, and framed a constitution for the State of Deseret, under which state officers and a delegate to Congress were chosen, Young himself being the governor. The proposed state not only comprised the present State of Utah, but included parts of the present New Mexico, Colorado, and Wyoming, all of Arizona and Nevada, and a portion of the southern end of California. It was a stroke of magnificent audacity. Young probably believed that isolation and the privileges belonging to statehood would give him virtual independence, while the recruits from the United States, Europe, and Canada whom his missionaries were sending him would eventually enable him to make his independence actual.

Congress refused to admit the delegate, and rejected the proposed state, but as a part of Clay's compromise scheme of 1850 it passed an act creating the Territory of Utah, comprising all of the present state, with parts of Nevada, Colorado, and Wyoming. President Fillmore made Young governor, but a clash with the United States authorities came shortly afterward. It

came through the adoption of polygamy, which had been secretly practiced for years, but which was formally proclaimed as an article of the Mormon faith in 1852, and made compulsory; through the dominance of the Mormon hierarchy in the civil affairs of the territory; through the claims, which had been made from the beginning of the church's days in Kirtland, that the revelations of the Mormon prophets were of higher authority than the Constitution and statutes of the United States; and through the expulsion of some of the government officials from the territory and the murder of others.

Realizing that the Mormons were in rebellion against the government, President Buchanan, a few months after he assumed office in 1857, removed Young from the governorship, appointed in his place Alfred Cumming, who had been Superintendent of Indian Affairs on the upper Missouri, and sent twelve hundred soldiers under Colonel Albert Sidney Johnston to reestablish United States authority in the territory.

The campaign was inglorious. Starting from Fort Leavenworth in July, the army was compelled to move slowly because of its immense supply-trains and the herds of beef cattle which it convoyed, and because it was attacked by bands of armed Mormons acting under Young's orders. On the night of October 3, a small force of guerillas swooped down upon three trains of seventy-five wagons camped on Green River, seized all the supplies which they could carry, burned the rest, and fled. The grass in front of other supply-trains was burned, so that the animals had very little to feed on. Hundreds of cattle were captured and sent to Salt Lake City. Heavy snows in the mountains obstructed the soldiers' movements, and in the latter part of November, when

the various sections of the army converged at Fort Bridger, that post and Fort Supply, a few miles away, were found to have been burned by the Mormons, and winter quarters were established near there, at Fort Scott, a hundred and fifteen miles north of Young's capital.

Buchanan's orders to Johnston were to avoid a conflict if possible. This was difficult, for on September 17 the massacre of Mountain Meadows, three hundred miles south of Salt Lake City, was perpetrated, in which one hundred and twenty persons, on the way to California, were killed, seventeen children under seven years of age being spared. The murders were committed by Indians, instigated by the Danites, and participated in by some of them, Elder John D. Lee being one of the leaders in the atrocity. In 1877, the earliest practicable date, Lee was tried and convicted by the United States Court, and shot on the spot on which the crime was committed. A truce was arranged with the Mormons. Johnston's army marched into and out of Salt Lake City on June 26, 1858, established Camp Floyd, a few miles away, and the Mormon War was ended.

Soon after the War of Secession, two powerful agencies — the Christian Church and the railroads — began to coöperate to end Utah's isolation. The Episcopalians began their work in that territory in 1867, the Methodists in 1870, the Catholics and the Presbyterians in 1871, and other denominations soon afterward. Near Ogden, thirty-seven miles north of Salt Lake City, on May 10, 1869, the rails of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific met, and the continent was spanned by iron bands. Then, in quick succession, came the Utah Central, the Utah Southern, and the Utah and Northern lines, which brought most of the important towns in the territory into rail connection

with the rest of the country. Discoveries — some of them before, but most of them after, the building of the trans-continental railway — of gold, silver, copper, iron, coal, and other minerals, started an inrush of Gentiles into the territory, and before Brigham Young's death in 1877 the Mormon Church began to find itself encompassed by the wave-circle of the world's interests and activities.

Long before his death, too, trouble came to his church through the attacks by Congress on polygamy. The Republicans, who, in their first national platform, that of 1856, coupled polygamy with slavery as 'twin relics of barbarism,' assailed it also in their conventions of 1876, 1880, 1884, and 1888. Indirectly the Democrats attacked it in their platforms of 1876, 1880, and 1884. By the Morrill act, passed by Congress in 1862, polygamy was classed as bigamy, and made punishable by fine and imprisonment. Under the Edmunds law of 1882, polygamists were disfranchised, prohibited from holding office, and the territorial legislature's act giving the ballot to women was annulled. The Edmunds-Tucker law of 1887 confiscated the property, except parsonages and church buildings, of the Mormon Church and the Perpetual Emigration Fund Company, and gave the proceeds to the support of the common schools of the territory; abolished the Nauvoo Legion, a Mormon military organization, and provided for the creation of a militia under the laws of the United States.

Then came surrender. All its resources for obstruction and resistance having been exhausted, Wilford Woodruff, the head of the church, issued a proclamation on September 25, 1890, denying that the hierarchy still countenanced polygamy, declaring that plural marriages were no longer solemnized by the church, and advising

all his people to obey the marriage laws of the land. At a general conference, Woodruff's pronunciamento concerning plural marriages was accepted as 'authoritative and binding.' This was ultimately received by the country as a renunciation of polygamy, and the popular aversion to the Mormons gradually subsided.

In answer to an appeal made by the Mormon hierarchy for a general pardon for themselves and their followers, supplemented by a promise to obey the laws, President Harrison, on January 4, 1893, issued a proclamation granting an amnesty to all persons liable to the penalties of the Edmunds act, who had, since November 1, 1890, refrained from polygamy. A bill to enable the people of Utah to frame a constitution and set up a state government, the constitution to provide for the toleration of all forms of religion, for the establishment and maintenance of a system of public schools free from sectarian control and open to the children of the whole state, and for the prohibition of polygamy, passed Congress without a division, and was signed by President Cleveland on July 16, 1894. A constitution which met these requirements was framed by a convention which assembled in Salt Lake City in March, 1895. It was ratified by the people in November, and the contest which began when Brigham Young, in 1850, asked for the creation of the State of Deseret, closed on January 4, 1896, by Utah's admission into the Union 'on an equal footing with the original states.'

VI

'I congratulate all of you, my fellow countrymen, on the richness which your valley spreads out before us, and on the industry and intelligence of your people, the fruits of which I see everywhere around me.'

Thus Mr. Taft saluted the residents of the little city of Provo, out at the western foothills of the Wasatch, when, on September 24, 1909, he passed through that region on his tour to the Pacific. It was just sixty-two years and two months earlier, and forty-five miles to the northward, that Orson Pratt, heading the advance couriers of the saints, wrote these words in his journal: 'In about two hours after our arrival we began to plough, and the same afternoon we built a dam to irrigate the soil, which at the place we were ploughing was exceedingly dry.' Provo and its neighborhood showed Mr. Taft one of the results.

On September 25, from the tabernacle in Salt Lake City, in the place from which Brigham Young, in the earlier age, hurled defiance at the laws and the President of the United States, a President of the United States, as the guest of Young's people, talked of religious and political toleration, and praised that people's patriotism and educational progress. And an especially interested hearer was Young's successor, Joseph F. Smith, nephew of Joseph Smith, the prophet, and son of Hyrum.

Not only does the despised and hunted sect which began to cross the Wasatch in 1847, comprise a large majority of the three hundred thousand people of Utah to-day, but it ranks first among the religious denominations of Idaho, and second among those of Wyoming and Arizona. 'The settlements of our people,' said Joseph F. Smith, in a recent newspaper article, 'extend from a group of colonies in the province of Alberta, in Canada, down through the wide-spreading Rocky Mountain valleys of the United States to another group of colonies in Northern Mexico.' And, including the author of the foregoing words, some are alive who made the hegira with them from Nauvoo,

and crossed the plains to their New Jerusalem.

In its returns for 1906 the Census Bureau placed the number of members of the Church of the Latter-Day Saints, in round figures, at two hundred and fifty-six thousand. Forty thousand of these, however, belong to the Reorganized Church, which rejected polygamy and separated from the parent body in 1852, when it incorporated that practice in its creed. The headquarters of the Reorganized branch are in Lamoni, Iowa, and its president is Joseph Smith, son of the prophet. Through the activity of its missionaries in the United States, Canada, Mexico, and Europe, the Utah church is increasing with great rapidity.

For more than six years past Reed Smoot, one of the leading members of the Mormon hierarchy, has been in the Senate at Washington, and he was recently elected to another term. Mr. Taft's party, which in its platform of 1856 denounced polygamy as a relic of barbarism, and which enacted nearly all the laws directed against that practice, has swayed the politics of Utah most of the time since its admission to statehood. Salt Lake City, however, has been controlled for a few years past by a local organization called the American party, composed chiefly of Gentiles and of Mormons who oppose church domination in secular affairs. At Sharon, Joseph Smith's birthplace, in the Republican State of Vermont, a monument was erected to him in 1905.

In the government building at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle, Mr. Taft, as well as tens of thousands of the other visitors, saw

many exhibits of the work of the Mormons as colonizers of the West. Wagons were there which accompanied Young's pioneer corps from the Missouri to Salt Lake in 1847. There also was an odometer, invented by two of the pioneers, which was used by this advance detachment of the saints in measuring the day's march, and in computing the distance between the starting-point of the expedition at Winter Quarters and its arrival at the lake. And the government engineers who went over the route in later times testified that its work was marvelously accurate. Likewise the press was there on which the *Deseret News* was printed in 1850 and for years afterward. This was the first printing-press to cross the plains, and the *News* was the first paper to make its advent in the Rocky Mountain region. And to this day it is one of the most widely read and influential journals in its territory.

And another exhibit was there which, it is to be hoped, Mr. Taft did not miss:

Pioneers
camped here
June 3d 1847
making 15 miles to-day
All well
Brigham Young

At the sight of these words, traced on the skull of a buffalo, as a guide to the friends who were behind in the great hegira, imagination rouses itself. From the shadow of the past, long-vanished yesterdays emerge. The West's wild, free, vivid days return. With its hardships, its heroism, its romance, and its story of splendid achievement written across the landscape of half a continent, the old trail lives for us again.

TO DAISIES

BY FRANCIS THOMPSON

Ah, drops of gold in whitening flame
Burning, we know your lovely name —
Daisies, that little children pull!
Like all weak things, over the strong
Ye do not know your power for wrong,
And much abuse your feebleness.
Daisies, that little children pull,
As ye are weak, be merciful!
O hide your eyes! they are to me
Beautiful insupportably.
Or be but conscious ye are fair,
And I your loveliness could bear,
But, being fair so without art,
Ye vex the silted memories of my heart!

As a pale ghost yearning strays
With sundered gaze,
'Mid corporal presences that are
To it impalpable — such a bar
Sets you more distant than the morning-star.
Such wonder is on you, and amaze,
I look and marvel if I be
Indeed the phantom, or are ye?
The light is on your innocence
Which fell from me.
The fields ye still inhabit whence
My world-acquainted treading strays,
The country where I did commence;
And though ye shine to me so near,
So close to gross and visible sense, —
Between us lies impassable year on year.

To other time and far-off place
Belongs your beauty: silent thus,

TO DAISIES

Though to others naught you tell,
To me your ranks are rumorous
Of an ancient miracle.
Vain does my touch your petals graze,
I touch you not; and though ye blossom here,
Your roots are fast in alienated days.
Ye there are anchored, while Time's stream
Has swept me past them: your white ways
And infantile delights do seem
To look in on me like a face,
Dead and sweet, come back through dream,
With tears, because for old embrace
It has no arms.

These hands did toy,
Children, with you, when I was child,
And in each other's eyes we smiled:
Not yours, not yours the grievous-fair
Apparelling
With which you wet mine eyes; you wear,
Ah me, the garment of the grace
I wove you when I was a boy;
O mine, and not the year's your stolen Spring!
And since ye wear it,
Hide your sweet selves! I cannot bear it.
For when ye break the cloven earth
With your young laughter and endearment,
No blossomy carillon 't is of mirth
To me; I see my slaughtered joy
Bursting its cerement.

LEARNING

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

AN expert on Greek art chanced to describe in my hearing one of the engraved gems in the Metropolitan Museum. He spoke of it as 'certainly one of the great gems of the world,' and there was something in his tone that was even more thrilling than his words. He might have been describing the Parthenon, or Beethoven's Mass, — such was the passion of reverence that flowed out of him as he spoke. I went to see the gem afterwards. It was badly placed, and for all artistic purposes was invisible. I suppose that even if I had had a good look at it, I should not have been able to appreciate its full merit. Who could — save the handful of adepts in the world, the little group of gem-readers, by whom the mighty music of this tiny score could be read at sight?

Nevertheless it was a satisfaction to me to have seen the stone. I knew that through its surface there poured the power of the Greek world; that not without Phidias and Aristotle, and not without the Parthenon, could it have come into existence. It carried in its bosom a digest of the visual laws of spiritual force; and was as wonderful and as sacred as any stone could well be. Its value to mankind was not to be measured by my comprehension of it, but was inestimable. As Petrarch felt toward the Greek manuscript of Homer which he owned but could not read, so did I feel toward the gem.

What is Education? What are Art and Religion and all those higher interests in civilization which are always

vaguely held up to us as being the most important things in life? These things elude definition. They cannot be put into words except through the interposition of what the Germans call a 'metaphysic.' Before you can introduce them into discourse, you must step aside for a moment and create a theory of the universe; and by the time you have done this, you have perhaps befogged yourself and exhausted your readers. Let us be content with a more modest ambition. It is possible to take a general view of the externals of these subjects without losing reverence for their realities. It is possible to consider the forms under which art and religion appear, — the algebra and notation by which they have expressed themselves in the past, — and to draw some general conclusion as to the nature of the subject, without becoming entangled in the subject itself.

We may deal with the influence of the gem without striving exactly to translate its meaning into speech. We all concede its importance. We know, for instance, that the admiration of my friend the expert was no accident. He found in the design and workmanship of the intaglio the same ideas which he had been at work on all his life. Greek culture long ago had become a part of this man's brain, and its hieroglyphs expressed what to him was religion. So of all monuments, languages, and arts which descend to us out of the past. The peoples are dead, but the documents remain; and these documents themselves are part of a living

and intimate tradition which also descends to us out of the past, — a tradition so familiar and native to the brain that we forget its origin. We almost believe that our feeling for art is original with us. We are tempted to think there is some personal and logical reason at the back of all grammar, whether it be the grammar of speech or the grammar of architecture, — so strong is the appeal to our taste made by traditional usage. Yet the great reason of the power of art is the historic reason. ‘In this manner have these things been expressed; in similar manner must they continue to be said.’ So speaks our artistic instinct.

Good usage has its sanction, like religion or government. We transmit the usage without pausing to think why we do so. We instinctively correct a child, without pausing to reflect that the fathers of the race are speaking through us. When the child says ‘Give me an apple,’ we correct him. ‘You must say “an apple.”’ What the child really means, in fact, is an apple.

All teaching is merely a way of acquainting the learner with the body of existing tradition. If the child is ever to have anything to say of his own, he has need of every bit of this expressive medium to help him do it. The reason is, that, so far as expressiveness goes, only one language exists. Every experiment and usage of the past is a part of this language. A phrase or an idea rises in the Hebrew, and filters through the Greek or Latin and French, down to our own time. The practitioners who scribble and dream in words from their childhood up, — into whose habit of thought language is kneaded through a thousand reveries, — these are the men who receive, reshape, and transmit it. Language is their portion: they are the priests of language.

The same thing holds true of the other vehicles of idea, — of painting,

architecture, religion, etc.; but since we have been speaking of language, let us continue to speak of language. Expressiveness follows literacy. The poets have been tremendous readers always, — Petrarch, Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Byron, Keats; those of them who possessed not much of the foreign languages had a passion for translations. It is amazing how little of a foreign language you need if you have a passion for the thing written in it. We think of Shakespeare as of a lightly-lettered person; but he was ransacking books all day to find plots and language for his plays. He reeks with mythology; he swims in classical metaphor; and, if he knew the Latin poets only in translation, he knew them with that famished intensity of interest which can draw the meaning through the walls of a bad text. Deprive Shakespeare of his sources, and he could not have been Shakespeare.

Good poetry is the echoing of shadowy tongues, the recovery of forgotten talent, the garment put up with perfumes. There is a passage in the *Tempest* which illustrates the freemasonry of artistic craft, and how the weak sometimes hand the torch to the mighty. Prospero’s apostrophe to the spirits is, surely, as Shakespearean as anything in Shakespeare and as beautiful as anything in imaginative poetry.

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves;

And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime

Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimm’d
The noontide sun, call’d forth the mutinous winds,

And ’twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove’s stout oak

With his own bolt: the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have waked their sleepers; oped, and let them
forth

By my so potent art.

Shakespeare borrowed this speech from Medea's speech in Ovid, which he knew in the translation of Arthur Golding; and really Shakespeare seems almost to have held the book in his hand while penning Prospero's speech. The following is from Golding's translation, published in 1567.

Ye Ayres and windes: ye Elves of Hilles, of
Brookes, of Woods alone,
Of standing Lakes, and of the Night, approche
ye everychone,
Through helpe of whom (the crooked bankes
much wondring at the thing)
I have compellèd streames to run cleane back-
ward to their spring.
By charmes I make the calme Seas rough, and
make the rough Seas plaine
And cover all the Skie with Cloudes, and chase
them thence againe.
By charmes I rayse and lay the windes, and burst
the Vipers jaw,
And from the bowels of the Earth both stones
and trees doe drawe.
Whole woods and Forestes I remove: I make the
Mountaines shake,
And even the Earth it selfe to grone and fearfully
to quake.
I call up dead men from their graves: and thee
O lightesome Moone
I darken oft, though beaten brasse abate thy
perill soone.
Our Sorcerie dimmes the Morning faire, and
darkes the Sun at Noone.
The flaming breath of fire Bulles ye quenched
for my sake.
And caused there unwioldie necks the bended
yokes to take.
Among the Earthbred brothers you a mortall
war did set
And brought a sleepe the Dragon fell whose eyes
were never shet.

There is, and is to be, no end of this reappearance of old metaphor, old trade secrets, old usage of art. No sooner has a masterpiece appeared, that summarizes all knowledge, than men get up eagerly the next morning with chisel

and brush, and try again. Nothing done satisfies. It is all in the making that the inspiration lies; and this endeavor renews itself with the ages, and grows by devouring its own offspring.

The technique of any art is the whole body of experimental knowledge through which the art speaks. The glazes of pottery become forgotten and have to be hit upon over again. The knack of Venetian glass, the principle of effect in tiles, in lettering, in the sonnet, in the fugue, in the tower, — all the prestidigitation of art that is too subtle to be named or thought of, must yet be acquired and kept up by practice, held to by constant experiment.

Good artistic expression is thus not only a thing done: it is a way of life, a habit of breathing, a mode of unconsciousness, a world of being which records itself as it unrolls. We call this world Art for want of a better name; but the thing that we value is the life within, not the shell of the creature. This shell is what is left behind in the passage of time, to puzzle our after study and make us wonder how it was made, how such complex delicacy and power ever came to coexist. I have often wondered over the *Merchant of Venice*, as one wonders over a full-blown transparent poppy that sheds light and blushes like a cloud. Neither the poppy nor the play was exactly hewn out: they grew, they expanded and bloomed by a sort of inward power, — unconscious, transcendent. The fine arts blossom from the old stock, — from the poppy-seed of the world.

I am here thinking of the whole body of the arts, the vehicles through which the spirit of man has been expressed. I am thinking also of the sciences, — whose refractory, belligerent worshipers are even less satisfied with any past expression than the artists are, for their mission is to destroy and to rearrange. They would leave nothing alive but

themselves. Nevertheless, science has always been obliged to make use of written language in recording her ideas. The sciences are as much a part of recorded language as the arts. No matter how revolutionary scientific thought may be, it must resort to metaphysics when it begins to formulate its ultimate meanings. Now, when you approach metaphysics, the Greek and the Hebrew have been there before you; you are very near to matters which perhaps you never intended to approach. You are back at the beginning of all things. In fact, human thought does not advance, it only recurs. Every tone and semitone in the scale is a key-note; and every point in the universe is the centre of the universe; and every man is the centre and focus of the cosmos, and through him passes the whole of all force, as it exists and has existed from eternity; hence the significance which may at any moment radiate out of anything.

The different arts and devices that time hands to us are like our organs. They are the veins and arteries of humanity. You cannot rearrange them or begin anew. Your verse-forms and your architecture are chosen for you, like your complexion and your temperament. The thing you desire to express is in them already. Your labors do no more than to enable you to find your own soul in them. If you will begin any piece of artistic work in an empirical spirit and slave over it until it suits you, you will find yourself obliged to solve all the problems which the artists have been engaged on since the dawn of history. Be as independent as you like, you will find that you have been anticipated at every point; you are a slave to precedent, because precedent has done what you are trying to do, and ah, how much better! In the first place the limitations, the horrible limitations of artistic possibility, will begin

to present themselves: few things can be done; they have all been tried; they have all been worked to death; they have all been developed by immortal genius and thereafter avoided by lesser minds, — left to await more immortal genius. The field of endeavor narrows itself in proportion to the greatness of the intellect that is at work. In ages of great art every one knows what the problem is and how much is at stake. Masaccio died at the age of twenty-seven, after having painted half a dozen pictures which influenced all subsequent art, because they showed to Raphael the best solution of certain technical questions. The Greeks of the best period were so very knowing that everything appeared to them ugly except the few attitudes, the few arrangements, which were capable of being carried to perfection.

Any one who has something to say is thus found to be in one sense a slave; but a rich slave who has inherited the whole earth. If you can only obey the laws of your slavery, you become an emperor; you are only a slave in so far as you do not understand how to use your wealth. If you have but the gift of submission, you conquer. Many tongues, many hands, many minds, a traditional state of feeling, traditional symbols, — the whole passed through the eyes and soul of a single man, — such is art, such is human expression in all its million-sided variety.

II

I have thrown together these remarks in an elliptical and haphazard way, hoping to show what sort of thing education is, and as a prologue to a few reflections upon the educational conditions in the United States.

It is easy to think of reasons why the standards of general education should be low in America. Almost every influ-

ence which is hostile to the development of deep thought and clear feeling has been at the maximum of destructive power in the United States. We are a new society, made of a Babel of conflicting European elements, engaged in exploiting the wealth of a new continent, under conditions of climate which involve a nervous reorganization for Europeans who come to live with us. Our history has been a history of quiet colonial beginnings, followed by a national life which from its inception has been one of social unrest. And all this has happened during the great epoch of the expansion of commerce, the thought-destroying epoch of the world.

Let us take a rapid glance at our own past. In the beginning we were settlers. Now, the settlement of any new continent plays havoc with the arts and crafts. Let us imagine that among the Mayflower pilgrims there were a few expert wood-carvers, a violin-player or two, and a master architect. These men, upon landing in the colony, must have been at a loss for employment. They would have to turn into backwoodsmen. Their accomplishments would in time have been forgotten. Within a generation after the landing of the pilgrims there must have followed a decline in the fine arts, in scholarship, and in certain kinds of social refinement. This decline was, to some extent, counteracted in our colonial era by the existence of wealth in the colonies and by the constant intercourse with Europe, from which the newest models were imported by every vessel. Nevertheless, it is hard for a colony to make up for its initial loss; and we have recently seen the United States government making efforts on a large scale to give to the American farmer those practices of intensive cultivation of the soil which he lost by becoming a backwoodsman and

has never since had time to recover for himself.

The American Revolution was our second serious set-back in education. So hostile to culture is war that the artisans of France have never been able to attain to the standards of workmanship which prevailed under the old monarchy. Our national culture started with the handicap of a seven-years' war, and was always a little behindhand. During the nineteenth century the American citizen was buffeting the waves of new development. His daily life was an experiment. His moral, social, political interests and duties were indeterminate. Nothing was settled for him by society. Was a man to have an opinion? Then he must make it himself. This demands a more serious labor than if he were obliged to manufacture his own shoes and candlesticks. No such drafts upon individual intellect are made in an old country. You cannot get a European to understand this distressing over-taxing of the intelligence in America. Nothing like it has occurred before, because in old countries opinion is part of caste and condition; opinion is the shadow of interest and of social status.

But in America the individual is not protected against society at large by the bulwark of his class. He stands by himself. It is a noble idea that a man should stand by himself, and the conditions which force a man to do so have occasionally created magnificent types of heroic manhood in America. Lincoln, Garrison, Emerson, and many lesser athletes are the fruits of these very conditions which isolate the individual in America and force him to think for himself. Yet their effect upon general cultivation has been injurious. It seems as if character were always within the reach of every human soul; but men must have become homogeneous before they can produce art.

We have thus reviewed a few of the causes of our American loss of culture. Behind all these causes, however, was the true and overmastering cause, namely, that sudden creation of wealth for which the nineteenth century is noted, the rise all over the world of new and uneducated classes. We came into being as a part of that world-movement which has perceptibly retarded culture, even in Europe. How then could we in America hope to resist it? Whether this movement is the result of democratic ideas, or of mechanical inventions, or of scientific discovery, no one can say. The elements that go to make up the movement cannot be unraveled. We only know that the world has changed: the old order has vanished with all its charm, with all its experience, with all its refinement. In its place we have a crude world, indifferent to everything except physical well-being. In the place of the fine arts and the crafts, we have business and science. Business is, of course, devoted to the increase of physical well-being; and science is, in all except its highest reaches of thought, a mere extension of business. Science is the theory of world-business, race-business, cosmic business. Science saves lives and dominates the air and the sea, science does a hundred wonders, and all of us are incredibly in debt to science, and we should not be ungrateful. But science does not express spiritual truth. It neither sings nor jokes, it neither prays nor rejoices, it neither loves nor hates. It respects only its own language and its own habits of thought, and puts trust only in what is in its own shop-window.

'What is science?' you ask. Now, science is anything which the scientific men of the moment are studying. In one decade science means the discussion of spontaneous variation, in the next of plasm, in the next of germs

or of electrodes. I do not undervalue the accomplishments of science; but I deprecate the contempt which science expresses for anything that does not happen to be called science. Imperial and haughty science proclaims its occupancy of the whole province of human thought; yet, as a matter of fact, science deals in a language of its own, in a set of formulæ and conceptions which cannot cover the most important interests of humanity. It does not understand the value of the fine arts, and is always at loggerheads with philosophy. Is it not clear that science, in order to make good her claim to universality, must adopt a conception of her own function that shall leave to the fine arts and to religion their languages? She cannot hope to compete with these languages, nor to translate nor to expound them. She must accept them. At present she tramples upon them.

There are, then, in the modern world these two influences which are hostile to education, — the influence of business and the influence of science. In Europe these influences are qualified by the vigor of the old learning. In America they dominate remorselessly, and make the path of education doubly hard. Consider how they meet us in ordinary social life. We have all heard men bemoan the time they have spent over Latin and Greek, on the ground that these studies did not fit them for business, — as if a thing must be worth less if it can be neither eaten nor drunk. It is hard to explain the value of education to men who have forgotten the meaning of education: its symbols convey nothing to them.

The situation is very similar in dealing with scientific men, — at least with that large class of them who have little learning and no religion, and who are thus obliged to use the formulæ of modern science as their only vehicle of thought. These men regard hu-

manity as something which started up in Darwin's time. They do not listen when the humanities are mentioned; and if they did they would not understand. When Darwin confessed that poetry had no meaning for him, and that nothing significant was left to him in the whole artistic life of the past, he did not know how many of his brethren his words were destined to describe.

We can forgive the business man for the loss of his birthright; he knows no better. But we have it against a scientist if he undervalues education. Surely the Latin classics are as valuable a deposit as the crustacean fossils or the implements of the stone age. When science shall have assumed her true relation to the field of human culture, we shall all be happier. To-day science knows that the silkworm must be fed on the leaves of the mulberry tree, but does not know that the soul of man must be fed on the Bible and the Greek classics. Science knows that a queen bee can be produced by care and feeding, but does not as yet know that every man who has had a little Greek and Latin in his youth belongs to a different species from the ignorant man. No matter how little it may have been, it reclassifies him. There is more kinship between that man and a great scholar than there is between the same man and some one who has had no classics at all; he breathes from a different part of his anatomy. Drop the classics from education? Ask rather, Why not drop education? for the classics are education. We cannot draw a line and say, 'Here we start.' The facts are the other way. We started long ago, and our very life depends upon keeping alive all that we have thought and felt during our history. If the continuity is taken from us, we shall relapse.

When we discover that these two tremendous interests — if indeed, busi-

ness and science be not parts of the same interest — have arisen in the modern world and are muffling the voice of man, we tremble for the future. If these giants shall continue their subjugation of the gods, the whole race, we fear, may relapse into dumbness. By good fortune, however, there are other powers at work. The race is emotionally too rich and too much attached to the past to allow its faculties to be lost through disuse. New and spontaneous crops will soon be growing upon the mould of our own stubbly, thistle-bearing epoch.

In the mean time we in America must do the best we can. It is no secret that our standards of education are below those of Europe. Our art, our historical knowledge, our music and general conversation, show a stiffness and lack of exuberance, a lack of vitality and of unconscious force, — the faults of beginners in all walks of life. During the last twenty-five years much improvement has been made in those branches of cultivation which depend directly upon wealth. Since the Civil War there seems to have been a decline in the higher literature, accompanied by an advance in the plastic arts. And more recently still, there has been a literary reawakening, perhaps not of the most important kind, yet signifying a new era. If I may employ an obvious simile, I would liken America to a just-grown young man of good impulses, who has lacked early advantages. He feels that cultivation belongs to him; and yet he cannot catch it nor hold it. He feels the impulse of expression, and yet he can neither read nor write. He feels that he is fitted for general society; and yet he has no current ideas or conversation. And, of course, — I say it with regret, but it is a part of the situation, — of course, he is heady and proud of himself.

What do we all desire for this in-

genuous youth on whom the postponed expectation of the world, as Emerson called it, has waited so long? We desire only to furnish him with true advantages. Let us take a simultaneous survey of the two extremities of the youth's education, namely, of nursery training and the higher education. The two are more intimately dependent upon each other than is generally suspected. With regard to the nursery, early advantages are the key to education. The focus of all cultivation is the fireside. Learning is a stove-plant that lives in the cottage and thrives during the long winter in domestic warmth. Unless it be born into children in their earliest years, there is little hope for it. The whole future of the world depends upon what is read to children before they can read to themselves. The world is powerless to reconvey itself through any mind that it has not lived in from the beginning, — so hard is the language of symbols, whether in music, or in poetry, or in painting. The arts must expand with the heart, as a hot rod of glass is touched by the gold-leaf and is afterwards blown into dusty stars and rainbows of mantling irradiation. If the glass expand before it has been touched by the metal, there is no means of ever getting the metal into it.

The age of machinery has peopled this continent with promoters and millionaires, and the work of a thousand years has been done in a century. The thing has, however, been accomplished at some cost. An ignorant man makes a fortune and demands the higher education for his children. But it is too late: he should have given it to them when he was in his shirtsleeves. All that they are able to receive now is something very different from education. In receiving it they drag down the old standards. School and college are filled with illiterates. The whole

land must wait patiently till Learning has warmed back to life her chilled and starved descendants. Perhaps the child or grandchild of the fortune-builder will teach the children on his knee what he himself learned too late in life to teach him much.

Hunger and thirst for learning is a passion that comes, as it were, out of the ground; now in an age of wealth, now in an age of poverty. Young men are born whom nothing will satisfy except the arts and the sciences. They seek out some scholar at a university and aim at him from boyhood. They persuade their parents to send them to college. They are bored and fatigued by everything that life offers except this thing. Now, society does not create this hunger. All that society can do is to provide nourishment of the right kind, good instruction, true learning, the best scholarship which history has left behind. I believe that to-day there is a spirit of learning abroad in America, — here and there, in the young, — the old insatiable passion. I feel as if men were arising — most of them still handicapped by the lack of early training — to whom life has no meaning except as a search for the truth. This exalted famine of the young scholar is the hope of the world. It is religion and art and science in the chrysalis. The thing that society must beware of doing is of interposing between the young learner and his natural food some mechanical product or patent food of its own. Good culture means the whole of culture in its original sources; bad culture is any substitute for this.

Let us now examine the higher departments of education, the university, the graduate school, the museum, — the learned world in America. There is one function of learned men which is the same in every age, namely, the production of text-books. Learned men

shed text-books as the oak sheds acorns, and by their fruits ye shall know them. Open almost any primary text-book or school-book in America, and you will, on almost every page of it, find inelegancies of usage, roughnesses, inaccuracies and occasional errors of grammar. The book has been written by an incompetent hand. Now, what has the writer lacked? Is it grammar? Is it acquaintance with English literature, with good models, with the Bible, with history? It is all these things, and more. No school-room teaching can make a man write good English. No school-teaching ever made an educated man, or a man who could write a good primary text-book. It requires a home of early culture, supplemented by the whole curriculum of scholarship and university training. Nothing but this great engine will produce that little book.

The same conditions prevail in music. If you employ the nearest excellent young lady music-teacher to teach your boys to play the piano, she will bring into the house certain child's music written by American composers, in which the rules of harmony are violated, and of which the sentiment is vulgar. The books have been written by incompetent people. There is a demand for such books, and they are produced. They are the best the times afford; let us be glad that they exist at all, and that they are no worse. But note this: it will require the whole musical impulse of the age, from the oratorio society and the musical college down to the street-organ, to correct the grammar of that child's music-book. Ten or twenty years from now a like book will perhaps be brought into your home, filled with better harmony and with truer musical feeling; and the change will have been wrought through the influence of Sebastian Bach, of Beethoven, — of the masters of music.

It is the same with all things. The

higher culture must hang over the cradle, over the professional school, over the community. If you read the lives of the painters of Italy or of the musicians of Germany, you will find that, no matter where a child of genius was born, there was always an educated man to be found in the nearest village — a priest or a schoolmaster — who gave the child the rudiments himself, and became the means of sending him to the university. Without this indigent scholar, where would have been the great master?

It is familiarity with greatness that we need, — an early and first-hand acquaintance with the thinkers of the world, whether their mode of thought be music or marble or canvas or language. Their meaning is not easy to come at, but in so far as it reaches us it will transform us. A strange thing has occurred in America. I am not sure that it has ever occurred before. The teachers wish to make learning easy. They desire to prepare and peptonize and sweeten the food. Their little books are soft biscuit for weak teeth, easy reading on great subjects; but these books are filled with a pervading error; they contain a subtle perversion of education.

Learning is not easy, but hard; culture is severe. The steps to Parnassus are steep and terribly arduous. This truth is often forgotten among us; and yet there are fields of work in which it is not forgotten, and in such fields art springs up. Let us remember the accomplishments of our country. The art in which we now most excel is architecture. America has in it many beautiful buildings and some learned architects. And how has this come about? Through severe and conscientious study of the monuments of art, through humble, old-fashioned training. The architects have had first-rate text-books, generally written by Eu-

ropeans, the non-peptonized, gritty, serious language of masters in the craft. Our painters have done something of the same sort. They have gone to Europe, and are conversant with what is being done in Europe. If they are developing their art here, they do it not ignorantly but with experience, with consciousness of the past.

I do not recommend subservience to Europe, but subservience to intellect. Recourse to Europe we must have; our scholars must absorb Europe, without themselves becoming absorbed. It is a curious thing that the American who comes in contact with the old world exhibits two opposite faults: he is often too much impressed, and loses stamina; or he is too little impressed, and remains a barbarian. Contact with the past and hard work are the cure for both tendencies. Europe is merely an incidental factor in the problem of our education; and this is very well shown in the conduct of our law schools. The Socratic method of instruction in law schools was first introduced at Harvard, and since then it has spread to many parts of the world. This is undoubtedly one of our best achievements in scholarship; and Europe had, so far as I know, no hand in it. The method consists in the *viva voce* discussion of leading cases, text-books being used merely as an auxiliary. The student thus attacks the sources for himself. Here we have American scholarship at its best, and it is precisely the same thing as the European article; it is simply scholarship.

If we can exhibit this spirit in one branch of learning, why not in all? The Promethean fire is one single element. A spark of this fire is all that is needed to kindle this flame. The glance of a child of genius at an Etruscan vase leaves the child a new being. That is why museums exist: not only for the million who get something from them,

but for the one young person of intelligence to whom they mean everything.

Our American universities exhibit very vividly all the signs of retardation in culture which are traceable in other parts of our social life. A university is always a stronghold of the past, and is therefore one of the last places to be captured by new influence. Commerce has been our ruler for many years; and yet it is only quite recently that the philosophy of commerce can be seen in our colleges. The business man is not a monster; but he is a person who desires to advance his own interests. This is his occupation, and, as it were, his religion. The advancement of material interests constitutes civilization to him. He unconsciously infuses the ideas and methods of business into anything that he touches. It has thus come about in America that our universities are beginning to be run as business colleges. They advertise, they compete with one another, they pretend to give good value to their customers. They desire to increase their trade, they offer social advantages and business openings to their patrons. In some cases they boldly conduct intelligence offices, and guarantee that no hard work done by the student shall be done in vain; a record of work is kept during the student's college life, and the college undertakes to furnish him at any time thereafter with references and a character which shall help him in the struggle for life.

This miscarriage of education has been developed and is being conducted by some of our greatest educators, through a perfectly unconscious adaptation of their own souls to the spirit of the age. The underlying philosophy of these men might be stated as follows: 'There is nothing in life nobler than for a man to improve his condition and the condition of his children. Learning is a means to this end.' Such is the

current American conception of education. How far we have departed from the idea of education as a search for truth, or as the vehicle of spiritual expression, may be seen herein. The change of creeds has come about innocently, and the consequences involved in it are, as yet, perceived by hardly any one. The skepticism inherent in the new creed is concealed by its benevolence. You wish to help the American youth. This unfortunate, benighted, ignorant boy, who has from his cradle heard of nothing but business success as the one goal of all human effort, turns to you for instruction. He comes to you in a trusting spirit, with reverence in his heart, and you answer his hope in this wise: 'Business and social success are the best things that life affords. Come to us, my dear fellow, and we will help you toward them.' Your son asks you for bread and you give him a stone, for fish and you give him a serpent. It would have been better for that boy if he had never come to your college; for then he might have retained a belief that somewhere in the world there existed ideas, art, enthusiasm, unselfishness, inspiring activity.

In so far as our universities have been turning into business agencies, they have naturally lost their imaginative importance. Our professors seem to be of little more consequence in the community than the department managers of other large shops. If learning is a useful commodity which is to be distributed for the personal advantage of the recipients, it is a thing to be paid for rather than worshiped. To be sure, the whole of past history cannot be swept away in a day, and we have not wholly discarded a certain conventional and rhetorical reverence for learning. A dash and varnish of education are thought to be desirable, — the wash that is growing every year more thin.

Now, the truth is that the higher

education does not advance a man's personal influence except under special circumstances. What it gives a man is the power of expression; but the ability to express himself has kept many a man poor. Let no one imagine that society is likely to reward him for self-expression in any walk of life. He is much more likely to be punished for it. The question of a man's success in life depends upon society at large. The more highly an age is educated, the more highly it rewards education in the individual. In an age of indifference to learning, the educated man is at a disadvantage. Thus the thesis that education advances self-interest — that thesis upon which many of our colleges are now being conducted — is substantially false. The little scraps and snatches of true education which a man now gets at college often embarrass his career. Our people are finding this out year by year; and as they do so, they naturally throw the whole conception of the higher education overboard. If education is to break down as a commercial asset, what excuse have they for retaining it at all? They will force the colleges to live up to the advertisements, and to furnish the kind of education that pays its way. It is clear that if the colleges persist in the utilitarian view, the higher learning will disappear. It has been disappearing very rapidly, and can be restored only through the birth of a new spirit and of a new philosophic attitude in our university life.

There are ages when the scholar receives recognition during his lifetime, and when the paths which lead to his lecture-room are filled with men drawn there by his fame. This situation arises in any epoch when human intellect surges up and asserts itself against tyranny and ignorance. In the past the tyrannies have been political tyrannies, and these have become well understood

through the struggles of intellect in the past; but the present commercial tyranny is a new thing, and as yet little understood. It lies like a heavy fog of intellectual depression over the whole kingdom of Mammon, and is fed by the smoke from a million factories. The artist works in it, the thinker thinks in it. Even the saint is born in it. The rain of ashes from the nineteenth-century Vesuvius of business seems to be burying all our landscape.

And yet this is not true. We shall emerge, even we who are in America and suffer most. The important points to be watched are our university classrooms. If our colleges will but allow something unselfish, something that is true for its own sake, something that is part of the history of the human heart and intellect, to live in their classrooms, the boys will find their way to it. The museum holds the precious urn, to preserve it. The university, in like manner, stands to house the alpha-

bets of civilization, — the historic instruments and agencies of intellect. They are all akin to each other, as the very name and function of the place imply. The presidents and professors who sit beside the fountains of knowledge bear different labels and teach subjects that are called by various names. But the thing which carries the label is no more than the shell. The life you cannot label; and it is to foster this life that universities exist. Enthusiasm comes out of the world and goes into the university. Toward this point flows the current of new talent that bubbles up in society; here is the meeting-place of mind. All that a university does is to give the poppy-seed to the soil, the oil to the lamp, the gold to the rod of glass before it cools. A university brings the spirit in touch with its own language, that language through which it has spoken in former days and through which alone it shall speak again.

TYMPANO

BY ROBERT M. GAY

As a boy I was fascinated by the orchestral kettle-drummer. We dare confess as weaknesses of childhood oddities which would stamp us, grown men and women, as decidedly queer. I shall not confess that as a man I am still fascinated by the kettle-drum of the orchestra. It is easier to ask you whether, on your honor, the little bald-headed man behind his battery of polished mortars from which he dauntlessly fires single booming shells and

rattling showers of grape has not helped you to pass more than one musical evening without disgracing yourself by falling asleep. If you do not care to commit yourself, at least own that you too have been amused and interested in watching his flying sticks and his bobbing head; for unless you are an admirer of Tympano, these reminiscences will mean nothing to you.

The important observation has been made that the blowers of wind-instru-

ments are invariably bald or baldescent, while the sawyers of strings are adorned with locks to make a Delilah's fingers itch. Clarinet, oboe, horn, trombone, tuba, and bassoon have blown each other's heads as bare as sirocco and simoom the plains of Africa. But of all bald heads, Tympano's is the baldest. His radiant scone beams out in the musical storm like the moon amid broken clouds, and, I have no doubt, gives as much confidence to the navigators of the musical sea. He is never at a loss. He glares at the score. His uncompromising attitude shows you that he, at any rate, knows what it is all about. How admirable is his self-possession as he screws up his diaphragms, taps them gently, caressingly, with critical ear inclined, and allays their throbbings with unfevered palm. (And all this amid an avalanche of sound, like a man artistically tying his necktie while sliding down the Jungfrau.) How wonderful is his ability to keep one eye fixed on his score and the other on the leader, ever ready to insert, jauntily or circumspectly or decisively, into the theme his punctuation of stops, dashes, and exclamation-points; yet also ready at any moment to set his sticks flying till they hover over the agitated surfaces of his drums, an indistinguishable cloud, out of which rise ominous mutterings of mobs, rumblings of thunder, roar of surf, bellowings of all the bulls of Bashan. Tremendous tumult to be the offspring of a tempest,—not, it is true, in a teapot, but in a soup-kettle!

Never shall I forget the thrill that danced up and down my spine the first time I heard Grieg's Peer Gynt suite played by a great orchestra. The elfin music of Anitra's dance was done; the funereal dirge of Ase had died into silence like the groanings of Hamlet senior having his sins burned and purged away. Then Tympano arose and girded his loins for battle. He tested the knobs

of his sticks, he turned his screws, he patted his sheepskins and 'over them softly his warm ear laid.' All was right and tight as a cruiser in fighting trim. He bent forward, alert and ready, but majestically calm.

The Mountain King's ball began. The wild orgy rose and swelled. Winds howled in gorges, pines whistled and screamed, demons laughed, the sea moaned in far fiords. Superhuman buzzings sounded from the bass viols, demoniac chords from the 'cellos, shrieks of pain from the clarinets and oboes, defiant challenges from the horns, piteous complainings from the bassoons. On and on, up and up, swept the tides of sound, but Tympano stood unmoved. Higher and nearer, till they threatened to engulf him, but he quivered not an eyelid. I had given him up for lost, but suddenly at a nod from the leader he came to life, he let loose his thunders, he roared his defiance. Low and uncertain at first he rumbled, but waxed in volume until, little man that he was, he all but drowned his toiling, sweating comrades in a long-drawn rattling peal that shook the seat whereon I sat and turned my blood to water within me.

I dreamed of Tympano that night. I saw him riding the wind, a new Hermes with a drumstick for a caduceus.

This exploit of Tympano's took place in my twelfth year, and for a long time he occupied a niche of honor in my mental gallery of heroes as the most redoubtable of drum-drubbers. Of course, I realized that I would rather listen to the orchestra without him than to him without the orchestra, yet I felt that the Mountain King's ball would be a poor affair without him, like a thunder-storm without any thunder.

Perhaps a year later I discovered his soul-brother. It was at a seaside resort, and along the board-walk came marching a band of Highland bagpipers in

full costume. They were tremendous fellows, but their music, to my untutored ears, was like the squealings of forty stuck pigs. Yet I have never heard strains to compare with theirs for arousing a desire to die for one's country.

I think the bagpipe music must have been fashioned back in the old days by some demon of perversity out of the whistle of arrows, the clash of claymores, the neighing of war-steeds, and the shrieks of the dying. When I hear it, I think of the wheel of fortune, the car of Juggernaut, the mills of the gods, and the inquisitorial rack and screw. It whirls along with a cyclonic rhythm that sets the feet to tramping and the blood to boiling.

And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air:
Oh, life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.

This particular band of six-foot Roderick Dhus came swinging along with the precision of a machine, twelve elbows and twelve legs moving as one, six grave faces set resolutely to the front, chins held high, fingers flying, bonnets and plaids flashing, plumes waving. With the same jaunty gravity they would have led a wedding procession or a forlorn hope, and not missed a whistle or a squeak. I felt extremely small as they went by, but was all eyes. For behind them strode the most prodigious figure I had ever seen.

He was seven feet tall if he was an inch, and resting on his wish-bone was the biggest bass-drum seen on earth since Tubal smote the chorded shell. Yet this astonishing man not only carried it with ease, but smote it with a vivacity and vigor which even Tympano could not outdo. And, what is more, he buffeted it on both sides, for

he wielded a drumstick in each hand, and not only displayed all Tympano's precision, but managed to execute the most marvelous evolutions between whacks, brandishing his sticks alternately behind his head, hitting the left side of the drum with his right-hand stick, and vice versa, throwing the sticks into the air and catching them again in the nick of time; and all this with a high devotion and a heroic joy that made me catch my breath and grit my teeth to keep from shouting aloud in ecstasy. Never have I seen a man so extremely busy who made so light of business.

The wailing chorus with its thunderous accompaniment swept on and away. The musicians were employed only by a traveling show; they had sunk low from a high estate; yet for one boy they were a bit of old-world pageantry, an episode in high romance which illuminated the pages of Scottish history for many a day.

My Scotchman could have tucked Tympano in the nook of his plaid, yet I cannot help feeling that they were of the same stuff at heart. Just what makes a man take to playing a drum, — snare, kettle, or bass, — in preference to more dulcet instruments, it would be hard to say. It is the music of unadulterated rhythm, and the mysteries of our love of rhythm have occupied more than one keen mind. However, one does not have to possess the ear of a Disraeli — who is said to have preferred the Sultan's serenade of three hundred drums to Jenny Lind's singing — to feel that there is something to be said for the percussives.

I think that Tympano and the Scotchman are of an uncompromising, even dogmatic turn, that they suffer from no illusions, that for them two and two always make four. Of course, Tympano dwells on a loftier æsthetic

level than the Scotchman; he knows music, and can usually play every instrument in the orchestra a little; yet, like him, he sticks to his drums. It expresses his instinct for plain language, his desire to bring order out of chaos. As the Scotchman straightens out the spirals and involutions of his Gaelic pibrochs and coronachs, so Tym-

pano, among the evasions and ambiguities and elusions of modern music, thumps and pounds and rumbles and roars, in much the same spirit as Doctor Johnson stamped on the ground in his argument with Bishop Berkeley. Rightly understood, they become a symbol. But moral applications have gone out of fashion.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

PUTTING THINGS IN BOOKS

I ONCE had a prejudice against a habit indulged in by some otherwise sensible people — the habit of putting things in books. I mean pressed flowers, Christmas cards, locks of hair, kodak pictures, and all such tokens and trinkets. I could give logical reasons for my disapproval. I declared that the practice was injurious to the book and disrespectful to the author. Worse than that, it was demoralizing to the reader, leading him into side excursions of romance, and inducing stray thoughts and day-dreams. How unjust, to the patient historian as well as to me, that I should be distracted from a study of the Peloponnesian war by the discovery of a snapshot picture reminding me that on such a day, in such a place, — and then would follow a train of personal reminiscences entirely devoid of historical dignity. Who would wish to pick up a *Hamlet* and find it a crinkled herbarium of shattering ferns and mocking four-leaf clovers? Or who would gain high inspiration from a *Paradise Lost* that served as a scrap-book for clippings of newspaper poems and old political badges? Such interpolations

produced on me the same unhappy effect as literature texts of my student days, with the lines almost obscured by my worshipful transcribing of professorial comment, — horizontal, perpendicular, interlined, and curvilinear, and mainly unreadable. Now, kind librarian, give me volumes with nothing on the pages except what the inspired authors, the talented editors, and the intelligent printers, have placed there. And let me find no stumbling-blocks between the leaves.

Of course I admitted one exception to my rule. The big family Bible was properly a repository, where we might find anything, from father's old school report-cards — how we gloated over his low marks in grammar and in deportment! — to mother's recipe for sponge-cake. It really did not seem sacrilegious that we should find in the Bible a bunch of the parrot's tail-feathers, the disappearance of which, long before, had been a tearful mystery to one small girl. Indeed, I still think that the big Book was an ideal place in which to put things. The binding would stand any strain, being made to last a century; and the reader was safe from demoralizing influences, — for in

those days there was no reader. The era of flexible leather having arrived, the ponderous Bible was brought forth only when a marriage or birth or death was to be chronicled; or at Thanksgiving, to improvise a high chair for the baby. If, upon such an occasion, some one should suggest turning the leaves of the Bible, what strange and precious old things might come to light! Even in the days when I nursed my prejudice, I could have joined with spirit in such an exploring. I also appreciated the story of a lady who, under pressure of great need, found in the Bible a five-dollar bill left there in prosperous days. Such beneficence was appropriate in a Book full of providential things. But does any one find five-dollar bills in common books? Should any right-minded reader wish to find them there? Nothing else in the world would so distract the thoughts, thwarting the efforts of any story-teller. No, the family Bible was in a class by itself. Liberties could be permitted with it that I, for one, would not allow with any other book.

Thus I argued, and, like Horatio, did in part believe. But now I come as a sinner to repentance. It seems to me that I shall not merely look with approval upon the habit I formerly disliked, but that I myself shall some day go to my treasure-boxes and transfer their precious contents to books I may never again open.

My change of heart came in this wise. A dear friend, dying, bequeathed to me her small library. I wondered, when I first touched the volumes, if I should ever be able to regard them as mere books, or to read the gayest of them without sadness. The loved name was written in a delicate, old-fashioned hand on every inside cover. But still more sadly remindful were the numerous mementos and keepsakes lying between the pages; for my friend had

put things in books. In nearly every volume I found pressed flowers, remembrance-cards, or the notes and questions of the student and teacher, all reminding me of the friend who was gone. And yet, when I came upon pieces of lace, soft curls of a baby's hair, strips of yellow ribbon,—her favorite color,—I felt that I could hear her speak and see her smile again. I welcomed all the little keepsakes; for in no other way could my friend have left me so much of herself.

One evening I took from among these gift books the translation of the Iliad, wishing to rest my mind and perhaps learn a new thing. Idly turning the leaves, I dislodged two folded letters, slightly yellowed by time. I opened them,—and what to me then were the grievous woes of heroes, the schemes of gods and goddesses? The very headings of the letters would draw my attention from any ancient tale. One was 'Concord, Mass.,' and the other, 'Oak Knoll, Danvers, Mass.' It has never been my fortune to see the land my fathers trod. Familiarity has bred no contempt. Hence there is no figure of speech in all Homer that has for me the power of suggestion which lies in the name 'Concord.' That message, I thought, in a flash of joy, might be from one of several persons whose letters might well be kept in the Iliad. I decided, after speculation, that the signature was 'A. Bronson Alcott.' But there was no mystery about the other name. It was 'John G. Whittier.'

Though the script of Whittier was so readable, I should not have known or guessed his real meaning without the help of Mr. Alcott's letter, most of which I at last deciphered. Both letters were written in August, 1882. They were replies to two young ladies who had asked advice regarding a course of reading. Mr. Alcott gives the conventional bookman's answer, urging that

they read Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, — and Emerson, at all events. He says, 'Emerson's prose is perhaps the most suggestive and profitable reading of modern authors.' Then follows a statement that seems to be, 'Thoreau is *hardly up*'; but after much study I am inclined to read it, 'Thoreau is *worthy also*.'

It was surely a rare privilege to find the brief note from Whittier. I used to doubt the statement of biographers that the poet had a fine gift of humor; but now, when I look at the gentle, serious face in the engravings, I seem to see a hint of smiles. The letter reads:

OAK KNOLL, DANVERS, MASS.,
8th Mo. 12th, 1882.

MY DEAR FRIENDS, —

When a boy I heard of a venerable Quaker preacher who held a meeting not far from us. He had a large congregation who waited patiently for an hour, while the preacher sat in silence. At last he said, 'Friends, enough has been *said*; the thing is *to do*,' and dismissed the meeting. Reading your sensible well-considered letter I think you do not need advice. 'Enough has been said,' you know enough; but as the Quaker preacher said, 'the thing is *to do*.' That with Divine help you may live wisely, happily, and usefully, is the wish of your old friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

No more of Hector and Achilles that evening! Here was 'metal more attractive.' All my arguments against the habit of putting things in books were doubly proved, — and then forgotten. What matter if my attention was distracted, and poor old Homer was neglected? What matter if the two letters had been lost in the Iliad for perhaps a quarter of a century? It was not for me to object on that score, since there the letters lay, in my hands. I saw that I could not maintain my miserable lit-

tle prejudice against a habit capable of bringing me such delight. I was ready to accept the whole system; nay, even to adopt it. Perhaps an unconditional surrender was not required as my penance; I admit it was very illogical, for probably I shall never again find such rare treasure between the leaves of any book. But there is a blessed state of mind when one throws logic to the winds, and gives allegiance to a cause right from the heart; and I was in that state of mind.

Yet in spite of my own conversion, I shall attempt no proselyting. This habit of putting things in books is admirable only in those who practice it unconsciously and indiscriminately. Commonness would rob it of all its delicacy and charm. I would not wish to see it become a fad, or the cornerstone of a sect. But for me there is no escape. The message is written, 'Enough has been said; the thing is to do.' I have just found two four-leaf clovers, and I go to place one of them in my newest copy of *Hamlet*, and the other in the Iliad, with the two fine old letters.

AN OVERWORKED PARTICLE

It was interesting the other day to find a newspaper which makes a most prideful boast of its scholarship, coming editorially to the defense of the phrase, 'It is me,' on the ground that this phrase has an idiomatic claim in English as well founded as that of '*C'est moi*' in French. Doubtless the author of that leader would champion as valiantly the right of Mrs. Hemans to keep Casabianca on the burning deck —

Whence all but he had fled — without resort to parsing 'but' as a conjunction. 'But' is only one of a long file of prepositions which are also something else, and therefore furnish for the too facile writer a protection

against attack on the same resourceful lines as Jackson's use of the cotton bales at New Orleans. It is a fact, moreover, that of all the busy little parts of speech which slip so glibly from the tongue in colloquial English, none gets more constant exercise than the preposition. Indeed, I long ago made up my mind that, even casting aside the coarser slang which must always remain such, and considering only the phrases which have acquired a recognized and probably permanent foothold in the language of the unfinical masses, the preposition is cruelly overworked. In its own proper character, or disguised as an adverb or a conjunction, or trying to hide behind an object understood, we come upon it at every step in the conversational highway.

I should not regard its presence as unduly obtrusive if we usually had any real need of it; but in nine cases out of ten it is a superfluity, and the clause into which it is thrust would be stronger and better without it. By way of illustration, we go 'in' swimming and 'out' riding; and with the dawn of a newer locomotive amusement we may expect to go 'up' flying. The man who succeeds has won 'out,' and his antagonist has lost 'out.' When we move 'down' south, we are continually asked where we live 'at'; and we do not need to travel 'out' west in order to meet the daily inquiry as to where we are going 'to.' We follow 'on,' and enter 'in,' and cool 'off'; we fill 'out' a cheque, and round 'out' a career; we sell 'out' our business by selling 'off' our goods; and we shall have used 'up' all our medicine after swallowing 'down' the last dose.

Our 'ups' and 'downs,' by the bye, in grammar not less than in life, may well furnish thought for an idle mind. It is entirely reasonable to cut 'down' a tree and to cut 'up' a cucumber, be-

cause simply to cut either would not suffice; but when we lay 'down' a carpet and hang 'up' a picture we invite criticism for redundancy. We can round 'up' a herd of cattle and hammer 'down' prices, sell 'up' a debtor who has burst 'up' financially, and knock 'down' his available chattels to the highest bidder, because these are phrases with definite meanings in the trade-vocabulary, and the particle is necessary to their completeness; but it is different when we eat 'up' our hickory nuts and drink 'down' our cider, since we use but one channel in consuming both solids and liquids, and the aperture is always in the same place. When a strong man breaks 'down,' the friends who witness his collapse are all broken 'up' by the spectacle. We speak of a puzzled man as 'up' against a perplexity, and of a windfall as having dropped 'down' on a lucky one. The schoolmistress bids her restless pupil sit 'down,' and his lazy neighbor to stand 'up.'

Perhaps the worst case of overwork in the whole catalogue occurs with that word 'up.' The farmer's wife cooks 'up' a batch of pies, and finishes 'up' the job by locking them 'up' in the cupboard. The nurse, who has been instructed to feed 'up' her patient, beats 'up' the yolk of an egg, and adds to it the milk which she has heated 'up' while washing 'up' the soiled dishes. The traveler packs 'up' his toilet appliances in a certain order, but the motion of the train mixes them 'up' badly. The lecturer who has studied 'up' his subject may follow 'up' his remarks with pictorial illustrations shown 'up' in the best light; yet his success does not measure 'up' at all with that of his rival who saves 'up' his best stories for the last ten minutes, so as to warm 'up' his audience and send them away pronouncing his entertainment 'up-and-up.'

The newspapers tell us of peaceable men beaten 'up' by footpads, and Shakespeare talks about killing 'up' the frightened animals. Miss Mizzou-rah, the last time she was 'up' north, met 'up' with a polite young man who rose 'up' whenever she entered the room. She has just heard that he failed 'up' in the last panic, but hopes soon to connect 'up' with a millionaire who will furnish the money to settle 'up' his debts and start 'up' his business again. This Croesus will doubtless add 'up' the profits and the losses of the old concern, and figure 'up' how much he can afford to risk, before deciding whether to back 'up' the young man in a new venture.

The father who wishes to stir 'up' the patriotism of his household on the Fourth of July, buys 'up' all the fireworks he finds heaped 'up' on the store counters, and fills 'up' his dwelling with them, though his wife wishes he would hurry 'up' and get rid of them before they burn 'up' the house — a serious possibility, since the drought has dried 'up' everything.

Sometimes we make combinations which probably never entered the reckoning of the original authors of our prepositions. For instance, we give our neighbor a message to pass 'on to' his son, or hand him a banknote to turn 'over to' his favorite charity. In summer we may sleep 'up on' the roof or 'out on' the piazza. The Immortal Bard makes one of his royal personages give another the crown 'from off' his head and the pride of kingly sway 'from out' his heart. A crowd lift 'up on to' a platform an orator who tells them what is happening 'over in' England.

Anon we combine antithetic particles, as when we invade the dark closet to bring its contents 'out into' the light, or call to our dilatory fellow voyager to come 'on off' the boat. There is a more natural sequence in a warning to

stand 'from under,' or to come 'out from among' the rest. And I never ran across a more delightful example of the descriptive utility of a group of apparently unrelated little words than when I asked a New England farmer for the shortest cut from the turnpike in which we both stood to a house which I knew to be on the other side of a neighboring hill, and was advised to go 'along over in back around up by' a certain school building whose belfry we could just discern among the trees on the ridge. After I had made the tramp, I understood perfectly why he had strung together this odd lot of prepositional seed-pearls, and in this very order. They fitted the needs of the case to a nicety. But they were exceptions which go to prove the rule.

OUR CONCEPTION OF AUTHORS

I do not classify myself among authors, for authorship is not my vocation, and I disclaim all pretension to its honorable callings; I have written because I felt like it and not for fame, bread, or gold. But let the impulse for writing be what it may, reason has convinced me that not one author in a thousand ever fills a reader's conception of him, even when Nature has done its best in his mould.

The freshness, vitality, and glow of his ideas, the evoked essence and spirit of events and scenes, be they caught in the high, rapturous notes of the lyric or in the subdued charm of prose, begetting as they do in each case a procession of secondary ideas in the reader's mind, and causing his heart to beat with that of the author, — inasmuch as that which comes from the heart goes to the heart, — those spiritual, intellectual pleasures are beyond reflection, I think, in the personality of any writer.

For what are inspired prose and

poetry but creations, the reproductive handiwork of heart and mind when moved by contemplation of illustrious deeds, or entranced by the tender beauties of woods and streams and evening clouds; or when transported by the mighty voices of Nature, by the brave souls who have dared to face tyranny and wrong, and have been merciful; by Destiny sowing her hopes with prodigal hand over a land like ours; by the songs of stars, and the sight of gates of another world than this. These, all these, as well as the longings and tears of the poor down-trodden and sorrowful, inflame our spiritual natures, and we have re-creations, by heart and mind, of sights and sounds and circumstances, with their appeals translated into prose and poetry. And at the hour of creation, what is the writer but a mere husk enwrapping formative elements which, when they have assembled through the generative warmth of natural laws (and to the degree of the clearness of his vision and to the depth of his sincerity will they gather into perfection and beauty), the heart begins to throb with feeling; and lo! as she gives them birth, at that moment and not before, Imagination clothes them;

and it is their wings, brushing as they rise the chords that Nature has strung across the recesses of the heart from intellect to soul, that are the sources of our pleasurable mental elevations. And the instant the creations spring into life they join a higher company, and the poor husk is left undistinguishable from the commonplace. Therefore is it idle indeed to expect the embodiment of the creative moods in looks, tones, flesh and blood.

And so sure am I of this, that of the writers who have pleased me — there have been many — yet of them all there are only four whom, on crossing the bar, I longingly care to see. Two of the four, Steele and Burns, were drunkards — so at least it is said, at the end of their lives; and two, John and Luke, were saints. I long to take the hands of Steele and Burns, and I long to see St. John, for his pen moved with so much gentleness, love, and peace, and his eye saw the New Jerusalem and the Tree of Life; and Luke, who tells us of that moonlit night when the angels came to the shepherds among their sleeping flocks and sang, for the first time on this green earth, so far as we know, the song of peace and good-will among men.